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No. CCCLXXIII.

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- ART. I.—1. *Royal Commission on Trade Depression. Final Report.* 1886.
2. *Royal Commission on Gold and Silver. Final Report.* 1888.
3. *Royal Commission on Labour. Final Report.* 1888.
4. *Royal Commission on Agriculture. Evidence.* Vols. I. and II.
5. *Committee on Distress for Want of Employment.* 1895. *First Report.*

THE usual talk about depression in agriculture and trade at almost all times, and in almost every country, is surely most characteristic of human nature itself. The dominant note of the complaints is wonder that depression should ever come. We poor mortals expect, as our clear right in the universe, an endless continuance of prosperity, and the cup of our good fortune can never be too full. Hence the keenness of disappointment when prosperity ceases, or appears to cease, and when we mark time, or go back, instead of going on manifestly and beyond all question into a new stage of prosperity. The wailing is on all sides, and even the observer looking on calmly from a quiet retreat, where the stream of life rushes past, is apt to be impressed by the clamour. The truth is that the real cause for wonder should be that times are ever so prosperous as they occasionally are, when complaints are unheard, when capitalists are generally making profits and workmen good wages, when consumption and production advance by leaps and bounds. If we consider the multiplicity of the wants of the millions of our race, the immense variety of nations and the immense variety of communities and families within

each nation, the wonderful division of labour by which each family and individual contributes to the sum total of production an infinitesimal part of a thing to be effectually exchanged for all that each individual or family consumes, and that in good times the final result of feeding, clothing, sheltering, and supplying the other varied wants of these millions is accomplished almost without a hitch, or with only the smallest percentage of the industrial mechanism not playing its part, surely it is little short of miraculous that so much can be accomplished by any agency or any device that society can apply. That the mechanism by which this is done should be a spontaneous growth, the result mainly of each individual in the complex organism pursuing his own interest in freedom, is perhaps an additional cause for wonder, though no one can be surprised at all conscious attempts of society to organise itself for so complex a problem or for the much simpler problems of the early industrial world having failed. But in usual speech, as we have stated, the wonder is the other way. Merchants, landowners, farmers, politicians—especially politicians—are loud-mouthed in expressions of their wonder when times are bad.

There is another peculiarity about these complaints—their astonishing exaggeration. One would think, to hear the language sometimes used, that the difference between good and bad times in these days is represented by an almost complete disappearance of profits in the bad times, by an enormous increase of the unemployed, and by a great fall of wages—by an approach to something like revolution on account of the discontent of the masses—whereas, as a matter of fact, good and bad times, to any patient observer from the outside, would appear very much alike, both being periods of real prosperity to the great masses of the community, and only varying from each other by a small percentage of the amount annually produced and consumed. In a community of free labour there is probably a small margin of labour, perhaps a half to one per cent., unemployed even in the best times, the existence of such a margin being the necessary incident of a free market and of the free transfer of labour from one workshop and one employment to another; but in the worst times that have been witnessed in this country for half a century this margin has probably never exceeded two to three per cent. of the total industrial army, while the consumption per head of articles of common luxury goes on increasing even in the

worst times. But the complaints of depression are always pitched in the key that the total ruin of the country has begun. Since Sir John Sinclair, at the beginning of the century, published in his 'History of the Revenue' more than two hundred complaints of England having been undone industrially at different times during the previous two hundred years, the tone has always been the same—the complaint is not of a reduction of the margin of prosperity, of a diminution of production and consumption by a small percentage, but of absolute and complete ruin. There is yet another peculiarity. Those who complain, although many of them must remember one or more periods of depression which have passed away, always speak of the last depression as the worst. History is a vain study for them. They make no comparisons, exaggerate the present evil, and call loudly to the gods for redress.

The depression we have now been witnessing for two or three years, and which the authorities agree appears to be beginning to pass away, illustrates these characteristics of human nature. Only the other day even Lord Salisbury spoke of the idle capitalist on the one side and the half-starved labourer on the other, unable to come together owing to discredit, as if the bulk of capital, or all but an infinitesimal percentage, was in fact idle, or as if the masses of the community, again all but a very small percentage, were not in fact employed. The world is also full of the lamentations of bimetallists, whether they declaim sonorously like Mr. Chaplin, or utter mild jeremiads like Mr. Everett or Mr. Samuel Smith, whose gentle bleatings about disappearance of profits and losses, in agriculture and trade, of sums many times greater than the National Debt, astonish perhaps even the astuter politicians like Mr. Balfour, with whom they are allied. At the beginning of the present parliamentary session, the House of Commons with a half belief assented to Mr. Keir Hardie's appeal for measures to deal with 'millions' of unemployed, by giving him a Committee on Distress for Want of Employment. The committee promptly reported against his summary remedies, but there has been no similar committee for many years, although they used to be common enough before the present half-century began. The appointment of such a committee emphasises the success which the complaints of industrial depression and of want of employment have at last obtained.\*

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\* The appointment of the Royal Commission on Trade Depression in 1885 was perhaps a measure of the same kind, but there were

We may ask, then, first of all, what is the real cause, if any, for all these complaints? and if, as we shall see, there is no real cause, or at least no cause adequate to produce them, what is the explanation of the intensity of the recent and perhaps still existing gloom?

Replying to the first of these questions, we must give as our answer the fact which we have already suggested—that for the most part the complaints are without any foundation; that the country was never, in fact, so prosperous as at the present time, whatever seeds of industrial decay may have been sown; that at no time in our history have we ever made so much material progress as in the last fifty years, while the progress within the last few years has been at least at the average rate of the fifty; that, in short, the usual language about industrial depression at the present time is either a blunder, the mistake of those who come as amateurs, like Mr. Keir Hardie, to the study of economic phenomena and who generalise rashly and illogically from a few facts only; or it is worse, the deliberate exaggeration of faddists and others for their own purposes, assisted by the perennial tendency to gloom and exaggeration in these matters which characterises apparently the English race.

It is wearisome to repeat the ordinary figures showing national prosperity which we are familiar with in budget speeches and the 'poëtry' of the Statistical Society. But the figures are undeniable and simple, and the only cure for pessimistic exaggeration is to repeat them. The best single figure to take to show the real progress of the country from period to period is that of the gross assessments to the income tax. Incomes above a certain amount only are assessed, except as regards certain descriptions of property where the total annual revenue is assessed; but for comparative purposes this is not material, unless we are to assume that the classes above the income tax limit have been disproportionately increasing, which is not the case. The figures may indeed show a less increase than they otherwise would, because the lower limit of the income tax has been gradually raised from 100*l.* to 160*l.*; but here also this point is not material, as it would tend to diminish the apparent rate

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circumstances attending the appointment of this year's committee significant of greater excitement and apprehension. Undoubtedly complaints of depression and want of employment have been more loudly expressed and echoed of late than for many years past.

of progress shown, while the rate of progress shown, notwithstanding this cause of diminution from the true figure, is simply astonishing. The only cause of apparent as distinguished from true increase shown by the figures is in the increased skill with which assessment has been applied by the Inland Revenue officers; but as against the other causes of variation in the opposite direction this point also is immaterial. The income tax figures are thus almost an absolute test for comparative purposes. They are, moreover, contentious figures, obtained not for statistical and 'viewy' purposes, but as a hard matter of administration, with a Government department on one side trying to obtain a due amount from the taxpayer, and the taxpayer on the other side interested not to pay more than he justly ought. What the income tax returns show then is, that whereas in Great Britain in 1843 (we leave out Ireland, as there were no figures for Ireland till 1854, but Ireland is not material), the income tax assessments were 250 millions only, or about 13*l.* per head of the population, they amounted in 1893 to no less than 673 millions and nearly 20*l.* per head of the population, and the amount has since increased. The increase has thus been far in excess of the increase of population, although that increase is nearly 80 per cent. Nor is there any qualification to be made of this enormous increase. The purchasing power of the sovereign as regards all the leading articles of production is at least as great as it was fifty years ago. Prices have gone up in the interval, but they have gone back to their former level or to a lower level. In real wealth our progress certainly has been greater, and not less, than those figures of value show. The progress of invention, we must recollect, has been continually bringing new articles and services into existence. Not only can we use the new wealth to purchase more and more of the old staple articles, or as much as we require of them, but a whole world of new articles and services is at our command.

We might rest on this one figure alone. But a glance at some others may be serviceable. What has happened to income tax incomes has happened to other incomes. Agricultural and other labourers' incomes have increased about 60 per cent. in money. Still more, a transformation has occurred among the labouring classes. Agricultural and other rude labour has itself been largely replaced in the industrial economy by artisan and semi-skilled labour, so that without a rise in the rates for some given kinds of labour,

although in almost every class there has been a rise, there has been an average improvement among the masses, because there are fewer in proportion employed at the very low rates, or in the least remunerative trades.\* All this is in accordance with the more general facts of trade. Our exports of British and Irish produce fifty years ago were about 50,000,000*l.* annually. At the present time they average at least 220,000,000*l.*, last year showing a minimum of 216,000,000*l.* only. Making a deduction in both cases for the value of raw materials imported contained in the manufactured articles exported, the increase of employment for English labour and capital at home shown in these figures is as from 30,000,000*l.* to 160,000,000*l.*, or between five and six times. When people talk of our export trade falling off, a figure like this should be remembered. Still more striking are the shipping figures. Whereas the annual clearances of shipping in the foreign trade fifty years ago were about 4,750,000 tons only, or one-fourth of a ton per head of the population of Great Britain, they are now 40,000,000 tons, or about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ton for each unit of the population of Great Britain—an increase of eight times in total amount and of nearly five times in amount per head. Similarly the tonnage of shipping belonging to the United Kingdom was 2,750,000 tons about fifty years ago (mostly sailing tons), and is now 9,000,000 tons, two-thirds being steam tons, so that the increase in effectiveness is about seven times. No doubt there have been some things to weigh on the other side, or perhaps we should have no complaints of depression. Agriculture has been heavily hit—at least, landlords have been—and some land has gone wholly out of cultivation, and much land has gone from arable cultivation to permanent pasture. Various of our manufacturing industries also complain bitterly of competition, not only in foreign markets, but at home. But generally the growth of our foreign and shipping trades is in accordance with the facts of general growth which the income tax returns exhibit.

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the conclusive evidence of advance, not only among those who pay income tax but among the masses of the community, is

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\* See the Reports of the Labour Commission, *passim*, and Mr. Giffen's evidence before the Labour Commission and the more recent Financial Relations Commission; also Mr. Giffen's paper on 'Recent Changes in Prices and Incomes,' read before the Statistical Society, December 1888, 'Statistical Society's Journal,' March 1889.

shown by the rapid increase of the consumption of articles of common luxury. The tea retained for home consumption was about 40,000,000 lbs. annually fifty years ago, and is now 214,000,000 lbs. Tobacco was consumed to the extent of about 22,000,000 lbs. fifty years ago, and the figure now is over 60,000,000 lbs. Sugar consumed fifty years ago was only about 16 lbs. per head of the population of the United Kingdom, now it is more nearly 80 lbs. per head. Both sugar and tea have gained by great remissions of duties, and sugar finally by the total abolition of all duties; but these remissions of taxation were themselves largely the result of the growing wealth of the community. Our figures do not enable us to go back far enough, but of late years there has been undoubtedly a remarkable increase of the consumption of meat per head in the United Kingdom, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his last budget speech, although, curiously enough, there is little increase in the consumption of wheat per head, owing, it is believed, to the increased consumption of meat and other articles, which the very prosperity of the masses has enabled them to substitute for bread. To the same order of facts belong the steady decline of pauperism, extension of education, and diminution of crime, on which it would be useless to dwell. Unquestionably, tried by all ordinary tests, the present material condition of the United Kingdom is one of great prosperity, and the advance in fifty years has been of an astonishing kind.

In recent years, as we have suggested, the advance has not slackened. To recur to our income tax figures. There was a time, between 1875 and 1885, when the advance was at a much lower rate than in the previous ten years. Between 1865 and 1875 income tax assessments increased about 40 per cent., and in the following ten years they only increased a little over 10 per cent. The real growth in things may not have varied so much, and we believe did not vary so much, between the two periods. Between 1865 and 1875 an inflation of prices, which has since come to an end, was going on, and all values were correspondingly swollen without a corresponding growth in the quantities of things. Since 1875 there has been a fall of prices—an appreciation of gold, as some are pleased to call it—and hence the lower values of the latter period. But, whatever the cause, the income tax assessments have not swollen at a uniform rate from period to period, and about ten years ago the later period had been one of slow progress compared



with the period just before. In the last ten years, again, however, there has been more rapid improvement. In 1883 the gross assessments in the United Kingdom were 613,000,000*l.*, and in 1893 they were 712,000,000*l.*—an increase of nearly 100,000,000*l.*, and no less than 16 per cent., in ten years. This is not at all equal to the rate of growth between 1865 and 1875; but, considering that it occurs along with a remarkable decline in land values, that there must have been an increase in other directions more than making up for that decline, and to give a surplus to the good as well, we are justified in saying that the income tax returns prove a most remarkable growth of material prosperity in the country, even in the most recent years. It is the same with figures of consumption of tea, tobacco, and sugar. The so-called depression of the most recent years has not checked the growth of that consumption. The consumption of tea is 214,000,000 lbs. in the United Kingdom now as compared with 194,000,000 lbs. five years ago in the midst of a time of inflation; of tobacco, 60,000,000 lbs. compared with 54,000,000 lbs.; and of sugar 80 lbs. per head of the population compared with an average of 74 lbs. five years ago. For ten years the increase is greater still. Within the last two years pauperism has increased a little, by the veriest fraction of a fraction compared with the total population of the country; but judging by ten yearly periods there is a steady decrease in pauperism. There is absolutely nothing to qualify the impression which such figures give. In reality, while people are talking of depression and bad times, the welfare of the people of the country is steadily advancing, and this has been the case recently as well as throughout the long period of fifty years which we have been passing under review.

We come, then, to the second question which we proposed to answer—What is the explanation of the intensity of the recent and perhaps still existing gloom? We may discuss various explanations that are offered, according to the varying ideas of pessimists, in what appears to us the inverse order of their importance, so as to come at last, at the conclusion of our review, to explanations which will help us to understand the origin of the gloom which, as it is due in our view largely to illusion, must have a psychological explanation.

The obvious suggestion coming from a certain class of talkers about social phenomena, Socialists or semi-Socialists,

and the miscellaneous philanthropists who think they can rush the reform of society and cure industrial *malaise* at a leap, is the rapid growth of a class within, but not of the general community, who are always out of employment or have only casual employment, the classes forming the bottom groups of Mr. Booth's well-known classification of the London population. The general idea of these talkers appears to be that the 'residuum' in our midst is enormously increasing, notwithstanding the general increase of wealth and rise of wages, and all the other signs of increasing well-being we have just been discussing among the community as a whole. All that need be said of this amiable talk is that it is absolutely without evidence and that it cannot be true. If the residuum were increasing rapidly, pauperism and crime would also be increasing. These are the outcome of a residuum, and were abundant enough in former times when what would now be called the residuum constituted a large portion of the whole community. The idea has its origin in the recent study of social phenomena by well-meaning ladies and gentlemen who do not look at things in proportion, who are struck by the magnitude of the residuum they come in contact with, and who cannot realise, even if they stop to think at all, the conditions of a former society. So far from this being a real explanation of the increased gloom of the present depression as compared with any former one, it is an undoubted fact that the residuum can never have been so small in proportion to the whole industrial community as it is at the present time.

It is a suggestion from a somewhat opposite quarter that trade unions were never so powerful as now; that they are paralysing industry by strikes and lockouts and the fear of strikes and lockouts; that rates of wages are kept up artificially, while capitalists are unable to make a living profit on the work they do; and that, because rates of wages are artificially kept up, thousands go unemployed for whom there would be ample work at a less wage, so that production is curtailed and an opening is made for foreign competitors. We cannot deny that a serious industrial evil is hit by these complaints. The artificiality of union methods is mischievous in many ways. While they paralyse the energy of the *entrepreneur*, it is most difficult to see where the profit to the workman himself comes in. To the outsider it seems a better thing to a workman to be earning 30s. a week directly, all for himself, than to be earning 33s. and paying over 3s. to union funds for the

support of a percentage of the number in idleness, while at 30s. the capitalist could live, and production would be large and employment full, and at 33s. the capitalist has little or no profit, production is curtailed, and there is not full employment even for the nine-tenths who are nominally at work. This devotion to keeping up rates irrespective of market conditions will have to be reconsidered by unions before long, or unionism itself will break up. But while admitting a serious risk of mischief on this head, we must also point out that unionism is responsible at best for a small part of depression at any time, and its growth of late years has not been specially rapid. According to the strike reports of the Board of Trade, the average length of strikes for several years was about eighteen days only; only a fraction of the labour of the country was engaged in them; and the influence exerted by them in diminishing the whole production of the country could have been but small. In 1893 and 1894 the average duration of strikes and the numbers affected were both swollen by the great coal strikes of those years, while the indirect effect of those strikes on industry as a whole was greater than usual; but the effects have, nevertheless, been kept within comparatively narrow limits, or they would have been noticeable in the more general figures of income tax and trade we have already cited. When it is considered that even yet the total membership of unions barely exceeds a million out of thirteen million wage-earners in the country, and that there has been no particular increase of late years in spite of all we have heard of the new unionism, we cannot accept the spread of unionism or an increase of its energy as an explanation of greater intensity in the recent depression than has formerly been witnessed.

Another suggestion is the growth of manufacturing power abroad, especially in eastern countries, and the gradual loss of our manufacturing pre-eminence in different directions. On all sides our position is being assailed. India, Japan, and China are beating us out of the field in textile and other manufactures in their own and other eastern markets. Other eastern countries with boundless cheap labour, such as Egypt, are threatening to follow suit. Nearer at home we have the cotton manufacture extending more rapidly on the Continent and in the United States than it does in Lancashire, so that Lancashire, while far ahead of any other single district, stands now rather *primus inter pares* instead of being first and the rest nowhere, as

used to be the case. In another field the United States has already gone ahead of us in iron production and will soon be ahead of us in coal, while the increasing competition of other countries in both coal and iron will soon place those industries in this country in relation to those of the rest of the world in much the same position that our cotton manufacturing occupies with reference to cotton manufacturing throughout the world. But there is nothing in these facts to explain the special apprehensions of the present depression. As yet there has been nothing in foreign competition to prevent great growth and great prosperity at home, the records of this prosperity, as we have seen, being undeniable. On grounds of theory, we believe, there is nothing in the extension of that competition to give us any real cause for apprehension in the future. The possession of capital and energy ensures us a large production and consumption at home, whatever other people may do. We cannot be compelled to be idle because other people work and become better producers than they were. The mistake of some amateurs in these discussions always is that they assume production to be a limited quantity, and that the occupation of one man means the idleness of somebody else. But, apart from the view we may take of the great changes in the industrial world which are going on, it is enough for the present to note that nothing actual has occurred to prevent a remarkable development of manufacturing power at home. If our capital and labour have been as fully occupied as they ever were or can well be, what more can we expect?

Another explanation is to be found in the continued fall of prices, of which the bimetallists make so much. According to Messrs. Chaplin and Everett and Professor Foxwell, the fall of prices since 1873 has been something astonishing, and quite accounts for the disarray in the industrial world. The fall, it is said, is never ending, and no capitalist can be sure of the future who undertakes any operation covering a long period of time. A tiresome logomachy has arisen between bimetallists and some monometallists as to whether this fall of prices is properly called an appreciation of gold or not, or is to be ascribed to an appreciation of gold or a multiplication of commodities as the cause. But admitting for the moment that, however caused or explained, a continuous fall of leading wholesale prices from period to period is probably disastrous to many interests and a hindrance to some enterprise, what we desire

to point out for our present purpose is, that since the last time of depression—viz. 1885, 1886, and 1887—there has been no general movement of prices except of the most ordinary kind, such as is frequently witnessed in the ordinary oscillations of credit and discredit. Take one of the usual records of prices that are commonly quoted—the index number of Mr. Sauerbeck. Between 1873 and 1879 it is evident there was a remarkable fall—from 111 to 83—or something like 25 per cent. This is more than usually happens between the maximum of good credit and the succeeding minimum of bad credit. It helped to account for the gloom of 1879 and the following years, when a great deal was heard of the appreciation of gold. After 1879, with a short interval of improvement, prices slowly dwindled, till in 1886 and 1887 we find the index number at 69 and 68, a decline following on the previous decline of sufficient magnitude and steadiness to give some justification for the belief that the fall was never-ending and was due to some unusual and special cause. But in the years which have passed since 1887 there has been no general fall of prices, though there are exceptions for particular articles, mainly agricultural produce, to compare with the fall between 1873 and 1879 or between 1879 and 1887. In 1893 the index number of Mr. Sauerbeck still recorded 68 as compared with 68 in 1887, and although there was a further dip in 1894 and the spring of the present year the fall has not been prolonged, and improvement in many directions has already set in. There is no general and never-ending fall of prices, therefore, to account for the gloom with which the late depression is regarded. In the present situation as regards prices, in fact, we have only another exemplification of the tendency for complaints in the economic world to be prolonged long after the real occasion for them has passed away. In the beginning of the present century the national finances were greatly strained; deficits were avoided with difficulty, even when peace returned; only with the hardest economy could two ends be made to meet. But half and three-quarters of a century after, when the country has in the interval increased in wealth enormously and millions upon millions of taxation have been remitted, it is not unusual to hear the national finances spoken of as if the strain of the twenties and thirties still continued, and deficits could only be averted by the hardest economy. So in this matter of the fall of prices. Between 1873 and 1886 something unusual happened in prices, corresponding in part to the inflation of the

previous twenty years, but since 1886 the course of business has been more normal. Yet, although the special causes for discussing prices as largely accounting for trade depression have passed away, the language which was proper enough between 1879 and 1886 is still maintained.

So far from an unusual fall of prices accounting for unusual slackness of industry at the present moment, we should be inclined to say that, except for the special fall in agricultural prices in the last few years, which is peculiar to agriculture, and which affects only a portion of the industry of this country, the general conditions of prices during the last few years have been most favourable to trade. While there has been no great fall generally to affect the wholesale merchant, retailers and consumers have got the full benefit of the low level of prices established finally about 1886, and the general well-being manifest, notwithstanding all the talk of depression, is one of the obvious results. The fall in agricultural prices again, though it involves a redistribution of wealth, injuriously affecting the landowning interests of the country, is beneficial to nine-tenths of the people, including the agricultural labourers. We import so much of our agricultural produce from abroad that the fall of prices, so far, is a pure gain, while as regards that part of the produce raised at home the fall of prices merely involves a transfer from one pocket to another—what the landlord loses some other member of the community gains, so that no real loss, looking at the community as a whole, and admitting to the full the misery caused by any great redistribution of wealth, is involved.

The special suffering of agriculture, it may be said, accounts very much for the intensity of the gloom. This is another explanation we have to discuss. Here, undoubtedly, every price has fallen, and specially within the last few years; and the agricultural interest, reduced as it is by its own decline and the relative growth of other interests, is still the largest single interest in the country. But, after all, the number of agricultural sufferers, owing to the large margin of rent upon which the blow of the fall of prices has first fallen, is not large, and the general welfare of the country is not concerned. If much land were going out of cultivation altogether, or the field of employment for labour generally were so restricted that agricultural labourers, deprived of employment by land going out of cultivation, or by change of cultivation, had no other outlet for their labour, the matter would be serious; but the universal testimony is that all

through the fall of prices and change of cultivation going on since 1873 the position of the agricultural labourer has been improving and not deteriorating. The voice of agricultural sufferers has been heard loudly, and the general feeling of depression has probably been aggravated in this way; but the real depression of industry generally, whatever it is, cannot have been caused in any way by agricultural losses.

Another explanation suggested is perhaps more to the point. This is the severity of the financial crisis with which the present depression began. Few crises certainly have been more dangerous and threatening than that which attended the Baring collapse of 1890. We do not propose to go into the details of that melancholy history; suffice it to say that in November 1890 this great financial and mercantile establishment was found unable to meet its engagements without assistance. The horror of the discovery was appalling to the few who were privileged to know of it before the public disclosure. Nothing less than universal bankruptcy was feared. The bills of the firm in circulation, apart from their other liabilities, were about 16,000,000*l.*, a large part of those very bills upon which the banks in Lombard Street had deposited their cash 'at call' or 'short notice' with the discount houses, upon which the latter relied to repay the bankers. The stoppage of the firm would also have involved the destruction of a large part of the machinery by which producers in all parts of the world were able to realise upon their produce by bills on London, and thus provide the means for their purchases in return. An immediate destruction of credit and a prospective restriction of production until a new machinery of credit could be created, if indeed that would have been possible for years, were thus threatened on a gigantic scale. Fortunately the Bank of England with the Government behind it came to the rescue; the shock to credit of the actual stoppage was averted, and no panic arose such as the best informed apprehended even after measures of precaution were taken. But although there was no stoppage there was liquidation. A period of uncertainty followed, lasting several years, in which various institutions, particularly the Trust companies which had been largely the creation of the inflated times, crumbled, and in which there were grave and prolonged monetary panics in Australia, in Argentina, and in the United States, the latter being in part due to the special currency troubles arising

from the bimetallic legislation, or would-be bimetallic legislation, in favour of silver. There have been many bad times in banking and financial history since credit was so far advanced as to make panics possible; but the Baring collapse was not only in itself on a larger scale than any owing to the greater developement of credit in these days than at any previous time, but was accompanied by special difficulties abroad, especially in the United States, which would have been of themselves sufficient to create a panic. Hence the gloom of the two or three years which succeeded the Baring collapse, and which continues to the present time, when the actual facts of production and consumption, as we have seen, in no way justify it. The gloom was fully justified when it began, but the actual depression which succeeded must not be spoken of as if the gloomy anticipations, which were themselves not without warrant, had in fact been realised.

To sum up. While there is nothing in the realities of things to account for the recent talk of trade depression, the prosperity of the country down to the latest date having continued almost unchecked, there is nothing in any explanation suggested quite accounting for the language indulged in, even in a psychological aspect. Some of the explanations, such as the growth of the residuum, are unfounded in fact, and not explanations at all. Others, like the fall of prices, had some foundation in fact at one time, but they do not explain the recent depression, the talk being a survival from a time when the situation was entirely different. Even an explanation like the magnitude of the Baring collapse partially fails, because, although depression would probably have been unprecedented if the check to business following the Baring collapse had been as great as there was reason to anticipate, yet the check has not, in fact, been so great: the business world has got off much more lightly than there was at one time reason to fear. To some extent, we should add, the excess of complaints arises not only from the prolongation of complaints which at one time had an excuse into a totally different situation, but from the demoralisation produced by the good times which culminated in 1871-3, and of which the tradition yet remains. To a large extent these good times were good times on paper only, the result of an inflation of prices, and far too good to last. The notion, however, was generated by these times that prices were always to go up, or, at least, would recover quickly after each time of discredit, and go back to a high and higher point on the crest of each wave



of credit. This was extremely natural, though it was entirely contrary to past experience, which is full of long periods of stationary and falling prices. Still, it leaves its mark on feeling. The gloom of the period which has elapsed since 1873, and not least during the more recent years of the period, appears to be largely due to the impression made on men's minds in the previous period, which was itself exceptional, and not at all normal, as people were so apt to imagine, and to the inevitable disappointment which the reality of a return to a normal condition of business has brought with it.

The usual talk about depression being so exaggerated and erroneous, we are prepared to believe that the nostrums put forward by the talkers either to remove depression or to produce a prosperity which is assumed to be absent in good as well as bad times are not such as to require serious attention. The ailment being for the most part imaginary, the nostrums are probably in the nature of earthquake pills, as imaginary or little effective as the evils they are designed to cure are themselves imaginary. As we view the industrial world, indeed, the idea of nostrums or remedies for depression of trade and industry which societies may consciously apply, either by legislation or joint action of some kind, is, on the face of it, absurd. Industrially mankind are constantly striving with all their force to make the most of the resources at their command, whether of capital or brains or labour; to obtain the largest possible return for their exertions. Under the stimulus of the keenest necessity there is incessant diligence to seek new opportunities, to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, to dispense with one labourer where three can do the work of four. There is force at work to remove mountains, if such obstacles are in the way. All that this energy needs is to be let alone, in order to produce such miracles as we have seen in the past. How can remedies which legislatures may apply enhance or stimulate this energy? A tax here or a tax there, or a prohibition or restriction, may divert infinitesimally, by comparison with the grand movement always going on, an infinitesimal fraction of the energy, and the tax or restriction or prohibition, producing evil *pro tanto* because they are diversions of industry, may be taken away; but clearly legislatures and executives can add nothing to the industrial force itself. The power of invention, the power of direction, the muscular force and skill of the manual worker remain unaffected, or little

affected, by all the positive legislation or direction which governments and society may knowingly give. Still, the nostrums and remedies now put forward may perhaps deserve a word, seeing that on the surface they command so much attention.

Perhaps the least attention may be given to the suggestions of Keir Hardie and others to find work for the unemployed. There being no margin of unemployed in the sense in which they use the word, industrial depression cannot be removed by setting this margin to work. But, assuming a considerable margin of unemployed to exist, there is nothing, unfortunately, in the remedy. The idea is now old as the hills that there is a rough and ready cure for want of employment. The legislators of Queen Elizabeth's time, Locke and other great authorities at a later stage, and amateurs for many generations past, when they first look at the problem of want of employment, have united upon the remedy that the State or local authority must set the unemployed to work. But experience has proved that the first idea in this business is worthless. The problem is really not simple, though it seems so. The produce of the work has to be exchanged as well as made; the State is not an effective supervisor. In short, State or municipal employment is no cure for want of employment, and no cure, consequently, for the trade depression of which the alleged want of employment is a sign. We may go a step further. In a free society relying on individualism, State employment is contrary to the genius of the society, and is a reversion to archaic methods of industrial organisation, which individualism has long since supplanted. If it is doubted whether individualism can provide for the unemployed, or produce a condition of things in which the margin of unemployed will be at a minimum, it is quite certain that State measures will not do so.

Equally undeserving of attention, though they command a larger share of discussion in respectable quarters, are the fair trade and protectionist schemes which crop up now and again. Baron de Worms attempting to exclude bounty-fed sugar, Colonel Howard Vincent making a similar attempt with respect to prison-made goods, agriculturists clinging to protection desirous to exclude foreign barley or bounty-fed butter, or to have foreign meat marked as such, though they dare not call for duties in favour of all home agricultural produce, and colonial federationists calling for a 2 per cent.

differential tax on imports from foreign countries for the benefit of the colonies or other British possessions—are clearly not to be seriously thought of in a question of trade depression. Depression would remain after as before the application of such remedies, and all of them of course, as they are interferences with trade, would aggravate the evil. Their mischiefs would only be limited by their peddling character. That such remedies should receive so much attention is surely a proof of the want of experience in the minds of many who talk most loudly and fluently about trade depression.

This class of remedies suggests, by the way, that the whole question of protection as it exists at the present time is misunderstood. Protection is said to prevail throughout the world except in England; and such remedies as we have described are supposed to be a return to protection; and with protection, we are told, will come back prosperity which we are supposed to have lost. The truth is that the proportion of the industry of the world now carried on under protectionist conditions is infinitesimal. Even in the United States, the leading protectionist country, not 5 per cent. of the labour and capital of the country receives any favour from protection. In countries like our Australian colonies or the Argentine Republic the scope of protection is still narrower because there are hardly any home industries capable of receiving protection—the protected industries do not exist. *Mutatis mutandis* much the same may be said of all protectionist countries. There are plenty of countries with high tariffs, but for a variety of reasons there is not so much protection as these tariffs would seem to imply. When it is considered, moreover, how large a part of the foreign trade of the world is carried on by the free trade part of the British empire itself, we can see at once that the popular idea of protection governing and directing the industry of modern societies is altogether untrue. It may be doubted whether even one per cent. of the capital and labour of the modern industrial world, as a whole, is diverted from its proper channels by protection. The talk of our return to protection as a return to the industrial system preponderating in the world is thus in the highest degree absurd. We may meddle with industry in a peddling manner as other countries do, and as Baron de Worms and Colonel Howard Vincent and the like economic authorities recommend us; but this will not give us a genuine and thorough policy of protection, which is utterly and completely dead, not only

in this country, but throughout the world, in spite of any quantity of superficial talk and belief to the contrary.

A larger place must be given to the currency remedies proposed, not because they really deserve it, but because of the noise they make and the vogue which they have in the literary press, in politics, and in society. To remove the depression of trade, to give us prosperity where there is now adversity, to make the landlord better off, and yet not injure the labourer, the great nostrum is that the governments of the world should unite to fix a price between two commodities. The two commodities are called gold and silver and the precious metals, and this is supposed to differentiate them from all other commodities between which it is admitted no such ratio of exchange can be fixed. But still, the remedy is what we describe—that governments should unite to do for gold and silver what can be done for nothing else that men buy and sell, although many attempts in past times have been unsuccessfully made to do for other commodities what is now proposed for gold and silver alone.

Viewing the subject as we do from so different a standpoint as that of the people who talk about depression and its remedies, we may hope to be excused from going over the stock arguments on the subject of bimetallism. If the general view of the present industrial position and of the possibility of remedies which we have maintained in this article is sound, we can have but little occasion to go through the bimetallic controversy in common form.

It is obvious, to begin with, that for governments to fix the price between two commodities, though it may do harm, cannot do much good, as the measure is of the kind already condemned as ineffectual, because by means of it government adds, and can add, nothing to the springs of industrial energy in society itself. The measure at best is only a formal one, a diversion of some business in a particular direction, and can add nothing to the energy of society, though, like other meddling measures, it may cause no little mischief.

This opinion is not changed when we inquire in what way this fixing of a price between gold and silver is to benefit industry if a price can be fixed at all. Leading bimetallists, such as Professor Foxwell, maintain that for want of a fixed price more work has been thrown on gold as standard money than would otherwise have been the case through silver being displaced from working in that capacity (an-

assertion, by the way, they have never proved or attempted to prove, and which is hardly capable of proof, because the use of a metal as standard money is not an important cause of the demand for it); that an unlimited fall of gold prices has consequently taken place; that the fixing of a ratio with silver will enable silver to act once more as standard money; and that prices will consequently rise again, or at least will be steadier than they have been. But Professor Foxwell had nothing to say when he was examined by the Royal Commission on Agriculture, and when it was pointed out to him—what we have shown in this article—that prices have been steady enough for the last ten years, and that nothing has occurred since then in prices generally of an unusual and abnormal character. What is really contemplated by bimetallists is a return to the state of things before 1873, when prices were really inflated, the substitution of a worse for the better state of things which we now have. The impossibility of foreseeing the future is an obvious reason, of course, why we should not meddle. To attempt to direct future prices is beyond the proper scope of legislative action. But if prices are to move as bimetallists anticipate, that is a reason against, and not in favour of, their proposal. A remedy that is to bring back inflation is to be deprecated and not desired.

This answer to the bimetallist we believe is final and conclusive. His whole complaint being based on the assertion of something seriously amiss with the industrial body politic, in consequence of a never-ending fall of prices, the demonstration that of late years the never-ending fall of prices generally has simply been non-existent, and that the proposed remedy would simply bring back an abnormal state of things which it would require another great fall of prices to set right, is all the answer that need really be given. But the idea of the industrial movement as conceived by the bimetallist and other currency-mongers is itself so unsound that a recapitulation of one or two leading principles of sound money and its proper place in the industrial system may not come amiss. A sound money system, then, is not devised by legislators at all with any view to an effect on prices. A commodity such as gold or silver is selected for the standard because of its great value in small bulk, its divisibility, the slight loss to which it is liable from wear and tear, and its liability to change little in value over short periods, such as those over which the transactions of buying and selling in daily life extend.

A commodity possessing these qualities fulfils all the functions of standard money to perfection, and if it is supplemented by a good system of token and paper money, providing ample means for settling transactions as the standard provides for making bargains and measuring values, a community is adequately equipped as far as money is concerned. It may easily have a bad system, and then various evils arise. An inconvertible paper issue may become the standard, or a community may voluntarily or involuntarily have such a system of restricted coinage as India now has without any proper standard, or there may be no suitable token money, or the paper issues may be discredited. There are hundreds of ways in which money may become bad, and various evils follow according to the nature of the mischief, reckless issues of inconvertible paper causing the worst mischief of all. But if a community has a sound money, it cannot have sound money made better. No evils can arise in a sound monetary system such as we have of the kind that bimetallicists allege. The fall of prices such as they affirm to have taken place is one that may occur with any system of money, monometallic, bimetallic, trimetallic, or inconvertible paper. Nor does the legislature ever keep in view, nor can it keep in view, what may happen to prices generally a generation or two ahead through the standard appreciating or depreciating. Legislatures have no power to foresee what will happen to the standard, while it is known beforehand, according to all past experience, that however little a good standard may change in very short periods—that is from week to week or month to month—yet the best standards change greatly in their general purchasing power over long periods—that is from generation to generation and from century to century. Since Fleetwood's 'Chronicon Preciosum' was written at the beginning of last century, and since Adam Smith's demonstration of the fall in the value of silver as a consequence of the import of silver from America in the two centuries following its discovery, the unsuitability of money as a standard for long periods has been a commonplace of political economy. But bimetallicism, with its notion of keeping prices stable for long periods, assumes that more is to be expected from money than what any doctrine of sound money allows. There could be no more fatal error. If governments seriously contemplate keeping prices stable from period to period, or keeping them always advancing from period to period, as even Mr. Balfour thinks advisable, they will infallibly lose sight of

the real and possible purposes intended by sound money; and if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch.

Erroneous as are the ideas of bimetallists generally about the objects of sound money, they appear still more erroneous when the notion is to apply them to a progressive community. Here there can be no stable measure of value such as they contemplate from generation to generation, because the things to be measured, prices of commodities, and wages or incomes, will either move in opposite directions, or if they move in the same direction will move at different rates. Suppose the condition of a community to be one of continual improvement, each individual having greater and greater command over things produced—the condition which has existed in this country for several generations. It is plain that if prices of leading commodities are stable, or advance a little in an interval of ten or twenty years, then at the end of the interval the average income or wage expressed in money must have increased or risen in order to give each individual a greater command over things. It is equally plain that if incomes do not increase or rise in amount, then prices must fall in order to give each individual the greater command over things which is assumed. But in the first case a stable standard for things—that is, a standard in which the prices of things do not rise—implies an unstable standard for incomes which are bound to increase. In the second case, again, a stable standard for incomes—that is, a standard in which incomes and wages generally remain stationary—implies an unstable standard for commodities which are bound to fall. In a progressive community, then, the average prices of commodities and the average amounts of income or wages cannot rise or fall at the same time in the same degree. A stable standard such as bimetallists seek in money is therefore a contradiction in terms. There can be no such thing, nor can there be an approximation, because the things to be measured go different ways.

The bimetallist therefore is the seeker of an *ignis fatuus*, or philosopher's stone. He is not only in error in the present question with regard to the relation between prices and trade depression, but his whole conception of sound money, and of what the State should aim at in establishing a sound system, is equally unsound, and can only lead to mischief.

The present is hardly a suitable occasion on which to discuss bimetallism at large, as the problem is trade depres-

sion, to which bimetallism obviously would not be a remedy ; but we cannot refrain in passing from saying a word in deprecation of the encouragement given to a mere currency fad by men like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and other eminent politicians. People have short memories and forget how well established on foundations of principle is the English monetary system. It is not by accident, but after long and deliberate choice, that the founders of this system based it on the principle that there cannot be a fixed ratio between gold and silver any more than between any other commodities. Sir William Petty, Locke, and Newton laid the foundations of this theory at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and for more than a century their authority was accepted throughout the civilised world. It was admitted without question in the debate on the French bimetallic law in 1803, that law not being intended to affirm any different principle. Lord Liverpool, Ricardo, the Bullion Committee, and successive governments again affirmed the principle in the early part of the present century, and the Act of 1816, making gold the sole measure of value, was passed unanimously to give effect to the principle. In debates long afterwards the same principle was again steadily maintained, and the contrary opinion was hardly heard until those great prophets, M. Cernuschi and Mr. Ernest Seyd, arose to contest the wisdom of generations. Surely a system so well established is not to be got rid of by a side wind, or without a discussion of the reasons which led the eminent men of former generations, who had great difficulties with a double standard in practice, to lay down the principle which they deemed to be essential to a proper system of money. But we have not observed in any speech of Mr. Balfour, or any bimetallist politician, a discussion of the reasoning of Locke, or the Bullion Committee, or Ricardo. It is our boast that we have a continuous polity, but there can be no continuity in this important matter of money if the experience and reasoning of generations when the question was vital are ignored. Mr. Balfour tells us that the professors of political economy in this country are now bimetallists. We cannot say that we believe him. A like statement about France, or Germany, or Austria, or the United States, or any other country where they have had recent monetary troubles, would certainly not be true. But if the statement were true, what are we to think of political economy, and what are we to think of its professors ? There are many other reasons for believing



that professors of political economy in this country are too often slipshod in their facts and logic, and it is not surprising that many of them should exhibit the most absolute ignorance of the history and principles of the only scientific system of money which has yet been established and maintained in any country.

So much for the imaginary remedies for the imaginary evils of alleged industrial depression. Rejecting all nostrums, we may inquire, what is the real outlook for trade and industry at the present moment? The affairs are of such a kind, as we have seen, as to be beyond the range of the conscious application of any remedies. The forces are too big on all sides, and the effects of any serious interference are too difficult to foresee. But observations may be made on the situation in the light of past experience, and perhaps there is room for hope, although there is so little deserving of study in the common talk about the nature of the malady and the popular remedies suggested.

The best city authorities, it must be recognised, are strongly of opinion that the depression is passing away. While quack doctors are discussing their patent remedies, the patient is rapidly recovering. There is little outward evidence as yet to be appealed to; we have only the opinion of experts. But expert opinion in this matter is all important, as it is bankers, merchants, and leading manufacturers in the industrial world whose confidence makes the improvement which they predict. Beyond this we can appeal to the rise of prices which has set in in some leading speculative markets. As we write, wheat has led the way in an upward direction, and is now about 25s. to 27s. the quarter, as compared with 18s. to 20s. only a few weeks ago. No explanation, or little explanation, can be given beyond the fact that speculators have changed their minds, although there is much talk of short crops in the United States and other incidents which speculators for the rise can always fasten upon. In the metal markets copper and pig iron have also advanced, and all the world knows of the corner in petroleum, where the price more than doubled in a very few weeks. Putting all the incidents together, what we conclude is that the atmosphere of the business world has changed. People breathe an air of hope where formerly there was distrust. Why such a change comes it is not always easy to explain. The wind bloweth where it listeth. But that it has come at the present time is beyond question, and we may expect improvement as in former experience,

and, as Mr. Bagehot explains so clearly in his 'Lombard Street,' to extend from one branch of business to another, till finally no branch is left unaffected.

Apparently the real source of improvement, as one has so often seen before, is the energy and thrift which bad times impose upon labourers and capitalists alike, and the low prices and wages which enable the *entrepreneur* to carry on business with more economy, and to undertake risks on which he would not otherwise venture. After a time, continued saving provides new funds for enterprise at the very time there is increasing impatience of the low rates of interest and discount in the short loan market, which are among the characteristic signs of a great trade depression. The accumulation of surplus money has certainly never been so great as we have lately seen. A reserve of about thirty millions sterling and a bullion accumulation of close upon forty millions sterling are events without precedent in Bank of England history; and although these accumulations were not maintained long at a maximum, the figures still maintained are enormous. It may be the case that a portion of the amounts included in excess of the surplus held at any former time is destined never to be dispersed. The banks concerned, it is said, are determined to keep a larger fund of unused cash, never to be dispersed unless upon great emergency, than ever they held before. But, however that may be, there is also a large accumulation which will be dispersed as trade improves, and where the long continuance of accumulation is a sign that the tide is about to turn. Industry and thrift have thus done their work. Trade is about to improve, or has begun to improve, from causes we cannot wholly explain; but something is at least explained by the signs of the depression itself, the low range of prices, and the thrift and carefulness which have provided the accumulated funds necessary for a new start. The recent speculative activity on the Stock Exchange, to those who know the signs, is also a proof that the long inertia of dull times is over, and a new period of restlessness and activity has begun.

There need be no fear as yet that any of the causes above adverted to as tending to aggravate the gloom of the late depression, especially foreign competition and the loss in some directions of our manufacturing pre-eminence, will interfere in any way with revival. These causes, whatever their effects may be, are of a chronic nature, and are not likely to make themselves felt in the oscillations between

good and bad times. But permanently we confess that we should like to see more and more attention given to the effect of these chronic influences on our trade. As we believe, the effect of foreign competition with our manufactures, and especially of eastern competition, is to revolutionise our own manufacturing to a very large extent. To hold our own in the world we must cultivate more and more increased manufacturing skill, and devote ourselves to special articles instead of to the staple goods, where imitation is easiest and unskilled or half-skilled labour can be the most easily organised. The transformation will not be a simple one, but it is possible; and we prefer to look forward to it rather than to the decay of our manufacturing altogether, which seems to be anticipated in many quarters where the immediate field of competition alone is studied, and the new directions which manufacturing industry may take are not for once considered. The loss of our manufacturing pre-eminence in certain directions—for instance, in iron and coal, and possibly soon in cotton manufacturing—teaches the same lessons. If we are to hold our own and continue prosperous, we must develop new manufactures or new specialities among the old manufactures, maintaining our place in the world by greater skill than our competitors possess, so that we may profit rather than lose by the increased purchasing power of our neighbours, which their increased manufacturing development implies. On the whole that development is not to be deprecated, as it was in truth inevitable. But it is a new condition of our own manufacturing power which should not be put out of sight.

As a last word, we should like to say that depression will undoubtedly return, and the only way by which it can be met and its evil effects mitigated is for the qualities of industry and thrift which are enforced by bad times to become chronic. Looking to the future we cannot but express the apprehension that the great danger, not merely to the industry of this country, but to that of all civilised nations, is the disposition to take it easy which prosperity induces, and which affects all classes, not merely the manual labour classes, but, above all, the middle classes, both the upper and lower strata, on whom the driving force of the industrial machine depends. Difficult times are perhaps ahead, and we confess we should like to see greater energy, greater resource, greater industry, and greater thrift in the younger generations amongst us who are to carry on the industrial labours of the highly complex societies of modern times.

ART. II.—*Archery*. By C. J. LONGMAN and Colonel H. WALBROND. (Badminton Library.) London: 1894.

EVIDENCE of the many-sided fascination of archery is forthcoming in the extensive literature which belongs to this subject, which lends itself equally to historical, romantic, and practical treatment. Text-books and other treatises setting forth the nature and use of the bow are numerous, and the subject has been treated both in a scientific spirit and also from a more purely æsthetic point of view. When Roger Ascham in 1544 wrote his '*Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge conteyned in tvvo bookes,*' a most notable work was produced, full of sound advice, for which even yet practical archers are grateful, while at the other end of the chronological series '*The Theory and Practice of Archery,*' by the late Horace Ford, is, in view of its extreme practical utility, an equally noteworthy and masterly production.

Extensive, however, as is the literature of this popular subject, there was still room for a fresh work, for one which should bring together within a convenient compass the material available for a general study of archery, both from a practical and an historical standpoint. A general text-book of this kind was clearly wanted. Ford's famous book of instruction deals with the practical side alone—admirably, it is true—and those works which deal with the history of archery, such as those of Hansard, Moseley, and others, do not sufficiently cover their subject, and are not always reliable as to their facts. The want could be supplied only by a carefully planned and skilfully compiled work, which, while treating of the subject in a general manner, should not err by being too detailed and discursive; and it is perhaps not too much to say that the present compact volume of the Badminton Series is admirably calculated to fill the vacancy in toxophilite literature. A high standard of excellence has been set by its predecessors in the series, but this has been fully maintained.

In glancing at the series of volumes already published one cannot help being struck by a seeming anomaly, in that a sport which can justly lay claim to so great an antiquity as archery—and but few are its rivals in this respect—should be treated of so late in a series of works relating to sports and pastimes. Archery, in the course of its lengthy existence, has witnessed the birth of many a new form of recreative exercise, aye, and the decay and death, too, of

those of them which were less fitted to survive, and, if age combined with honest worth gives a claim to precedence, one might well have expected this volume to have been among the earliest to appear.

As a national pastime in England archery depends not only upon its efficiency as a means of healthy exercise, and as admirably suited for a display of skill in friendly rivalry, but it has a lien upon our affections by reason of the part which it played in the making of England's greatness, in the days when the longbow was essentially the national weapon. Although the latter's place in military armaments has long since been filled by other more deadly weapons, archery justly survives as a pastime, and its disuse as such would amount to a national scandal. In other parts of the world, amongst races of lower culture, the same sequence of events has occurred, and we see in the Sandwich and Tonga groups of the South Pacific islands, in Java and elsewhere, that the bow, once a part of warlike equipment, was retained as an accessory of sport after its use as a lethal weapon had died out, without the aid of written history to keep alive the memory of its former practical utility.

The present volume takes the form of a series of essays upon archery in its various aspects, written by experts in the different branches of the subject, and no pains have been spared to secure the services of those well qualified to express themselves for the benefit of others less well informed. The earlier chapters, dealing with the history, antiquity, and, as it were, natural history of the bow and arrow, are those perhaps most calculated to interest general readers—those, that is to say, who lack either the time or the inclination to take up archery as a form of sport, and they will necessarily be the majority. The latter part of the book, devoted to the practice of archery as a pastime, and to the choice and proper use of its appliances, will equip the budding archer with a store of useful knowledge of the most practical kind, which will serve also to keep steady the hand and maintain the skill of the older expert; while the exposition of the charms of this form of recreation should serve to swell the ranks of devotees at the shrines of Apollo and his sister Diana, the mythical president and 'lady paramount' of the supernal toxophilite fraternity.

History does not carry us far enough back to supply us with material for the elucidation of the question of the origin of the bow, nor does archæological evidence assist us greatly in this matter. The progressive stages which led

up to the actual invention of the bow remain in obscurity, and can only be speculated upon. The study of primitive man makes it clear that even the simplest form of single-stave bow, however obvious an invention it may seem to the enlightened, is not likely to have come suddenly into being as a triumph of inventive genius, but was probably arrived at gradually, in the course of successive slight improvements, as a result of accumulated experience gained with even simpler structures. Mr. Longman quotes General Pitt-Rivers as follows:—

‘The spring trap of the Malay peninsula, described by Père Bourienne, is a contrivance that might readily have suggested itself from the use of an elastic throwing stick. When the spring is fastened down by a string or cord, it would soon be perceived that by attaching the end of the lance to the string instead of the stick it could be made to project the lance with great force and accuracy. The bow would thus be introduced.’

This suggestion from so eminent an authority may well be taken, for lack of a better; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that the successive stages in the developement of the bow from the spring trap are as yet by no means as clear as we might wish.

One thing is clear at any rate—viz. that the arrow is the direct descendant of the throwing spear or javelin, of which it is a diminutive form, modified for adaptation to the special mode of propulsion by mechanical means. It still, in many parts of the world, retains characters which recall its spear ancestry, as, for instance, in New Guinea, the Andaman Islands, and parts of South America, where arrows six to seven feet or more in length occur, frequently with no nock for the bowstring and no feather. It is, in fact, not by any means always easy to determine from its appearance whether the missile be spear or arrow, so close may be the overlap even in modern times.

In his picture (p. 9) of primitive man armed with his rudely fashioned ‘heavy stick for striking, his light spear for throwing, and his heavier spear for thrusting,’ before ever the bow had come into being, Mr. Longman is hardly happy in his choice of the Zulu equipment as a parallel. The Amazulu and their kindred are, relatively to the surrounding native races, a people of highly developed culture, and the ‘knobkerry, the throwing assegai, and the stabbing ‘assegai, with which Chaka and his Zulus overran South Africa,’ are comparatively highly specialised weapons, by no means to be compared with the far ruder weapons with

which Mr. Longman equips his primitive warrior and huntsman. The Amazulu, moreover, have full knowledge of the bow, and have probably actually used it in former times, their present equipment being regarded as an advance upon that of the neighbouring bow-using, but more lowly cultured, neighbours. The non-use of the bow does not indicate any special stage in culture; and even with 'savage' peoples knowledge of the bow and its adoption as a weapon do not necessarily go hand in hand. Even before the introduction of firearms many a dominant race has either given up or refused to adopt the bow as its weapon, preferring the heavier javelin, with its shorter range. The Romans are one example, the ancient Mexicans another.

That palæolithic man in the cave period used the bow seems probable from the finding of small neatly made blades of flint, which are commonly classed as arrow-heads. It is, at the same time, unsafe to conclude that every smallish blade of chipped stone, of apparently convenient size and shape, must necessarily be an arrow-head. We learn from analogy of more recent races that such blades were frequently hafted upon short handles for use as knives, and an examination of the stone-bladed weapons of the Eskimo, whose habits and arts seem in many respects to resemble those of cave man, justifies us in concluding that the Solutr  blade, figured (fig. 1) by Mr. Longman, would have served rather as the pile of a javelin than as that of an arrow.

How far the customs and arts of life of modern lowly-cultured, so-called 'savage,' races may be taken as reflecting the various progressive stages in the development of culture in prehistoric times is a question of moment which excites considerable interest, and the value to the arch ologist of a study of the conditions prevailing amongst the still living 'primitive' races is every day receiving increased recognition. The statement quoted (p. 14) from Tylor's 'Early History of Mankind,' to the effect that 'we have no historical knowledge of any tribe who have used stone instruments, and have not been in the habit of grinding or polishing some of them,' is one which requires qualification. The evidence at hand, after careful review, seems to point pretty clearly to the fact that the Tasmanians, who only recently became extinct, were in such a state as regards their stone implements. Dr. Tylor himself, and others, have recently brought together the evidence which distinctly points in this direction if it is not absolutely con-

clusive, and this characteristic is, perhaps, one of the most interesting in the culture of this truly primitive people, whose extinction is so greatly to be deplored on scientific as well as on sentimental grounds.

The origin of the nearly universal wedge shape in stone arrow-heads is discussed by Mr. Longman (p. 21), who favours the suggestion, which we have heard before, that the form arose from copying the shape of the teeth of certain sharks (such types, for instance, as *lamna* and *carcharodon*), which undoubtedly bear a close resemblance to the triangular and hollow-base arrow-heads of flint and other stone. The coincidence is, as he says, a striking one. He argues that the 'wedge is by no means the simplest and most natural form. The natural form would be merely a sharp and hardened continuation of the shaft. The addition of a wedge-shaped excrescence would seem to impede penetration rather than to assist it.' This may at first sight appear to be a valid objection, but penetration is not everything; a mere sharp point may penetrate to a considerable distance without causing rapid death, or even death at all; a mere tapering point, too, is apt to plug up the hole which it has made, thereby impeding the flow of blood. The addition, on the other hand, of a broad wedge-shaped extremity would greatly increase the hæmorrhage from the wound by extra laceration of the tissues, and would hasten death by this means. The same idea probably prompted the use of 'chisel-edged' arrow-heads, which are more widely distributed than Mr. Longman appears to be aware of. Moreover, as regards penetration, the North American Indians, who formerly used arrows with wedge-shaped heads of stone, were able to make them pierce the tough, resisting hide of the bison, and kill these animals with an ease which would satisfy the most exacting of sportsmen. It seems hardly necessary to suppose that such objects as sharks' teeth were copied by the early makers of stone arrow-heads. The frequent use of pointed flint flakes, with their razor-like edges, for other purposes, might well have suggested their adoption as arrow-points, and the wedge shape seems to be a somewhat natural form to be developed from working arrow-heads out of flakes. It has also the advantages of being less likely to snap off than narrow points, and of causing greater laceration. There is no proof or indication of the use of sharks' teeth as arrow-piles, nor would there seem to have been any advantage in so using them; in fact, Mr. Longman's objection to the



departure from the 'natural form' to one ill suited to penetration would, in such a case, be well grounded, for the penetration of either of the sharks' teeth figured would probably be very poor. The hafting, moreover, would necessarily be very clumsy, as their bases are very thick and ill adapted to being hafted for shooting purposes; hence there could have been but little reason for their being adopted as arrow-heads. The serration of stone arrow-heads, which affords so striking a resemblance to that of sharks' teeth, was, as likely as not, an artistic improvement upon an accident in manufacture, as most stone arrow-heads have the edges more or less unevenly serrated, a feature due to the process of flaking alternately from either side of the edge, which is prevented from being quite even. One of the strongest points in favour of the shark's tooth prototype theory has, curiously enough, escaped Mr. Longman's notice, and we offer it to the supporters of his theory. Instruments in the form of a miniature bow and arrow are used by natives of South-east New Guinea as bloodletters or phlemes, in cases of headache, &c.; the tiny arrow is fastened to the bow-string, and is frequently pointed with a small shark's tooth. This may seem to lend strong support to Mr. Longman's theory; but in the case of these phlemes it is evident that this kind of point has been selected for two reasons: (a) that it will penetrate far enough, say to a depth of half an inch at most, (b) that it will not penetrate too far, the thickened base acting as a stop and assisting the more rough and ready method of preventing too deep a puncture—viz. that of fixing the arrow to a weakly made bow.

The chapter upon the 'forms of the bow and their distribution,' also by Mr. Longman, will be found very interesting, and has been compiled from a variety of sources. The tale of the varieties under which the bow occurs is very long, in spite of the essential structure being necessarily so uniform. Endless well-marked local variations in size, shape, curve, section, materials, and mode of manufacture are seen, and it is usually an easy matter to name approximately the region whence a bow has come, and even in some cases to give the exact tribe whose weapon it was. The 'self' bows are divisible into a number of well-marked types, whose individual advantages are sometimes apparent, while at other times the peculiarities of form are not easily accounted for. It is difficult, for example, to understand why the Fuegians, and they alone, always make their bows with an oval cross-section, as nothing seems to be gained

thereby; the *raison d'être* too of the curious S-shaped curve of many bows from the Andaman Islands and the New Hebrides is very puzzling. It is difficult to conceive a sufficiently valid reason for the adoption of so awkward a shape. It seems likely that this form may have been dictated by the natural form of certain trees from which bows were cut. With primitive tools it is necessary to rigidly follow the grain of the wood, and a form once dictated by Nature might be retained and copied afterwards, though even then one would expect some definite advantage to have been discovered to account for its permanent retention. We are disposed to doubt the suggestion that the recurved shape of the Andaman bows may be due to the influence of the composite bow of more highly cultured peoples in adjacent lands. The suggestion, too, that the East African bow (fig. 31), from the Shiré River, may possibly not be a native form, because Major von Wissmann 'obtained it' from a Portuguese who had seen an Andaman bow,' is not likely to meet with much favour. The broad flat limbs of the Shiré bow recall, it is true, the outline of some Andaman bows, but, as it is not to be supposed that the Portuguese made the bow, and it is unlikely that he was even interested in native bow-making, it is difficult to see how his experience, derived from a sight of 'an Andaman bow,' can have affected this African form. As a matter of fact, this form of bow is a well-marked East African type, and it seems quite unnecessary to go out of the way to ally it to a very distant though superficially analogous form, and to deprive it of its local interest.

The typical bow of the Japanese (fig. 37), too, is a conundrum. Its shape is quaint, with its long and short limbs and odd curves, and the position of the handle, far below the centre, is a curious development whose use is by no means clear, though we may hazard the suggestion that it is due to the kneeling position which is the favourite shooting attitude of the Japanese archer. In this position a central handle would be practically out of reach. Altogether, this is a very original type of bow, whose advantages and virtues are yet to be explained. Mr. Longman says of this bow, 'It is entirely a wooden bow, though in structure 'it is composite, and it is evidently an offshoot of the composite bow.' That in its development it has been influenced somewhat by the proximity of the true composite bow we do not for a moment doubt, but, nevertheless, we are hardly justified in applying the term 'offshoot of the

'composite bow' to it. The resemblances to the latter are after all of a minor character (*e.g.* it is built up of several pieces of wood, and is vaguely reflex, *παλίντονος*). Its general and important characteristics seem to us to indicate that the Japanese bow is a true 'arcus' or plain bow, showing a few modifications which imply influence of the composite bow to a slight extent.

Bows in which a groove of varied depth is seen running longitudinally along the back, from end to end, present points of interest for discussion, as the use of the groove is by no means always obvious. The apparently simplest explanation of the origin of the groove, that quoted by Mr. Longman, is that it arose from a copying of the *pith-groove* frequently to be seen on the back of bows which have been made from a *split* stem or thick branch of a tree; but the developement of the wide deep groove which characterises many of the bows from the Tonga Islands and parts of South America requires some further explanation. From Captain Cook's 'Voyages' we learn that with the Tonga or Friendly Islanders the groove served as a holder for a spare arrow, which could lie comfortably in it. Can this, however, be the true *raison d'être* of the groove? This use of it strikes one at once as highly unpractical, as, beyond the fact of the groove protecting the arrow somewhat from actual breakage, there seems to be nothing gained by using it as a vehicle for the arrow. It must, as Mr. Longman admits, assuredly tend to impair the straightness of the arrow, and, as a consequence, the directness of its flight, to tie it into a groove of a bow which would rarely or never be itself perfectly straight, and such a practice must shock the mind of the practical archer, who glories in the straightness of his shafts. A passage in Moseley's 'Essay on Archery' offers a better explanation as regards the probable primary use of the artificial groove. He says: 'The Otaheite bows are very long, and consist of one piece only, on the back part of which there is a groove containing a pretty thick cord. The cord reaches the whole length, and is fastened very strongly at each end. This contrivance is found very serviceable in assisting the strength of the bow, and acts in some measure as a spring.' If this was the case in Otaheite, it may well have been so in the Tongan group, especially in the days when the bow was used for something more than rat shooting. The cord reinforcement was really useful, and in every way worthy of a groove cut specially for its reception. There is an analogy in some South American bows in

which a backing of cord lies along a groove, just as described by Moseley. In any case this statement of Moseley's is worth taking into account when discussing the origin and function of these grooves in the South Pacific.

The 'composite' or 'compound' bow is considered separately (p. 46, &c.) from the bows made of wood alone, as indeed it must necessarily be, presenting as it does, in its more highly specialised forms, such widely different features, alike in its structure, the mutual relationship of its parts, and its action, as compared with wooden bows. In passing from the simplest form under which the composite bow occurs to its most elaborate forms, a line of development has been followed rapidly diverging from that taken by the wooden bow. One sees in the roughly made bows of the eastern Eskimo, and in those of some South American tribes, the rudest attempts at the reinforcement of weak bows, to prevent their breaking in use, or to increase their casting power. In these cases the reinforcement consists of one or more thongs or cords, lying along the back of the bow from end to end and bracing the ends together, so that when the bow is drawn a great part of the tension strain falls upon the cords, which give greatly increased strength to the bow. It seems likely that this is the most primitive method. The other well-defined mode of reinforcement, by moulding *masses* or layers of sinew outside the surface of the back of the bow, can also be seen in a very primitive state in bows from California and the neighbourhood, and between this form and the most elaborate types of composite bows there are intermediate types still extant in Asia, varying in their degree of complexity. The most highly specialised type of all, the Persian bow (figs. 44-48), which combines in its structure wood, sinew, horn, bark, and lacquer, is a masterpiece of constructive skill, and evokes a well-deserved compliment from Mr. Longman, who is able, as a practical archer, to say: 'Altogether, it must be admitted that the disposition of the materials of which the bow is composed is quite admirable from the bowyer's point of view.'

'Probably the link between the wooden bow and the composite bow was the bow of pure horn,' suggests Mr. Longman (p. 48), but this must remain an open question. We feel more disposed to regard the bow of horn alone, such as for example the typical Javan bow, as an offshoot usually of the composite bow, and not the reverse, as suggested. We are even disposed to go further, and to maintain the pro-

bability of the bows described by Homer, those of Pandarus and Odysseus, having been of composite structure, and not merely of horn alone. The custom of concealing the structure of the bow under coats of birch-bark, &c., may have been in vogue in Homer's days, as it now is wherever the Asiatic composite bow occurs in at all an elaborate form, and this would quite account for the absence, in a poet's description, of any reference to the layer of sinew backing which would have been concealed from view. When we think that until the year 1889 the detailed structure of the Asiatic composite bows had not been described, and was known to few besides the makers, we can well excuse the possible omission on Homer's part of structural details, and admire his beautiful lines none the less. Be this as it may, the immense power of Odysseus's bow has to be accounted for, and our knowledge of modern bows of horn alone, which are by no means of exceptional strength, does not help us to do so. In order to account for the difficulty with which it was drawn, we must either greatly reduce our estimate of the standard of muscular power of those days—a view which would make Homer restless in his grave, though it would fully confirm the description of the 'suitors' as utterly unworthy of Penelope, or any one else, by adding a wretched physique to indifferent morals—or we must powerfully reinforce the horn of which the bow was made. The latter is the more rational course to adopt, and the one which is best backed up by analogy.

Whether the Asiatic composite bow was ever used to any great extent by the archers of Western Europe must probably remain unsettled. Mr. Longman says that 'in the Middle Ages it penetrated from Turkey far into the western portion of Southern Europe' (p. 46). Certainly we see it constantly depicted, often with some accuracy, in early Italian and other paintings; but, so far as we are aware, no example of a composite bow used in Western Europe has been preserved in museums or elsewhere. The frequent representation of this most interesting class of bow in art may very probably be due as much to Byzantine influence as to actual use of this weapon in the region. Its ready adoption for pictorial treatment is to be accounted for by the graceful nature of its curves, which lend themselves to decorative effect. Crossbows, on the other hand, of true 'composite' structure, clearly based upon that of oriental bows, were at one time common in Germany and elsewhere in the West, and may be seen in many museums, making

the absence of specimens of composite longbows the more striking.

A very interesting chapter in the book, and one very well illustrated, is that dealing with ancient archery (chap. iv.). Their perishable nature has prevented the preservation of many actual specimens of bows from remote antiquity, though in Egypt a certain number have been discovered, some in very good preservation. A notable ancient Egyptian bow is one which is preserved in the splendid museum at Berlin, and of which Mr. Longman gives a detailed description, quoted from a recent paper by Dr. von Luschan. This unique specimen is a true 'composite' bow, and the layer of sinew moulded on to the back as a reinforcement is still partly preserved, the remainder of the bow being of wood, not single-stave; a groove along the belly of the bow, empty now, may have been filled with a strip of wood, or very possibly horn. No other composite bow has been as yet found in Egypt. This interesting specimen lends support to the idea that the bows of ancient Assyria were of composite structure, a theory which is based upon several considerations—its short length, its use on horseback, and the use of a bow case resembling those in which modern Asiatic composite bows are, or were, kept. It is a matter of considerable difficulty to determine the precise nature and probable structure of the bows of ancient races, as the material for examination consists almost exclusively of such contemporary representations, sculptures for the most part, as have been discovered, in which the bow and its use are portrayed.

While many of the bows so represented in the ancient Assyrian bas-reliefs seem intelligible enough, particularly if we assume, as we may on good grounds, that they were of composite structure, reinforced with a backing of sinews, the same cannot be said of the very curious and wholly incomprehensible *angular* bow so frequently represented in these sculptures. In this the two limbs of the bow, which are straight, and usually of uniform thickness throughout, meet each other at an *angle* (of about  $135^{\circ}$ ) at the centre. What are we to say of a bow which violates almost every principle of the bowyer's creed? Mr. Longman makes a bold attempt to rationalise this bow, and endeavours to explain its possible structure. Here we must confess ourselves to be utterly at variance with him. What could be the structure of such a bow? It is clearly not a single-stave bow, and by no possibility could two separate limbs

be united at the centre at an angle such as is represented, with any probability of the bow being able to stand the strain of being strung, to say nothing of being drawn. Nor does the suggestion that the angular bow, like the non-angular, was of composite structure, help us to any extent, though Mr. Longman relies upon this. He says, by way of accounting for the angular centre: 'It is, however, possible 'that in some cases the strips of wood [forming the limbs of 'the bow] did not actually join in the centre, in which case, 'when the pressure of the string was applied, this curious 'angular shape would necessarily be produced.' It would, no doubt, be produced; but then a very slightly increased pressure would infallibly break the bow, as no sinew backing would stand the strain. There is, we believe, no analogy whatever for a composite bow in which the wooden limbs were so brought together at the centre that there was a possibility of their not quite joining, that is to say, of their not butting against one another. As a matter of fact, an examination of the structure of a large number of bows shows us clearly that a stiff centre was essential, and that the wood was always carried *right through* the centre, as far as possible without any break. In an earlier chapter Mr. Longman makes the following remark: 'All archers know 'that a bow which "bends in the hand" is uncomfortable 'and jolty to shoot with, and casts badly.' The result of an attempt to shoot with a bow which, even in the merely *strung* state, presented an angular handle for the grip of the bow hand, is distressing indeed to contemplate—the broken bow, the terrible 'jolt'! We do not question the possibility of *one* bow having been made after the manner suggested by Mr. Longman; but we do insist that the pattern would never have been repeated, and we shrewdly suspect that the brick, upon which was inscribed in cuneiform characters the bowyer's licence, was not renewed to the man who perpetrated that anomaly. In the sculptures very many of the bows are represented as fully drawn in the act of shooting; but we cannot agree with Mr. Longman that any of these can be taken as representing an angular bow in the drawn state. Many of them exhibit a far sharper curve towards the centre than is likely to have actually been assumed under tension; but none exhibit the sharp angular centre which is seen in so many of the bows represented in the strung state merely, and we know of no mechanical law which would cause the angle at the centre to be obliterated when the ends were brought closer together by

the increased strain upon the bow-string; it would surely tend to become more acute, and therefore more marked. If we take Mr. Longman's suggestion as to the possible structure of the angular bow (a sinew-backed bow whose wooden limbs did not quite meet at the centre), the fact that no bow with a sharp angular centre is represented as *fully* drawn would perhaps be accounted for, as we firmly believe that no such bow could ever reach the fully drawn state; it would never have stood such rough usage.

We feel bound to support the view which Mr. Longman condemns, viz. that the sculptures are inaccurate, of which he says: 'This would be an easy way of dismissing the question, but, on the whole, it does not seem the right view to adopt.' Without in any way wishing to obstruct a full discussion of the question from all points of view, we feel obliged to adopt the 'easy' explanation, so long as the only alternative is swallowing camels—camels of the toughest and most indigestible nature. We have but to glance at a number of Assyrian sculptures to see that, while in many cases the workmanship is very fine, many difficulties, in the matter of representation of objects and action, presented themselves to the artist. Some of the most striking errors are mentioned by Mr. Longman. Figures facing towards our left hand are apt to have the (anatomically) left arm upon the right shoulder, the right arm upon the left shoulder, and thus the drawing hand is brought into full view, just as though the figure were facing the other way. Moreover, the lower half only of the bow-string is apt to be represented in a design of a shooting figure; the upper half disappears *behind* the head of the archer, and often enough of his companion, or shieldbearer, as well. Such are a few of the commoner and more striking errors, and, in view of the frequency of such mistakes in representation, and, further, in view of the impossibility of as yet assigning a possible structure to a bow of angular shape, it seems not only the easiest but also the most reasonable course to adopt, to consider the angular bow of Assyrian bas-reliefs as nothing more than what we have elsewhere called a stereotyped artist's error, unless perchance some symbolic significance can be assigned to the cuneiform shape. It is greatly to be hoped that practical archers, such as Mr. Longman, may continue researches into the nature of bows in antiquity, and particularly that experimental tests may be conducted.

The extremely interesting work of Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, forms the basis of a chapter (chap. v.) devoted to



the methods of drawing and loosing the arrow. Professor Morse was the first to recognise in the various modes in which this apparently simple action is effected very valuable and instructive material for ethnographical classification. The excellent photographs taken by Mr. Portman to illustrate the characteristic 'looses' in the Andaman Islands, which Mr. Longman introduces into this chapter, are a testimony to the importance assigned by ethnographers to this line of inquiry, and it is to be hoped that other travellers may collect similar information.

A quantity of information has (chap. vi.) been brought together upon the subject of 'Savage archery,' and many most interesting and instructive anecdotes and descriptions are quoted from various books of travel, &c. Not that the achievements of savage warriors and hunters, and the conditions under which their archery is conducted, can bear to any great extent upon the measured precision of the modern archery range. All is contrast, and the great difference in character between what we may call the 'business' archery of man in a primitive state and archery as it survives as a sport amongst civilised people, or even the organised military archery of the Middle Ages, is strongly marked. Mr. Longman emphasises this point, and puts the case pithily. He sums up in the following words:—

'To tell the truth, no effective comparison is possible between the highly specialised practice of modern English archery and either the war archery of our forefathers or the wild archery of savage tribes. It is one thing to kill and disable as many as possible of a body of disciplined and armed men; it is another thing to creep up to within fifteen or twenty yards of a Wapiti, and silently plant an arrow in the neighbourhood of his heart, or to shoot down a charging and infuriated buffalo; while to put as many arrows as possible within a given circle at a distance well known and long practised is a feat of a character quite different from either of the others.'

Even so-called savages are at times capable of astonishing feats in archery, but it is necessary frequently to discount some of their own descriptions of prowess and those given by travellers, as savouring obviously of the 'longbow' in a dual sense.

The history of military archery in the Middle Ages is ably dealt with by Viscount Dillon, a well-known authority upon military history and ancient equipments. He gives a chronological and consecutive account of the use of the two in warfare, more particularly by the English, who

regarded this weapon with far greater favour than was usually the case with those who opposed them. In the comparison of the relative merits of the crossbow and longbow, Lord Dillon is disposed to increase the estimate of the greater rapidity with which arrows could be discharged from the latter. According to Villani, 'the archer 'could discharge six arrows for each one of the crossbow-man's bolts,' but Lord Dillon considers even this too low an estimate, and reduces to figures the motions required in each case. We should be curious, for the sake of carrying the comparison further, to be enlightened upon the time required in each case for the fixing of the arrow and quarrel in position. The crossbow quarrels would not require 'nocking,' as these were not, as a rule at any rate, furnished with a nock, and it is possible that the time required for the operation would differ in the two cases, and influence the relative rapidity of discharge. The chapter gives the principal events in the history of the military bow, and, if somewhat tersely written, is concise and to the point. It is followed by one upon archery tackle in the Middle Ages, giving interesting information regarding the archer's equipment at different periods, the materials used in bow-making, prices paid for the various parts of the outfit, and other particulars. All such information must necessarily be of considerable importance, for actual specimens of archers' outfits of the Middle Ages are very scarce, while examples of the old English yew-bow are far rarer than Great Auks' eggs.

Under the title 'The Decadence of Archery,' Colonel Walrond gives the causes and circumstances of the decline and fall of this branch of military organisation. The introduction of firearms led inevitably to the gradual extinction of the bow as a weapon of war. That the ousting process was very gradual may be gathered from the fact that 'quite 'two hundred years elapsed after their introduction ere the 'bow was finally ousted from its position as the chief 'weapon of England.' This period of struggle for supremacy between two classes of weapons is one of the most interesting in military history. Not till the end of the sixteenth century did firearms begin definitely to gain the ascendancy, but once their superiority was generally acknowledged the bow began to disappear rapidly, and the practice of archery—unless when spasmodically from time to time it was enforced—fell into disuse, excepting as a form of sport. The introduction of firearms also revolutionised the

military tactics, and struck a death-blow at 'chivalry.' It was of little avail for the already heavily armed knights and well-to-do combatants to increase the thickness of their armour; they were still liable to be unhorsed and wounded, and the weight of their armour then rendered them completely helpless, though it was necessary to 'open' them like oysters before they could be given their *quietus*. The bullet, moreover, was capable at times of penetrating the thickest armour and killing its occupant on the spot, a thing to which they had been unaccustomed. It was clear, therefore, that the heavy-armed knight was becoming comparatively useless, and that his place would have to be supplied by combatants who would stand nearly equal chances of being killed with the rank and file, but who could manœuvre freely, unencumbered by ponderous sheets of metal. The account of the gradual disuse of the bow and the triumph of 'villainous saltpetre' is ably given by Colonel Walrond, and is a fitting prelude to the next chapter, which deals with the rise of 'Archery as a Pastime,' from its historical standpoint. This chapter practically introduces the second part of the volume, which is devoted almost exclusively to the consideration of the modern practice of archery as a form of sport. Much of this is necessarily intended rather for those who follow this form of pastime, though it is by no means without interest for the general reader. The developement of the sport, and of the rules which could alone apply to archery as a pastime, the formation and subsequent history of the early archery societies, and the organisation of public meetings, are all subjects of general interest, especially when, as in the present volume, they have been written about in a clear and pleasing style by experts who so thoroughly know their subjects. As a pastime archery has had its vicissitudes, and at times has fallen into disfavour, but always to rise again, phoenix-like, and at the present day there seems little chance of its ever becoming obsolete.

It would have been of interest, in dealing with the history of the pastime, to have given a collected account of the practice of archery among savage and barbaric races purely as a form of sport, apart from its use in war and the chase. The rules of the game are at times apt to be curious, and an account of savage archery meetings would serve as an excellent contrast to the 'Grand National' and other developements of the highest toxophilite culture.

There is one result from the chapters being written by

different experts, a result perhaps inevitable. There is apt to be a certain amount of needless repetition. The question as to the advisability, or otherwise, of money prizes is discussed both by Miss Legh, in her interesting chapter on 'Ladies' Archery,' and by Mr. Longman, in a chapter on 'Archery Prizes.' It would, perhaps, have been more satisfactory had the remarks on this point been concentrated in one place. The chapter on prizes seems the most natural, though the observations of Miss Legh, as coming from perhaps the most skilful and successful lady archer of the day, are of considerable interest. We do not gather that the growth of 'professionalism,' as resulting from money prizes, is tending seriously to spoil the sport, as is undoubtedly the case with some popular games, and it may be regarded as doubtful if the harm is great, while certain advantages seem to exist. The question of the value to be assigned to hits in the different parts of the target is much discussed, and no doubt will be to the end of time. Certainly, to the outsider, it seems unnecessary to give a prize for the 'best gold,' which appears at the best of times to be but a casual triumph.

Colonel Walrond's chapter on the management of public meetings gives valuable information to organisers and secretaries. Their office is no sinecure; in fact, the mere enumeration of the multifarious duties would dishearten many a would-be secretary. 'All the kicks and none of the half-pence' seems to be their lot.

It is curious that practically all archery ranges should now be fixed, measured to an inch: we hear next to nothing about shooting at uncertain ranges, where a special quality of judgement would come into play.

Eminently practical are the instructions given by Colonel Walrond regarding the choice, care, and manufacture of the various appliances used in archery. Each is treated separately and in a detailed manner, from the bow and arrow themselves down to the tassel and scoring-book. This is followed by a long and carefully arranged chapter by the Rev. Eyre W. Hussey on 'Practical Instructions in Shooting,' of a pre-eminently practical nature. 'Fayre shootynge,' says Ascham, 'comes of these thynges: of standynge, nockynge, 'drawynge, howldinge, and lowsyng,' and the modern archery instructor takes these points and considers each carefully as a separate thing, though each as dependent upon the others for complete success in shooting. In giving instruction, the rules so admirably laid down by the late Horace Ford are

followed, and his teaching forms the basis of the training of archers. Mr. Longman's (chap. xxiv.) experiments on the penetration of arrows shot from the longbow are very interesting and suggestive, and it is greatly to be hoped that they may be carried yet further. It would also be instructive if careful experiments could be carried out to test accurately the relative merits of the longbow and the composite bow. Nothing systematic has been done in this direction, although there are sundry records of special performances of composite bows, and Mr. Maxson (chap. xxvi.) tells us of a raw-hide backed bow, invented by Mr. Sutton, of New York, based upon the bows of some of the North American Indian tribes, which came into use, but never became popular, though Mr. Maxson himself was very successful with a 51-lb. bow of this kind. The use of the composite bow is still retained in China as an important part of military training, so that there should be no difficulty in obtaining bows of this type in a fresh and serviceable condition for experiment.

Altogether this volume of the Badminton Series is a distinct and valuable acquisition to the literature of the subject, and the writers, more especially Mr. Longman and Colonel Walrond, to whom the greater part of the work has fallen, are to be congratulated upon the book which they have produced. The bibliography at the end is very complete, though we miss a few publications which might well have been added to the list, but whose omission is quite excusable. The illustrations are copious and for the most part good, though fig. 43 is very poor. Like its predecessors in the series the book is well printed. If we have found matter for criticism, we have pointed it out rather with the idea of showing that there still remains in this interesting subject ample material for further investigation for those who care to pursue inquiry, than with the intention to decry what we regard as a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. Archery is worthy of support from many points of view, and we may always bear in mind Roger Ascham's eulogistic terms: 'Shootyng 'most honest pastyme. Shootynge fit for princes and great 'men. Shootyng fit for scholars and studentes. Shootynge 'fitter for studentes than any musike or instrumentes.'

ART. III.—*The Life of Sir William Petty.* By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1895.

THIS valuable and instructive work is another good contribution to letters made by the author of the 'Life of Lord Shelburne.' The House of Lansdowne, sprung from the commingling blood of a remarkable specimen of the great middle class of England and of the Norman Geraldines of Desmond, has, for more than a century, held a high place in the State, and been eminent in the national annals. The first Marquis, the son-in-law of Carteret and the colleague of Pitt, in his youthful prime, was perhaps the chief negotiator of the Peace of 1783, and, questionable as may have been some passages of his career, was one of the first of the economic statesmen who made the faith of Adam Smith prevail in our councils. Many still alive remember the third Marquis, the colleague of Grey, Melbourne, Russell, Palmerston, in a long succession of Whig Ministries, a pillar of the State during the Reform era, an illustrious patron of art and learning. The present head of the family has already filled offices of the highest dignity with notable success, and has proved himself worthy of his best predecessors: his sagacity, his wisdom, his strong common-sense have marked him out as a coming Liberal chief when true Liberalism shall again be supreme in this country. The subject of this memoir, nevertheless, whose eventful life and chequered career Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has placed before us, was, on the whole, probably the most conspicuous figure in the stem of worthies of which he was a parent.

Sir William Petty is chiefly known in England as a founder of the Royal Society, as the father of statistical research, as one of those adventurers in the domain of experimental science who made the close of the seventeenth century famous. In Ireland his memory still survives as the author of the celebrated 'Down Survey,' a record, in part, of the Cromwellian forfeitures, but more remarkable as the first cadastral register, on anything resembling the modern pattern, of territory made in these kingdoms; and what he accomplished in the wilds of Kerry forms a brilliant episode in Macaulay's History. Yet these are not the only claims of this eminent man to permanent renown. Petty was a political writer of no mean order in the age of Milton, of Hobbes, and of Locke; his speculations on the sphere

and the duties of the State, and on the true position and functions of the Church, reveal profound and very enlightened thought. He was also a parent of economic science. He firmly grasped the true principles that conduce to the material wealth of nations. His views on trade, taxation, and commercial exchange correspond with much that Berkeley and Hume taught, and largely anticipate what Adam Smith has thrown into a more complete and philosophic form. Nor was he less admirable in practical politics: what he has written about the condition of England and the true objects of English statesmanship is conspicuous for its insight and wisdom; and his comments on Ireland and Irish affairs, and what should be the system and objects of our rule in Ireland, even now deserve attention and study. Petty, in short, was in advance of the ideas of his day in many departments of thought and action, and the conclusions he formed, it should be added, were nearly always liberal in the best sense of the word. There is much, too, in the character of the man that is significant of his age, and still possesses interest. Strong-minded, thrifty, energetic, masterful, a persevering enemy, a sterling friend, and yet good-hearted, affectionate, and especially kind to dependents in an inferior position, Petty was a type of that breed of great Englishmen, sprung for the most part from the middle ranks of life, who did so much to create the England of the seventeenth century.

We know of no biography of Petty worthy of the name before the appearance of this volume. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice did well in any case to ascend to the source, not to follow the stream. This work is nearly all compiled from original documents. The archives of Bowood have contributed a number of Sir William's letters and papers. To these should be added a mass of manuscripts that belonged to Sir Robert Southwell, a friend and kinsman of Petty, and an ancestor of the present noble house of De Clifford, one of the oldest of the Plantagenet baronies. The British Museum and the Bodleian Library have also furnished a few manuscripts; and the principal work of Petty, the 'Down Survey,' has been explained and illustrated by several histories and reports, especially by the 'Notes' of the late Sir Thomas Larcom, a chief author of the 'Ordnance Survey of Ireland,' and an Irish Under-Secretary of well-known merit. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has composed his book from these materials and others of the same kind; the result is a very attractive work, in some particulars of sterling

value. His sketches of the life of Petty and of his remarkable career, drawn for the most part from his correspondence—picturesque, homely, and characteristic in the extreme—form a narrative of no little interest. His account of the ‘Down Survey,’ and of all that pertained to it, if not novel, is complete and accurate. His description of Petty’s writings, and his comments on them, are by far the best that have yet been published. Some of the leading personages of the age are also well portrayed, and the historical events connected with Sir William’s life are carefully indicated, and not at undue length. It may appear ungracious, where so much is excellent, to notice a few defects and blemishes. But Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has hardly glanced at one important part of Petty’s work in Ireland—the distribution of the Cromwellian forfeitures—and much evidence of this could be made forthcoming. He has also omitted, in his account of the famous Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and of their results in Irish landed relations, to notice the worst wrong they perhaps accomplished. Speaking generally, his description of this evil passage in the reign of Charles II. is not clear or adequate. We have noticed, too, a few misprints, or slips of the pen; for example (p. 10), the Commonwealth did not exist ‘in 1647,’ and no land in Ireland certainly paid a ‘rent’ of 20*l.* an acre’ in 1652 (p. 31).

William Petty was born in 1623, a child of a family which had long carried on the manufacture of woollens—the great English staple—at Romsey, in Hampshire, by the banks of the Test. As is usually the case with really strong natures, the boy gave proof of the character of the man: he showed a precocious taste for mechanics, ‘could have worked at’ any of these trades when twelve years old,’ and ‘before’ fifteen had learned a competent smattering of Latin, and ‘was entered for the Greek,’ at the Grammar School of Romsey. He exhibited, also, the turn for satire and caricature which he retained through life, occasionally with unlucky results; and he had acquired the habits of thrift and of making money which made him successful in the race for wealth. When an old man, and preparing for death, he set solemnly down how he began the world ‘with a shilling,’ ‘which riss to four shillings and sixpence;’ how ‘the four’ ‘shillings and sixpence became twenty-four shillings,’ ‘gradually increased to four pounds,’ and by a leap ‘to’ ‘seventy’—all this, too, when, by his own account, his estate was worth ‘6,700*l.* per annum.’ He had, in fact,



taken to huckstering while still quite a lad: 'he layd out' his little stock-in-trade 'in France upon pittiful brass things 'with cooled glass in them,' and 'sold them at home to 'young fellows for treble what they cost'—an admirable chapman, in short, before his chin wore down. He was ill-treated by the master of the coaster in which he made these youthful trials with Fortune; and he was abandoned, near the shore of Caen, with a broken leg, having failed, owing to near sight, to make out a landmark. He had, however, turned his experience at sea to account: he had provoked 'the envy of the crew for being able to say my 'compasse, shift my tides, keep my reckoning with my plain 'scale, and for being better read in the seaman's Kalender '—the safeguard of saylers;' in a word, he had already learned the rudiments of the navigator's art—an adept in mathematics while still in his teens.

'Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito' was one of Petty's wise 'saws and instances;' the forlorn lad was soon on his feet again. He entered the Jesuit College of Caen, having stipulated that his faith was not to be meddled with; he had 'gott' his 'expences' by 'exchanging playing 'cards, white starch, and hayre hatts' for 'tobacco pipes 'and the shreds of Letter and parchment.' At Caen he became proficient in the varied knowledge for which he was distinguished through life; he 'obtained the Latin, Greek, 'and French tongues, the whole body of common arith- 'metic, the practical geometry and astronomy; conducting 'to navigation, dialling, &c., with the knowledge of several 'mathematical trades;' and he 'was preferred to the King's 'Navy' when in his twentieth year, 'having then gotten 'about three-score pounds, with as much mathematics as 'any of my age was known to have had.' The great Civil War had not long broken out; the youth quitted the service, perhaps owing to the Roundhead sympathies of a trader's family; he remained on the Continent for some years, standing completely aloof, it would seem, from the contest. During this period he 'vigorously followed' his studies 'at Utrecht, Leyden, Amsterdam, and Paris;' and he acquired the knowledge of surgery and medical science which was to place him on the first step of the ladder of Fortune. He was in Paris from about 1644 to 1646; his keen, active, and practical intellect developed rapidly, and with excellent results. He was much in the company of learned men, and the associations of the capital of France—it was the age of Descartes, Gassendi, of the youth of

Pascal, and of the dawn of the renowned Academy—promoted and stimulated every kind of knowledge. Petty engaged in a mathematical contest about the squaring of the circle, and algebraic mysteries; but his time was chiefly employed in more useful pursuits. His mechanical skill was shown in a curious invention like the manifold letter-writer of these times; this, he rightly boasted, would save labour and money. He also wrote tracts on the education of the young, on the value of technical knowledge in trades, and on the advantage of ‘model hospitals’ for medical men; these reveal the turn of his reflecting mind, ‘preferring the ‘study of things to the rabble of words,’ and urging the importance of experiment in every art and science. Hartlib, a well-known correspondent of Milton and Boyle, described Petty, now twenty-four years old, as ‘a perfect Frenchman, ‘and a good linguist in other vulgar tongues, besides Latin ‘and Greek; a most rare and exact anatomist, and excelling ‘in all mathematical and mechanical learning; of a sweet ‘natural disposition and moral comportment; as for solid ‘judgment and industry, altogether masculine.’

Soon after this time Petty became acquainted with leading followers of the House of Stuart—a little band of exiles in Paris; and he was probably presented to the royal brothers who became Charles II. and James II. Hobbes, however, who was in France in these years writing the ‘Leviathan’ and the treatise ‘De Cive,’ appears to have been his most intimate friend; but we do not agree with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice that the philosophy of Hobbes could have had much weight with Petty. A theory of ethics based on pure selfishness, and a theory of politics which assumed that men are naturally in a state of warfare, and that despotism is required to keep them under, are not consistent with the philanthropic doctrines and the enlightened and liberal views on government of which Petty became an advocate; his mind, in fact, was more akin to those of Locke and Tillotson. Yet, not improbably, Hobbes determined the course of life of Petty at this period. Hobbes certainly had a sincere regard for his friend; he had already attracted the notice of Cromwell, with whom he had certain points in common, though the large-minded and great ruler differed widely from the cold-blooded philosopher; and when he was compelled to leave France in consequence of his attacks on Rome he, perhaps, had Petty as a companion, and induced him, like himself, to throw in his lot with the Commonwealth, and to become

attached to the Protector's government. Be this as it may, we find Petty at Oxford in 1649-50; and he was elected a Fellow of Brasenose, and then Vice-Principal by a special dispensation made in his favour. He owed this preferment, perhaps, to two of Cromwell's chaplains employed by the Protector to look out for merit, perhaps to the commander of the armed force at Oxford, 'who had received testimony 'of his rare qualities and gifts.'

Petty was in residence at Oxford for some three years, and soon made his mark at that great seat of learning. The Oxford of 1650-51 was a different place from the Oxford which Laud had made half Roman, which had melted its plate for Charles I., which had been a centre of the Court and the camp of the king. The University was under the Puritan yoke; its authorities were composed of the 'godly 'men' who had been champions of the Independent faith, mixed with officers of the New Model; the teaching of the colleges was distinctly Puritan. Yet the course of many of the studies was but little changed: classics and mathematics flourished nearly as before. Cromwell treated Oxford with a due reverence for the past: he was conservative in this as in many other instincts. Petty was made 'Professor of Music' at Gresham College, an institution then in its vigorous prime. He 'was beloved by many ingenious scholars,' especially by a small body of very able men—Boyle, Wallis, Wilkins, Christopher Wren, and others, future shining lights of the Royal Society. Surgery and medicine, however, his special calling, engrossed most of his time at Oxford. He became professor of anatomy, and delivered lectures, and 'kept bodies preserved and pickled;' and he gained a great reputation for skill, having resuscitated a malefactor only half hanged. He had been 'entered into 'the College of Phisitians in London,' and 'had advanced 'his stock to about four hundred pounds,' when he met the first decided turn in the flood-tide of fortune. By this time Ireland had been completely subdued; but the army of Cromwell remained in the island, and the victorious soldiery of Wexford and Drogheda were being grievously wasted by the diseases which the Irish climate in the seventeenth century seems to have made fatal to thousands of Englishmen. The fame of Petty had reached the ear of the Government, and he was appointed in 1652 'Physician-General of the Army in Ireland,' charged with the general direction of its sanitary needs, and with a large authority over its medical staff.

We do not know whether the health of the army made a marked improvement under Petty's care, but his active mind and keen sense of thrift had soon wrought a change in the parts of the service which had been especially committed to him. Ireton had died, and had left no fitting successor; Lambert and Fleetwood were not very able men, and jobbing and maladministration flourished, but little checked, in most departments of the Irish War Office, and not least in its medical branches. Petty tells us that before long he had observed 'the vast and needless expense of medicaments, and how the Apothecary-General of the Army, with his three assistants, did not spend their time to the best advantage; and forthwith, to the content of all persons concerned, with the State's bare disbursement of 120*l.*, he did save them 500*l.* per annum of their former charge, and furnished the army, hospitals, garrisons, and headquarters with medicaments without the least noise or trouble, reducing that affair to a state of easiness and plainness which before was held a mystery, and the vexation of such as laboured to administer it well.' He had, in a word, as medical head of the army, given proof of much economical and organising skill; but he was soon placed in another position, in itself of infinitely more importance, in which he achieved the most notable work of his life.

The settlement of Ireland was at this conjuncture the great and pressing object of Cromwell's government. A murderous strife, which, with many phases, had continued for nearly ten years, had terminated in the utter subjection of the whole Irish community to Puritan England. The contest had begun with the Celtic rising of Ulster. It had changed into a ferocious civil war, in which the Catholic Ireland of the Englishry of the Pale and of the Irishry of the native race had fought, for the most part, in the name of the king against Protestant and Parliamentary England; it had culminated in a struggle in which five-sixths of Irishmen were arrayed in arms against the English Commonwealth; it had led to the assertion, absolute and uncontrolled, of the supremacy of the more powerful country, and to the complete conquest of the much weaker people. The Ireland of Ormond and of the League of Kilkenny, of Owen Roe O'Neill, even of the Presbyterian North, had all been more or less involved in 'rebellion;' it lay at the feet of the victor, awaiting a doom of proscription and confiscation after the manner of the age. More than half the island

had been declared forfeited; grants of millions of acres had already been made to English 'adventurers' who had advanced money in order to put Irish risings down. In these circumstances Cromwell resolved to colonise Ireland on a gigantic scale by establishing English settlers on the lands which had become the spoil of his conquering sword. By these means Irish troubles would, he believed, cease, and the island would become a peaceful dependency. The numberless experiments of the same kind which had been made since the reign of Henry VIII., especially the Plantation of Ulster, were, if any were needed, sufficient precedents.

The new settlement of Ireland nevertheless presented features differing in many respects from the confiscations of preceding centuries: it was more severe, general, and far-reaching. The chief towns, the lands of the Crown and the Church, and the forfeited lands in four counties, were reserved to the Commonwealth for its special uses. The forfeited lands in ten counties were allotted for colonisation in the first instance—those in Louth and eight other counties were added afterwards; all these were to be divided between the 'adventurers' and the Cromwellian 'army,' about 35,000 persons. Parts of three counties were given to the army in England, and the forfeited lands in four other counties were appropriated to regiments which had passed from the service of the king to that of the Parliament after the defeat and the flight of their leader, Ormond. The forfeitures, we have seen, exceeded the half of Ireland; and thus an area which by modern figures must have been rather more than ten millions of acres, including unprofitable waste and water, was to be distributed among perhaps 40,000 settlers, the great body of these being, with the 'adventurers,' the Puritan soldiery who had subdued the island. The lands to be parcelled out in this way among colonists, who, be it observed, were by no means in very large numbers, considering the vast extent of the spoil, were to be assigned at almost a nominal price—12s. the Irish acre in Leinster, 8s. in Munster, and 4s. in Ulster; the debt due to the 'adventurers,' and the arrears of pay of the 'army,' making the purchase moneys in the great mass of instances. The forfeiting landowners of the conquered people were to be quartered in parts of Connaught, an illusory compensation for what they had lost—'To Hell or to Connaught!' is still an Irish legend—and as very few owners of land among the Catholics of the Pale and the Catholics of the Celtic race

had satisfied the tremendous test of 'constant affection' since 1641, imposed by courts set up for the purpose—nay, as many Protestant owners were in the same predicament—it was doubtless intended that far the greatest part of the land of Ireland to the east of the Shannon, that is, in Leinster, Munster, and Ulster, should be made the seat of the new English colony. This immense confiscation, however, did not extend to the mere occupiers or tillers of the soil: these were to remain on the forfeited tracts, hewers of wood and drawers of water for Puritan masters; and thus the settlement, unlike that of Ulster, but like others of earlier times, was designed only to effect a change of owners on the land, and left the inferior classes intact. Many thousands, it should be added, of the conquered race, especially of the higher orders, had been driven into exile all over the world.

It was most difficult, however, in the existing state of Ireland, to carry out this ambitious design of conquest. Apart from the opposition and complaints of the proscribed landowners, deprived ruthlessly by 'the Courts of Claims'—Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice does not mention these—the work of the settlement was impeded by many other causes. Corruption and malversation prevailed; Fleetwood threw grants to favourite officers in his camp, and to 'godly men' of the Anabaptist sect; the division of the spoil was already fought for, generally to the disadvantage of the common soldiers; the forfeitures were squandered in a variety of ways. The men in power, besides, did not even exactly see how the confiscated lands were to be ascertained and distributed among the intended owners. Two plans for a survey had been propounded; but the lands to be assigned to the colonists, and those to be left to the old possessors, were not identified in any way. There were scarcely, for example, any maps to show what they were and the distinction between them. All was confusion, disorder, and groping in the dark; the work could not proceed with an approach to certainty. Benjamin Worsley, too, who had been appointed Surveyor-General to preside over the task, was a visionary and incompetent man; Petty, who could not endure him, described him as a 'creature of mountain-bellied conceptions,' fond of talking, but unable to act, extravagant, not superior to fraud, 'one who, having been frustrated as to his many 'severall great designs in England, hoped to improve and 'repaire himselve upon a less knowing and more credulous 'people.'

In this position of affairs Cromwell made his son Henry Deputy, and gave him a free hand to complete the settlement. Henry Cromwell, an upright and humane man, found in Petty the instrument needed to accomplish the first, and perhaps the most arduous, part of the scheme. Petty contracted with the Government to set before it an accurate description of the forfeited lands, identifying these for the incoming colonists; but obviously this could be only done in a satisfactory way by placing these and the unforfeited lands in a single record, and registering all on a visible plan—and thus the project contemplated a general survey and a series of maps of the whole of Ireland. The idea may not appear remarkable in this age; but it was a striking conception for the seventeenth century; it does the author the very highest credit. Petty began his great work in 1654. It is to his honour that he entered upon it with a kindly and merciful feeling for the vanquished Irish race. He had no fanatical ideas as to the late Civil War, in this respect differing from nine-tenths of his countrymen; and, if he recognised accomplished facts, he wrote philosophically: ‘As for the blood shed in these contests God best knows who did occasion it; but upon the playing of the game or match the English won, and had, amongst other pretences, a gamester’s right at least to their estates.’ While, too, he condemned the ‘rebellion’ of the fallen Irish leaders—‘the priests and soldiers, the kindlers of the war’—he deprecated, with Vincent Gookin, a well-known name in that day, the wholesale confiscation of their lands, and their ‘transplantation,’ as it was called, into Connaught, and he had nothing but pity for the ‘poor commons the sun never shined, or rather not shined, upon a nation so completely miserable;’ ‘the unsettling of a nation,’ he significantly added, ‘is an easy work, the settling is not.’ Repugnant as they were to the Puritan mind, these pleadings for clemency might have borne fruit but for one of those unhappy accidents which have so often darkened the course of Irish history. Just at this time a large body of the Irish exiles, who had entered the service of the Duke of Savoy, took a prominent part in the massacres of the Vaudois; and ‘the adversaries of the Irish confiscations were swept away in a fierce torrent of national indignation. . . . The ‘distressed and afflicted people of God,’ wrote the Irish officers of Cromwell, thirsting for their prey, ‘have a bitter portion, even a cup of astonishment, put into their hands to drink by that scarlet strumpet who makes herself drunk

‘with the blood of the saints, because they refuse to drink  
‘of the wine of the fornication. What peace can we  
‘rejoice in when the whoredoms, murders, and witchcrafts  
‘of Jezebel are so mighty?’ These pious effusions may  
be described as preambles to the title to many an Irish  
estate.

The survey of Ireland as proposed assuredly was a herculean task. Petty’s instruments could not have been perfect; engineering science was still immature; observations must have been difficult to make in a half-barbarous and ill-explored country; and he had to deal with irritated Celts and wrangling English claimants. The work was, nevertheless, finished in less than two years; it remains a monument of industry and skill. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice gives us interesting details respecting the progress and completion of a masterpiece of toil. Petty’s subordinates must have been very able men. He had in his employment about a thousand persons. His instruments were made by artificers of many kinds:—

“One man made measuring chains—a wire-maker; another magnetical needles with their pins, viz. a watch-maker; another turned the boxes out of wood and the heads of the stand on which the instrument plays, viz. a turner; another the stands or legs—a pipe-maker; another all the brass-work, viz. a founder; another workman, of more sensitive head and hand, touched the needles, adjusted the sights and cards, and adapted every piece to each other.” Time-scales, protractors, and compasse-cards were obtained from London, “whither also was sent for a magazine of royall paper, mouth glue, colours, pencilles, &c.”\*

Careful provision was made for the work of the survey and the perambulation of a difficult country:—

‘A uniform size of field book was determined upon, and, where necessary, the surveyors were furnished with small French tents and portable furniture, as it was to be expected that in the wasted counties they would find neither house nor harbour. Great trouble was taken to secure the most trustworthy meremen in each barony, and to organise the department of accounts as perfectly as possible. “But the principal division of the whole work,” Dr. Petty relates, was “to make certayne persons such as were able to endure travail, ill lodging and dyett, as alsoe heatts and colds, being men of activity, that could leap hedge and ditch, and could alsoe ruffle with the several rude persons in the country; from whom they might so often expect to be crossed and opposed. The which qualifications happened to be found among several of the ordinary soldiers, many of whom, having been bred to trade, could read and write sufficiently for the purposes in-

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\* Curiously enough the original copper plates from which the survey was printed have recently been found in a cellar of Lansdowne House.



tended. Such therefore, if they were but heedful and steady minded, though not of the nimblest witts, were taught.”

The country was surveyed in its local divisions, counties, baronies, parishes, townlands, and so forth; the lands were described according to their kinds—towns, villages, lakes, rivers, &c., being set out; and the records thus made were put *down* in maps, the work being called for this reason the ‘Down Survey.’ There probably were two sets of maps; one of them has been nearly altogether lost, the other has been much injured by fire, but all that we possess of Petty’s work is admirable for its accuracy and skill. Thousands of acres, described as unprofitable in his day, have since been enclosed and made good land; but the ‘Down Survey’ is strikingly correct in its main lines; it has long been admitted as evidence in courts of justice, an honour not accorded as yet to the Ordnance Survey. Petty, it appears, was less molested than might have been supposed; he was a strong man, not easily cowed, and—for he was an adept in satire—he repaid his assailants in their own coin.

The distribution of the immense mass of forfeitures was the next problem before the Puritan Government. The history of this is a curious example of the spirit and the events of an extraordinary time. The original plan was that the confiscated lands should be divided—apart from other claimants—between ‘the adventurers’ and the ‘army,’ in proportional shares, at the merely nominal rates before referred to: 1,000 Irish acres\* in Leinster were to be assigned for 600*l.*; 1,000 in Munster for 450*l.*; and 1,000 in Ulster for 300*l.*† The ‘adventurers’ and the ‘army’ were to have their lands near each other; the forfeitures were to be allotted in the three provinces to the regiments, it would appear, as units, and the distribution was to be made by lot, for the army had solemnly declared ‘that they would ‘rather take a lott upon a barren mountain as a portion ‘from the Lord, than a portion in the most fruitful valley ‘of their own choice.’ Unfortunately Satan, in the guise of selfishness, annihilated the Puritan faith in Providence. The lands to be divided, of course, were of very unequal value: 1,000 acres, for instance, in Meath were worth 3,000 in the King’s County, and so on in the other provinces.

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\* Equal to about 1,600 acres in England.

† The adventurers and the army obtained large grants in Connaught also, at what rates does not appear; this chapter in the confiscations has not been fully explored.

The pious souls whose lot fell on a bad heritage were soon up in arms against those whose lot fell on a good. An attempt was made to redress this grievance by distributing the lands, not by provinces, but by baronies—very much smaller areas; but the inequality was not much lessened: one barony in Limerick was probably richer than two or three baronies in Cork and Waterford. All became clamour and recrimination in the camps of the Saints; the contrast between the fine plains of Louth and the tempestuous and desolate hills of Kerry was a theme of many godly revilings; and, besides, the rights of the soldiery were already being filched away by cunning officers, contractors, and long-headed sutlers, who contrived to ‘cheat the poor privates’ out of their portions.’ The scheme, in a word, completely broke down; and Henry Cromwell, seeing that wrong was being done, had recourse to more sublunary means than ‘Providential lotts’ to make the distribution approach justice.

A commission, of which Petty was the real head, was appointed to make a division of the lands, and to give the ‘adventurers,’ the ‘army,’ and all others entitled something like properly adjusted shares of the spoil. This must have been a very difficult task; but all that is positively known is that the forfeitures were thrown, so to speak, into hotchpot, and then distributed by a rough and ready method. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has not dwelt on this subject, yet the steps of the process might still be traced. Sir Thomas Larcom thought that the allotment was reasonably just:—

‘It is difficult to imagine a work more full of perplexity and uncertainty than to locate 32,000\* officers, soldiers, and followers, with adventurers, settlers, and creditors of every kind and class, having different and uncertain claims, on lands of different and uncertain value in detached parcels sprinkled over two-thirds of Ireland; nor, as Dr. Petty subsequently experienced, a task more thankless in the eyes of the contemporary million. It was for his comfort that he obtained and kept the good opinion of those who were unprejudiced and impartial. The true appeal is to the quiet force of public opinion, as time moves on and anger gradually subsides; and from that tribunal the award has long been favourable to the work of Dr. Petty. It stands to this day, with the accompanying books of distribution, the legal record of the title on which half the land of Ireland is

\* The number of grantees of all classes seems to have been at first estimated at about 40,000. But this total had been rapidly in course of diminution from many causes.

held; and for the purpose to which it was and is applied, it remains sufficient.'

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice describes in detail the recompense given to Petty for these great services, and his investments of the sums paid to him. He received 9,600*l.* for the survey and the distribution; he had saved 3,400*l.* in different ways; the whole capital was, therefore, 13,000*l.* With these sums he purchased estates in Ireland 'at a time when, without art, interest, or authority, men bought as much land for 10*s.* in real money as in this year, 1685, yields 10*s.* per annum rent above his Majesty's quit-rents;' and he bought besides 'the Earl of Arundel's house and a garden at Lothbury,' keeping still 'a part in cash to answer emergencies.' The Irish estates comprised about 17,000 acres, for the most part in counties of the better class; but there were, in addition, some 50,000 acres in Kerry, then a wilderness of mountain, woodland, and waste, part of this tract forming the well-known settlement described by Macaulay, and to be briefly noticed by us. These lands, united with those of the Norman Fitzmaurices, composed the vast domain which the Lords Shelburne possessed in Ireland in the last century; a large part of them still belongs to the house of Lansdowne. Petty always insisted, and it seems to be the fact, that he bought his Irish lands in the open market through the brokers who dealt on behalf of the army, and that he had nothing to do with the sinister traffic, through which land, at this time, was transferred in Ireland by fraudulent contrivances of many kinds. His Irish estates, indeed, cost him a mere song; but there is nothing surprising in this circumstance to those familiar with the occurrences of the time. To cite a single instance, the great estates of the Earls of Portarlington were, for the most part, acquired by Joe Damer, a usurer of the camp, who lived down to the reign of George I., by petty advances to needy soldiers; and hundreds of thousands of acres, now forming fine domains, were bought by colonels of regiments and other officers, their men selling their allotments for a few shillings—in some cases, it has been said, for glasses of whisky apiece. The land of Ireland, in fact, after the Cromwellian conquest, was like a fox thrown to a ravening pack: the strongest and most sagacious hounds, as usual, had the lion's share of the prey.

Petty's services made Henry Cromwell a friend; the

Deputy appointed him his private secretary, and also assistant-clerk of the Council. Things went on smoothly for the great survey during the 'Protector's reign; but troubles began when Oliver had passed away. In the Parliament summoned by Richard Cromwell, Petty was returned for Kinsale, and sat for West Looe—the old representation in England had been restored—and he was assailed by a clique of angry partisans, his conduct in Ireland being brought up against him. The leader of these men was Sir Hierome Sankey, an impostor, a rogue, and a caster-out of devils, according to Petty's bitter description. The object of this persecution became, for a time, 'like a restless foot-ball, kickt up and down by the dirty feet of a discontented multitude, tyed all day long to the stake, to be baited for the most part by irrational creatures.' The charges, however, of fraud, of taking bribes, of making false returns, and of breach of trust made against Petty were not sustained. The 'House of Commons fell a-talking with each other, and 'tryed by interrupting and jeering to stop Sir Hierome his 'mouth.' Nothing more was heard when an order was made that the accusation should be strictly specified, and after a moderate speech in self-defence Petty characteristically took the offensive, and wrote a pamphlet to prove that the State was his debtor. He was, in fact, safe while the Cromwells retained power; but during the brief period of the ascendancy of the Rump he was dismissed from all his appointments, and was, perhaps, for a time in danger. It is curious to observe that Henry Cromwell was almost as hostile as the Cavaliers themselves to the extreme republican faction. 'The worms or vipers lying in the gutts of the Commonwealth,' he wrote, 'have caused the frettings and gnawings you mention;' he exclaimed afterwards, 'Will not the loins of an imposing Anabaptist or Independent be as heavy as the loins of an imposing Prelate or Presbyter?' Petty, with nine-tenths of Englishmen, declared for Monk and a free Parliament when the opportunity came; in fact, the pretensions of the Rump—a Radical House of Commons clinging to power against the will of the nation; the spectacle is at present before our eyes—and the rule of the sword set up by Lambert had made the return of Charles II. certain. He did not, however, abandon his friend and patron; he was the means of saving part of Henry Cromwell's estate, and he was a trusted adviser of 'Lady Cromwell' for years.

The Restoration marks a new era in the progress of

experimental science in England. As far back as 1646 a 'Philosophical Society' had been founded in London; the members had migrated to Gresham College. They established the Royal Society in 1660 . . . which, it is well known, took 'all the domain of Nature in view,' and entered manifold fields of inquiry—physical, statistical, chemical, economical. Petty was one of its most illustrious members. His mind seems first to have addressed itself to naval construction and its improvement. These attempts attracted the notice of Charles and of the Duke of York, to whom, we have said, he had perhaps been introduced. The original ideas of the bold man of science provoked the light banter of the epicurean king, who told him that 'he was allways ayming at the impossible.' One of Petty's designs was of a vessel worked by paddles, through machinery from within—a prototype of the modern steam-boat; another was of a double-bottomed craft, resembling the 'Calais Douvres' of our day; he hoped that it would combine stability and speed, but unluckily it proved a sorry failure. We quote from Pepys; the shrewdness of Charles may be noted:—

'In the Duke's chamber: the King came and stayed an hour or two, laughing at Sir William Petty, who was then about his boat, and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was I perceived at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and from the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders, with great discretion; and offered to take odds against the King's best boates; but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at for spending time in weighing of such things, and doing nothing else since they sat. He told him he would have to return to Ireland in his own ship, which he called a fantastical, bottomless, double-bottomed machine.'

Petty was knighted in 1662; he was soon afterwards engaged in the work of dealing anew with the Cromwellian forfeitures, and remodelling the settlement of the land in Ireland. The Protector's great scheme of colonisation was already failing; but his strong government had secured peace in Ireland, and even a certain degree of prosperity; and most of the confiscated territory had been allotted to 'the adventurers' and to the 'army,' or rather to what remained of both. A powerful 'English interest' had thus been created, and neither the Cavalier Parliament nor that convened in Dublin would have tolerated an attempt to weaken or break it up, and to restore the dispossessed Irish owners to their lands. This, too, was the intention of

Charles and of his best advisers. They had been taught by a tremendous lesson how dangerous it was to cross English opinion and to trifle or dally with Irish rebellion; they never contemplated a radical change in the Cromwellian settlement. But they were beset by claimants of all kinds: loyal Protestants who had served with Ormond; Catholics of the Pale and Catholics of the native race who had borne arms in the name of the Crown; even by Catholics who had fought against Cromwell, though, perhaps, rebels since 1641. These classes all demanded that they should be given back lands wrested from them by a usurping regicide. The situation was one of enormous difficulty; a satisfactory arrangement was, perhaps, impossible. Yet the course adopted by the king was false and unjust, and especially marked by the bad favouritism of the Stuarts. The lands of the dominant Church of the few were restored; immense grants were lavished on the Duke of York, on Ormond, on a few prominent courtiers, and on a certain number of Protestant loyalists. Subject to some exceptions, the lands allotted to the 'adventurers' and the 'army' were to be retained by them; or they were to be compensated, if dispossessed, by other lands, believed to be of considerable extent, which apparently had not as yet been distributed. Comparatively little land was, therefore, left for the remaining claimants, five-sixths, probably, of the whole body; but it was considered that enough might be made forthcoming, as this class was for the most part Catholics, by applying to it a most stringent test: 'innocent Papists' only were to regain their lands, and the proof of 'innocence' was made difficult in the extreme. An Act, well known as the Act of Settlement, was passed by the Irish Parliament to carry out this scheme, and a commission was appointed to decide on claims, and especially to declare who were 'innocent Papists,' a numerous but inconvenient body of men, representatives, indeed, of an ill-fated race, but, as far as was decently possible, to be thrust aside or silenced. Petty was a member of this commission, perhaps its master-spirit.

The interest of Petty was to maintain the Cromwellian forfeitures; he disliked, too, the ruined Catholic leaders; he thought them deeply implicated in the guilt of rebellion. His correspondence shows the bias of his mind; he insisted that the 'innocent Papists' were very few; he made as little as he could of their losses and sufferings. Yet many more of this foredoomed class proved their 'innocence' than was deemed possible. It is only fair to remark that the com-

mission appears to have reported on their claims with a due regard to justice. It soon became evident that the fund of land would fall short were the greater part of these men to recover their estates; a furious outcry was raised by the new 'English interest;' it was echoed at Westminster and in Dublin alike. Charles acted after the manner of his race: a few additional grants were made as tokens of the king's special grace, but all the remaining Catholic Irish claimants were prevented from urging their demands further, and deprived of the rights given them by the Act of Settlement! From 3,000 to 4,000 dispossessed owners of land were thus outlawed and despoiled without a hearing. It is by no means certain that a large number of these would not have satisfied the test of 'innocence,' framed, as it was, in every way against them; in any case, their exclusion was an infamous wrong. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has not referred to this gross instance of shameless injustice; this is a notable and a bad omission in his book. The Act of Explanation, as is well known, was passed to modify the Act of Settlement, and to give its sanction to the new arrangements; the 'adventurers' and the 'army' were compelled to give up a part of their lands in order, mainly, to make up grants bestowed, in most instances, on greedy favourites. The injured Catholic owners were left to fill the continent with well-deserved complaints. The final settlement, it should be added, was, by Petty's account, marked by jobbery and frauds of every possible kind—a scramble of hard and unscrupulous selfishness. If, in this matter of the confiscation of the land of Ireland, Cromwell was the stern conqueror who struck down his foes, Charles was a treacherous but unwise Machiavel. The king was reckless and lavish where his duty was prudence; he consented beforehand to the ruin of men who, whatever their faults, had been his adherents, at least in the great mass of instances; he ultimately betrayed them without thought or regret.

Petty has made an attempt to ascertain the extent of the great transfer of the land of Ireland which was the result of the Cromwellian forfeitures and of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has given us the figures. Apparently they were made in good faith; but they are largely conjectural, far from accurate, and, as Hallam has pointed out, by no means consistent. Sir William underrated the whole area of the island by 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 acres. This was not, as he said, 10,500,000 Irish acres; it was really more than 20,000,000

English. Of this area, more than two-thirds—that is, probably, nearly 14,000,000 acres—were, he calculated, reasonably good land; and between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 of these belonged to Catholics, he computed, before 1641. These were all, or nearly all, made the subject of confiscation by the Protector; but a considerable part was not transferred, and a part was recovered under the Act of Settlement. On the whole, Petty inferred that about a half of these lands came ultimately back into Catholic hands; that is, of the 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 acres they regained 4,000,000 or 4,500,000; \* in other words, before 1641 they possessed about two-thirds of the good lands, and one-third only after the Restoration. These estimates, however, are far from well founded; it can only be said with confidence that at least a fifth part—taking the lowest calculation that has been made—of the soil of Ireland finally changed hands between 1641 and 1665—that is, rather more than has been transferred by the Encumbered Estates Acts in our time. Petty thought that about a third of the people of Ireland perished in the Rebellion and the wars that followed; this nearly corresponds with the immense exodus which was the result of the Famine of 1845-7.

We are on safer ground, and it is more instructive, when we note the effects of these wholesale forfeitures on the history, and even the present state, of Ireland. Cromwell's work of spoliation cannot be justified, but it was by no means without a rational excuse. It was the age of the Edicts of Restitution, and of the sack of Magdeburg—crimes of the Catholic revival abhorred by the Puritan. The provocation given to England by the great mass of Irishmen during many years was most grave and alarming. A massacre of the colonists of Ulster had occurred in 1641; an Irish army had landed on the shores of England; Charles I. had conspired with Irish rebels against the Long Parliament and English liberties; a Popish invasion from Ireland had long been a dread of Englishmen. We cannot feel surprise that the strong-minded ruler, who embodied the feelings and passions of two-thirds of his countrymen, should have exacted a widespread and summary vengeance. This explains, much as we lament, Cromwell's Irish policy. It is more important to recollect that the ambitious colonising plan of the Protector ultimately proved worse than useless.

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\* We have in these figures endeavoured to rectify Petty's original mistakes, and have translated Irish into English acres.



The intended settlers were much too few from the first; they disappeared in thousands as the lands of the soldiers, who were to form the backbone of the new plantation, were bought up by their officers and speculators of all kinds. Moreover, as the humbler classes of the native race were allowed to continue seated on the soil, the settlers who retained their allotments sank before long into the mass of the Celtic peasantry, and became 'more Irish than the Irish themselves,' like the 'degenerate Englishry' of an earlier time. The Cromwellian settlement was soon very nearly effaced. Two or three thousand owners of Irish land, alien in race and faith from the people around them, and divided from it by the most evil memories, were in a century all that remained of it. But the Cromwellian settlement was the principal cause of the great rising of the Irishry in 1689-90; it was the ultimate source of Irish agrarian crime; it has ever since embittered Irish landed relations. To this day a 'Cromwellian landlord' is a word of reproach in the mouth of the Irish peasant—nay, even of the Irish gentleman of the old *noblesse*. The lesson should not be lost on those who advocate another enormous transfer of the land of Ireland.\*

Petty was member for Innistiogue—a little Kilkenny village, one of the pocket-boroughs created by James I.—in the Irish House of Commons of this period. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has not noticed that he was again charged with misconduct and fraud; but he was acquitted, and we may accept the acquittal as just. He retained, it would appear, all the lands he had acquired, but he had to contend with an angry swarm of enemies and to battle for his Irish possessions for years. The revenue of Ireland was still let out to farm; the farmers claimed from him obsolete arrears of rents, and set up against him old titles of the Crown—evil practices common in Ireland since the sixteenth century. He was not molested by the dispossessed Irish owners—these had carried their swords into foreign armies, or were too weak to make their voices heard—but his rights were impeached by Protestant loyalists discontented with what had been allotted to them; and 'the Duke of Ormond was,'

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\* By far the best account of the Cromwellian confiscations, of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, and of the resulting evils, will be found in Mr. Lecky's 'England in the Eighteenth Century,' vol. ii. ch. 6. Mr. Prendergast's 'Cromwellian Settlement,' if a one-sided book, abounds, too, in research and information.

for him, 'David,' 'but I am Uriah;' 'my estate in Kerry is 'Bathsheba.' He fought his enemies, however, with characteristic vigour, made fresh 'demands' on the Government for sums he declared his due, and triumphed at last, after a succession of lawsuits as numerous as those of the Widow Blackacre, in one of which he was committed for contempt of court. 'Let me tell you,' he wrote pugnaciously to his kinsman, Robert Southwell, 'that even in this 'last storme which has blown upon my concerns in England 'and Ireland I have (to shewe mine enemies that they 'cannot give me business enough) actually made and finished 'the chariot which I was modelling in England. . . . My 'friends and enemies should both alike know that I am in 'a much better condition to chastise the one and to cherish 'the other than at any former period.' Southwell, too, remonstrated in vain against the dogged tenacity of his friend. 'I cannot but wish you well in Port, or rather upon 'the firm land, and to have very little or nothing still left 'to the mercy and goodwill of others. For there is generally 'imbibed such an opinion and dread of your superiority and 'reach over other men in the wayes of dealing, that they 'hate what they feare, and find wayes to make him feare 'that is feared.'

We do not know what Sir William did with his other lands in Ireland, but Macaulay, we have said, has described the settlement—an example of his speculative and energetic turn of mind—which he founded in the remote wastes of Kerry. This part of Ireland was then an unexplored wilderness, a land where the Atlantic tempests swept over desolate bogs and mountains, and where the wolf littered amidst a half-savage people, thinned by cruel years of civil war and famine. But the primeval forest clothed the deep valleys and glens; the beautiful woodland, in our day clinging almost to Killarney alone, spread over tracts from which it has long disappeared; and a rude marble was extracted from the sides of hills which gave no hope of a return to the husbandman. Petty planted a colony of sturdy men, of English blood and in faith Protestant, in a solitary recess of this wild region, where the head of a far-extending bay reaches inland from the distant Atlantic; and the little town of Kenmare, or, as it was then called, 'Nedeen,' a 'nest in the midst of encircling trees,' became ere long a seat of busy life and industry. Southwell, the owner of Kings Weston, his fine seat on the Avon, sent ore from Bristol and Swansea to be smelted at Kenmare. The

vast supply of fuel on the spot made this a profitable and easy enterprise. Marble and timber were exported in large quantities; and, dangerous and long as the voyages were, the colony thrived, and its active-minded founder made more money by this traffic than he received from all the rest of his vast domain in Kerry. Petty made repeated visits to Kenmare. His account of the settlement is full of interest. The colonists worked hard, and led happy lives, though nothing like a magistrate was to be found, and they were far from a place of religious worship. The Celtic peasantry, attracted by good wages, came gradually in considerable numbers to the spot, and toiled submissively for their Saxon masters, apparently contented and with goodwill. Skilful assistants superintended the works under Petty's watchful and able direction.

Petty was a kindly superior to his Kerry dependents; he did not, indeed, see through parts of the nature of the Celt, as the fate of his colony was to show, but he had genuine sympathy with the Irish of the humbler orders. He despised their chiefs, and had no idea how passionately they were still attached to them; but he insisted that they were the dupes of rebellion, and were better off than they had ever been before:—

'What should they have gotten if the late rebellion had absolutely succeeded, but a more absolute servitude? . . . The poorest now in Ireland ride on horseback, when heretofore the best ran on foot like animals. They wear better clothes than ever, the gentry have better breeding, and the generality of the plebeians more money and freedom.'

The Irish, Petty maintained, were like other people—he had the true Thucydidean temper—their faults were the results of circumstance:—

'Their lazing seems to me to proceed rather from want of employment and encouragement to work, than from the natural abundance of flegm in their bowels and blood; for what need they to work, who can content themselves with potatoes, whereof the labour of one man can feed forty; and with milk, whereof one cow will, in summer time, give meat and drink enough for three men; when they can every where gather cockles, oysters, muscles, crabs, &c., with boats, nets, angles, or the art of fishing; and can build an house in three days? And why should they desire to fare better, though with more labour, when they are taught that this way of living is more like the patriarchs of old, and the saints of later times, by whose prayers and merits they are to be relieved, and whose examples they are therefore to follow?'

The condition of Ireland and of Irish commerce had, meanwhile, attracted Petty's attention. Cromwell had per-

ceived, with the insight of genius, that a union of the three kingdoms was a necessity of the State; representatives of Scotland and Ireland had appeared at Westminster. A free trade between Great Britain and Ireland would probably have been the ultimate result; but the Restoration had set up the old order of things, and reconstituted the English, Scottish, and Irish Parliaments. The Parliament of England had already interfered with the trade of Ireland in different ways: a season of agricultural distress was made the occasion of prohibiting Ireland to export to England cattle, meat, and even her best product—wool. The Navigation Act, too, was applied to Ireland. Ships of Irish build could not trade with our colonies; the crews of English ships could be only one-fourth Irish; ships bound for Ireland had to unload their cargoes in England to be re-shipped to Irish ports. These restrictions, though framed after the ideas of the day—the mercantile system was in the ascendant—weighed heavily on Ireland, and half destroyed her trade. Petty, with enlightened prescience, protested against them. ‘We do the trade between England and Ireland,’ he indignantly wrote, ‘as the Spaniards in the West Indies do to all other nations; for which cause all other nations have war with them;’ and he denounced it as a gross wrong ‘that men born in England who have lands granted them by the King . . . should be debarred to bring with them out of Ireland food whereupon to live; nor suffered to carry money out of Ireland, nor to bring such commodities as they fetch from America directly home, but round about by England with extream hazard and loss, and be forced to trade only with strangers.’ It is unnecessary to point out how wise were these words, or how they were prophetic of evils to come. The restrictions on the trade of Ireland were made more severe, and they not only checked her progress and increased her poverty, but exasperated the English Protestant colony planted in the land to maintain the British connexion. They provoked the ‘*sæva indignatio*’ of Swift, made even the gentle Berkeley complain, and caused the Volunteer movement of 1781–2.

Sir William married in 1667. His wife was the widow of Sir Maurice Fenton, and a daughter of Hardress Waller, a well-known Parliamentary soldier. Lady Petty is described as ‘a very beautiful and ingenious lady, browne, with glorious eyes,’ an ‘extraordinary wit as well as beauty;’ but, as she ‘could endure nothing mean, or that was not magnificent,’ she was not perhaps exactly a fitting helpmeet for

a husband who had roughed it for the greatest part of his life, and who had 'so little admiration for splendid furniture 'or the curiosities of the age' that he declared 'he could 'lie in straw with as much satisfaction.' The pair, however, were good, and happy in their marriage, though Lady Petty had no taste for expeditions into the wilds of Kerry, or even for living in the dingy streets of Dublin. Sir William's letters are written in the best spirit. We quote two passages, one referring to the daughter who became the ancestress of the Lansdownes:—

'I hope, my Dearest, That this will find you safely delivered, the news whereof will be of all others most welcome. I am very weary of this separation, but hope to make this one the Prevention of any more. Otherwise this it selfe had been intollerable. . . . As for My-Anne I protest I think her, taken altogether, the most desirable child I know. I assure you shee is neither froward nor abates a jot of her lusty feeding and sound sleeping, nor of her merry humor and pretty tricks, for shee also growes a mighty mimick and mocker of her brother Charles, and when hee bawles, will counterfet a wondring at him, as well as Lacy. If you doubt what I say, make hast to disprove mee upon the place, and let mee know where I shall meete you, but I will not come far, for I will not leave my children.'

Anne Petty's gift as a mimic seems to have been inherited; her father made use of this weapon against his assailants, often exasperating them, as he had cause to regret.

This was not the least active or fruitful part of Petty's honourable and useful life. He was welcome at the Court of Charles II., though too energetic for a *fainéant* king. He twice refused a peerage, because he would not pay for it, and because the offer did not add a lucrative place. He was much in the confidence of the Duke of York; became a Commissioner of the Navy, and made plans for the construction of ships, and official reforms; and characteristically set to work again at his double-bottomed craft, which he insisted was the very best of models, but again proved unfit to stand the sea. Much of his time was spent in London at the Royal Society, where he made experiments on all things—from the properties of water, air, and disease, to the question, 'How milk came into the breasts of a woman.' And he devoted laborious hours to collecting statistics, which he first placed in the rank of a science, and which, he rightly insisted, were essential to good government. He lived, however, chiefly, it would appear, in Ireland, where his estates and his principal interests lay. He had still to maintain a tough fight with enemies, and he did not get on particularly well with successive governors at

the Castle; but he was 'gradually less bitten by the tooth 'of envy' as time passed and his real worth was known. He was recognised as one of the most able of the 'English 'in Ireland.' He often visited his settlement at Kenmare, like his contemporaries, without a thought or fear of what the future was to bring for Ireland; and he propounded all kinds of Irish reforms, on which we shall say a word afterwards. He was made Judge of the Irish Court of Admiralty, too; but in this capacity he was not successful. He detested lawyers and legal chicane, resembling in this the great Protector. Yet the busy and energetic man of action had time for literary occupations of many kinds, and it was in these years that he composed works which have secured him a place among real thinkers. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice thus describes Petty's multifarious doings:—

'He builds houses in London and Dublin; reads papers before the Royal Society; keeps up his interest in medicine; commences a metaphysical treatise; plunges deeply into political economy; not only translates the Psalms into Latin verse, but also what he irreverently termed "the catterwauling songs" of Sir Peter Pett of the Board of Admiralty, one of his colleagues on the Council of the Royal Society; writes a quantity of good Latin and bad English original verse; builds a new kind of chariot, not to mention the "double bottom;" and does all these things in the intervals of his endless suits with the farmers of the revenue, and the battle with Lord Kingston, besides keeping up a large private correspondence. He gets a "custodium" of his lands in Kerry, and "is gone," Lady Petty despairingly writes to Sir Robert Southwell, "upon the unlucky place himself; which she is very sorry for, considering how unfit he is to ride in such dangerous places." He draws up schemes for the education of his own children and for Southwell's son Edward; he dabbles in theology, and consoles himself in dreamy and rather mystical speculations on the character and nature of the Deity, for the terrestrial troubles which he suffers owing to "there being always some devilish enemy, who sows tares amongst the corn at night." His old habit of mimicry was also an unfailing source of consolation; and he could not resist falling back upon it notwithstanding his constant resolves to abandon a practice too dangerous for unsettled times.'

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has done well to devote a considerable part of his book to an examination of Petty's writings; the review, we have said, is well informed and able. Petty's works bear somewhat modest names—'Political 'Arithmetic,' 'Political Anatomy,' and the like—and are less akin to elaborate treatises than to essays throwing out hints and thoughts; but they are, nevertheless, of sterling value, with reference to the whole sphere of politics. Speculation is not their greatest excellence; yet the specu-

lations contained in them are usually enlightened, and in the right direction. They disclose a broad, far-reaching, and liberal mind, superior to the ideas prevailing at the time, and almost always on the side of progress. Take, for instance, this view of the functions of the State, set forth in the age of Louis XIV. and of the later Stuarts, and nearly corresponding to the modern theory; it appears in the 'Treatise on Taxes:—

'The only legitimate public charges of a State are, its defence by land and sea, so as to secure peace at home and abroad and honourable vindication from injury by foreign nations; the maintenance of the chief of the State in becoming splendour, and of the administration, in all its branches, in a state of efficiency; "the pastorage of souls by salaried ministers of religion;" the charge of schools and universities, the endowment of which, in his opinion, ought to be a concern of the State, and the distribution of whose emoluments ought not to be "according to the fond conceits of parents and friends," and of which one of the principal aims should be the discovery of Nature in all its operations; "the maintenance of orphans, the aged, and the impotent," for, in his opinion, "the poor can lay up nothing against the time of their impotency and want of work, when we think it is just to limit the wages of the poor;" and the improvement of roads, navigable rivers, bridges, harbours, and the means of communication, and the development of mines and collieries.'

The Church, too, like the State, was, in Petty's judgement, not to be an encroaching and meddling despotism, restricting the legitimate bounds of liberty; narrow formularies were as reprehensible as coercive laws:—

'He constantly had floating before his vision the idea of a broad and comprehensive Church, founded on ethical precepts rather than on any definite theological dogma or creed; the Church of God rather than the Church of England, or of any strictly sacerdotal body. To disbelieve, indeed, in the immortality of the soul rendered man, in his opinion, a beast; and persons holding such views should, he thought, be under civil and political disabilities. With this exception, the only reasonable penaltjes he considered to be fines for actual breaches of the peace, even if committed in the name of religion.'

It is scarcely necessary to say that, with these views, Petty was a zealous advocate of religious liberty. Undoubtedly, like the most liberal Englishman of the age, he did not extend this doctrine to Roman Catholics; these, he contended, were justly subject to disabilities, and even to penalties, by reason of the pretensions made by their Church. But Rome was to blame for this exception; a Power that had acted as she had acted for a century and a half had no right to complain that a Protestant State—and even Catholic

States concurred—should take securities against a communion the spiritual chiefs of which had asserted claims inconsistent with public order and peace; our ancestors, in this matter, were not in error. Petty, too, took somewhat narrow ground in claiming toleration for Protestant Dissenting sects. He did not place their case on the broad basis of right: he argued that they should enjoy religious freedom because they were law-abiding and industrious bodies of men. This was a concession to the prejudices of the day—perhaps an appeal to expediency and common sense, in preference to the higher demands of principle. And yet the true theory of religious liberty—since, happily, the birthright of all people of these realms—was unequivocally expressed in these fine words of Petty, remarkable in the times of the unjust ascendancy of the Church in England and of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes: ‘No man can believe, but what himself pleases; and to force men to say they believe what they do not, is vain, absurd, and without honour to God.’

The speculations of Petty, however, are most striking and original in the domain of commerce. In an age of restriction and prohibition he thoroughly grasped the real principles which contribute to the increase of trade and to the material wealth of nations. He perceived, as clearly as Adam Smith himself, if his thoughts are not cast in a scientific form, that industry, including the works of the mind, is the true source of opulence in a State; that in its operations it should be let to discover its natural objects for itself; and that, consequently, law should not interfere with it. And from these just views he deduced the maxims that Governments should not interfere with foreign imports when these could be obtained from abroad more cheaply than at home; that they should not stimulate artificially domestic exports; that they should not raise barriers to force trade into channels it did not seek for itself; that, in exchange, things should be left to find their own level. ‘Why,’ he asked, should we ‘persuade water to rise of itself above its natural spring? . . . Why should we forbid the use of any foreign commodity, which our own hands and country cannot produce, when we can employ our spare hands and lands upon such exportable commodities as will purchase the same and more? . . . We must consider, in general, that as wise physicians tamper not exceedingly with their patients, rather complying with the motions of Nature than contradicting it with vehement



'administratives of their own, so in politics and economics 'the same must be used.' Petty concluded, therefore, that the mercantile theory of Colbert and his imitators was radically false; that 'protection,' and all that is implied in the word, is, as a general rule, a mistake; and that as gold and silver are not the true tests of wealth, so the 'balance of trade,' measured by that of the precious metals, has nothing to do with real prosperity. He was not always, indeed, consistent in his views. For example, his jealousy of the trade of the Dutch made him hint at a tariff hostile to the States; and he did not condemn the Navigation Act expressly, though he knew how injurious it was to Ireland. But the same may be said even of Adam Smith; and Petty, doubtless, did not like to offend powerful interests upholding opposite doctrines—nay, to divert commerce hastily out of courses which, however unwisely, had been made for it. He was, in short, a prudent economic thinker; but he is entitled to rank with Berkeley and Hume as one of the fathers of economic science.

The ability of Petty, nevertheless, is most evident in the domain of practical politics. With other enlightened thinkers of the day, he perceived the vices of our old electoral system: this was natural, indeed, in the case of men who had witnessed the changes wrought by Cromwell. 'Of all the men in England of twenty-one years old,' he saw that, 'although they have all Right and Capacity to be 'made Members of either House of Parliament, yet scarce 'one-fifth part of them have power to elect Members for 'the House of Commons; 70,000 Persons, called London, 'send but eight Members, while seven other persons send 'two, and some counties of equal Bigness and Wealth send 'ten times as many as others.'

Like Adam Smith, too, he saw that a domestic Parliament was ill fitted to deal with a class of large questions belonging to a rapidly expanding Empire.

'He recognised the growth of a set of Imperial questions, created by the rise of the colonies and dependencies, for which the established Constitution hardly as yet seemed to provide any adequate answer; and in order to solve them he proposed a grand National Council consisting of six hundred persons (being the greatest number that can hear each other speak), propounded not to be a Parliament, nor to make laws, but to give His Majesty advice and information concerning husbandry, buildings, manufacture, mining, navigation, foreign commerce, American colonies, and the natural wealth and consumption of the people.'

This scheme, in fact, bore a strong resemblance to the

great Consultative Assembly proposed by Turgot, which possibly might have changed the history of France.

The views Petty entertained on religious liberty made him a decided reformer in the affairs of the Church; he was denounced as an 'Atheist and a Socinian' by interested priests.

'With his keen eye for abuses, Sir William had observed the inequality of the distribution of the revenues of the Church, and the determination of the beneficiaries not to reform these and other evils. He had seen how frequently small parishes had large revenues, and large parishes small revenues; and, pursuing his favourite statistical methods, he had arrived at the conclusion that, by a redistribution of parochial areas and their revenues, he could not only improve the position of the parish priests on lines consonant with substantial justice, but could also economise half a million a year, which could be paid into the national exchequer. "If anybody," he said, "cried sacrilege, I answer that if the same be employed to defend the Church of God against the Turk and the Pope, and the nations who adhere to them, it is not at all, or less, than to give three fourths of the same to the wives and children of the priests, which were not in being when their allowances were set forth." . . . The true use of the clergy is "rather to be patterns of holiness, than to teach men varieties of opinion, *de rebus divinis*," and their excessive wealth should be curtailed as being injurious to religion; "unless," he sarcastically says, it is to be denied "that there were golden priests when the chalices were of wood, and but wooden priests when the chalices were of gold."'

Petty, like Cromwell, was also a bold law reformer.

'If registers,' he says, 'were kept of all men's estates in lands, and of all the conveyances and engagements upon them; and withall, if publick loan banks, lombards, or banks of credit upon deposited money, plate, jewels, cloth, wool, silk, leather, linen, metals, and other durable commodities were erected,' he cannot 'but apprehend how there could be above one tenth part of the law-suits and writings, as now there are.'

Sir William was not alarmed at the growing power of France, and never despaired of the future of England, even during the ascendancy of Louis XIV. His views on this subject are contained in a tract, not published until long after his death, but written in the reign of Charles II., when England seemed a vassal of the Great King:—

'His special aim was to prove that the subservient policy pursued by Charles II. in his relations with France was not justified by any relative weakness on the part of England, especially if allied with Holland, and imitating her commercial policy. A small country, he argues, and few people may by their situation, trade, and policy be equivalent in wealth and strength to a far greater people and territory; and conveniences for shipping and water carriage particularly conduce

thereto. These exist in England, owing to her extended coast-line and admirable natural harbours, which ought always to secure for her a marked superiery at sea. He proves the great wealth of England by reference to the extreme ease with which she had been able to bear an increasing amount of taxation ever since the commencement of the century. He warns his readers against being dazzled by the splendours of the Court of Louis XIV., and taking those splendours to be a proof that the wealth of France was greater than that of England. They simply arose, he pointed out, from the King of France taking a large share of taxation out of the pockets of his people, and spending it in brilliant but unproductive expenditure at his Court and in military display. The material condition of France was, indeed, already a warning, and the growing misery of the people, crushed down by war and taxation, was a living commentary on the magnificence of Versailles.

The statistical labours of Petty are well known; the science, we have said, began with him. The time was propitious to this kind of inquiry; the great fiscal changes taking place in England, the rapid progress of commerce, the Plague, and the Fire promoted calculations in this direction. Petty rightly contended that it was a great national interest to collect accurate figures in order to ascertain the numbers of the population and the amount of property as bases of revenue and taxation. He was an indefatigable worker in this province of research. His statistics, however, are sometimes incorrect, though prepared with assiduous care and attention; they are, perhaps, inferior to the French statistics of that age. His treatise on taxation is also well known; it is an argument for indirect taxation, in contradistinction to direct; but here, too, he is not free from errors. As might have been supposed in the case of so energetic a mind, work and industry, he maintained, should be encouraged by the State, and were chief ends of social reform.

The most interesting of Petty's writings at the present time are his tracts on Ireland. His 'Political Anatomy' of Ireland is a good account of the island in the reign of Charles II., but some of the statistics are not correct; it does not require special notice. His views as to the policy to be pursued towards the Irish people abound in common sense, and still deserve to be studied. Petty's interests were bound up with the Cromwellian forfeitures, and naturally he would not have them undone; he justified them, and made them seem less than they were. But he was not blind to the possible dangers of having Protestant England and Catholic Ireland parted from each other by

unhappy memories and ill-will; and, though he did not foresee the Celtic rising of 1689-91, he wished to find compensation for the ruined Irish owners; and he advocated a partial disendowment of the Irish Established Church, and the making of some provision for the Irish Catholic clergy.

‘To overturn the whole of the Land Settlement would, he argued, not only be an act of injustice, but would once more plunge the whole country—the great need of which was security and order—into confusion. It would be far better to compensate the dissatisfied Catholics in some other way; for example, with grants of lands in England, which would have the effect of strengthening the Roman Catholic interest there, an object which he considered equally desirable with the strengthening of the Protestant interest in Ireland, in order to prevent the supremacy of either denomination in any part of the two kingdoms. He also prepared a plan for the partial disendowment of the Established Church, both in England and Ireland, in order to pay the Roman Catholic priests, and wrote three small tracts developing the same order of ideas.’

What is most remarkable, however, in the views of this able man was his advocacy of a union of Ireland with England, even at that time. Petty agreed with Cromwell, with Montesquieu, with Adam Smith, with Pitt—in a word, with every statesman and thinker worthy of the name, for two centuries, until yesterday—that the Irish union was essential to the national welfare. These remarks may be read with profit to this hour:—

‘The wealth of both peoples united will increase faster than of both distinct. . . . The Government of both united will be less expensive and more safe. . . . The prevention of rebellion in Ireland attainable by this Union is a benefit to England: former rebellions, and the last particularly, having been a vast prejudice to England. That the said Union will weaken the Popish power and party as well without as within his Majesty’s own dominions. . . . That all his Majesty’s territories being united are naturally as strong and rich as the kingdom of France. . . . If it be an evil thing to unite Ireland with England, it seems a good thing to colonize even England itself into many small kingdomkins as heretofore. . . . A union would *ipso facto* put an end to several dangerous and new questions depending between the rights of England and Ireland, to the disquiet of many of both nations, and which none dare determine.’

The accession of James II. to the throne alarmed the Anglo-Irish Protestant colony, and excited the hopes of Catholic Ireland. The opinion rapidly grew that the Cromwellian forfeitures would be revoked in favour of the dispossessed owners, and that the Acts of Settlement and Explanation would be repealed. Petty had an interview

with the king, who had been a friend for years, and urged, with effect, the arguments he had often used before:—

‘He pressed me to speak of the Settlement. I told him there were things in it against the Light of Nature, and the current equity of the world; but whether it was worth breaking I doubted; but, if it were broken by Parliament, I offered things to be mixed with these Acts as should mend the condition of all men. . . . The King told me expressly and voluntarily that he would neither break the Act of Navigation in England, nor the Settlement of Ireland.’

The appointment of Clarendon as Lord Lieutenant reassured Petty; he continued to believe in the promises of the king. He did not even abandon hope when Tyrconnel was given a free hand in Ireland; when the Protestant settlers were flying in thousands; when Catholics were placed in all offices of trust; nay, when signs of a great Celtic rising appeared. His eyes were opened by the destruction of the settlement at Kenmare:—‘O God,’ he wrote, ‘how doth my foot slip, when I consider what Providence hath winked at in its ‘dispensations of Ireland.’ This incident of the coming rebellion—one of many in which mad revenge and passion blotted civilisation out in Ireland—has been admirably described by Macaulay; the colonists hemmed in by the bands of the Irishry, and almost starved to death, just contrived to escape:—

‘With only five barrels of beef, forty gallons of oatmeal, and some unbaked dough, the little party was allowed to embark. The masters of the barques knew nothing of navigation, but the gentlemen on board were able to shape the course. They made for Bristol, but the winds were contrary, and they did not arrive till March 25, 1688, and in so miserable a condition that the mayor ordered collections for their relief. Many of the party died soon after landing from the effects of cold and exposure.’

The ruin thus consummated has never been repaired. Every trace of Petty’s settlement has disappeared; there is scarcely an English name in the village of Kenmare; no sails from Bristol are seen in the bay; the woods that fed his furnaces have long ago vanished; the Celtic peasantry hold the land around for leagues, vegetating under the kindly rule of the Lords of Lansdowne.

Sir William’s health had been for some time in decline. He began to set his house in order with characteristic foresight; left a careful account of his services to the State; contended that he had still claims on it; and dwelt at length on his work on the Down Survey. He drew out careful instructions for the education of his sons, laying stress on accomplishments rather

than book-learning—perhaps he felt he was deficient in these—and reminded them that he had laboured sixty-four years for them. In his will he described minutely how he had risen in life and climbed the ladder of fortune with cautious steps; and he left a few emphatic words on the value of thrift and industry, and on the duty of the State to set the poor to work. Energetic and sober-minded to the last, he folded his mantle around him with becoming dignity, and wrote with a Christian's hope that, 'as I have lived in thy fear, 'O Lord, may I be known to dye in thy favour.' He died suddenly in December, 1687, a short time after the settlement at Kenmare had perished. Signs of peevishness and temper had appeared a few days before; and these seemed of evil omen to those who knew him, for his natural disposition was kindly and sweet. He was buried in the abbey church of his native place at Romsey; a monument he had projected for himself and his family appears to have been never constructed; the third Lord Lansdowne, not many years ago, supplied this memorial with pious care.

Tyrconnel's Parliament, as a matter of course, confiscated Petty's Irish estates; but they were restored to his family after the close of the war. James II. had made Lady Petty a peeress for life. She seems to have been liked and esteemed by William III., who set store on her husband's writings, especially on his estimate of the comparative strength of England and France. Petty's sons, Charles and Henry, became Lords Shelburne; on their death without issue the Petty estates devolved on Sir William's favourite daughter, Anne, who married Thomas Fitzmaurice, twenty-first Lord of Kerry, raised afterwards to the rank of earl. Anne Petty was not a beauty, but had a better dower than beauty and lands—many of her father's gifts. Her grandson wrote of her that his grandfather had 'married, luckily for me and mine, 'a very ugly woman, who brought into his family whatever 'degree of sense may have appeared in it, or whatever 'wealth is likely to remain in it.' Many of the qualities of Petty have been inherited by the house of Lansdowne, especially his sound judgement and political insight; we are not surprised that they appear to be prouder of their low-born ancestor than of their blue Geraldine blood.

ART. IV.—1. *Materials for the Study of Variation.* By WILLIAM BATESON, M.A. London: 1894.

2. *Animal Coloration.* By FRANK E. BEDDARD, F.R.S. London: 1892.

THOSE principles of natural science which we have ever upheld, and for which we have now and again combated (not altogether without vigour, nor, we venture to think, entirely without success), are slowly but surely obtaining general recognition, as the flood of Darwinian delusion which has overspread the land for the space of a whole generation is beginning gradually to subside. Very remarkable is the combination of most diverse influences which has led to the developement of that self-destructive mechanical system—that crass materialism, often wearing a deceitful idealistic veil—which has been preached by laymen of scientific eminence in England, and still finds a crowd of belated admirers amongst the naturalists of Germany. Such a wonderful combination as that we refer to can hardly again occur in the history of mankind. Yet no system which meets with wide acceptance can be devoid of certain elements of truth, nor can any great movement be initiated which is unable to show how, in some degree, it is just and useful.

At the close of the Middle Ages a sudden and amazing change took place in the spheres of law, politics, religion, science, and literature. Its occurrence enables us to understand the intensity of the philosophical change in the sixteenth century, one result of which has been the modern mechanical conception of Nature as a creative power. Had the revulsion been merely due to a dissatisfaction—legitimate enough—with the vast gaps in human knowledge left unfilled by the earlier philosophy and with its method, science might have been enriched by all the additions it has since received, without the loss of principles necessary for its own completeness and logical stability. As it was, the influences just enumerated, all acting together in opposition to views previously held, caused so great a repulsion to be felt for them, that not only were they one and all repudiated with contempt, but a reconstruction was attempted without regard to those fundamental facts and principles of reason upon which their predecessors had been ever careful to build. While seizing upon truths, and adopting methods which were as admirable as they were novel,

they carelessly abandoned truths and methods which were before justly regarded as indispensable. Dazzled by anticipations, and very soon by the results of careful observations and experiments—whereby the inductive sciences were being developed—they neglected to consider upon what all induction must ultimately repose, what its successful prosecution implies, and what is the logical guarantee of accuracy with respect to the results attained. In their newly awakened zeal for ‘the new learning,’ and in their ardent desire to steer clear of all *a priori* methods of research—by basing their views on a solid basis of fact only—they initiated that philosophy of the senses which has prevailed in England since the time of Locke. According to it, ideas are but reproductions, in a weakened form, of past sensations, while those sensations are both our only source of knowledge and our supreme and ultimate test of truth. The opposite system teaches that the intellect, and not sense, is our supreme and ultimate test of truth, and that our ideas, though elicited through sensations, were never contained therein, but are the result of a power of intellectual intuition which guarantees its own validity, in its perception of self-evident, universal, and necessary truths, such as that nothing can at the same time both exist and be non-existent.

We may seem, in the foregoing remarks, to have wandered very far from the consideration of organic variations, and from questions as to animal structure and coloration like those with which the two books, the titles of which head our article, are concerned. Such, however, is far from being the case. These books have many and varied merits, but their principal interest for us (and, we think, for most of their readers) is due to their bearing upon an important aspect of the philosophy of Nature—their bearing, that is, upon the great and fundamental question whether design is manifest in the universe, or whether that universe, with all its powers—including intellect—is the product of unreason.

Now such a conception could never have obtained currency in a society whose leading thinkers were imbued with a philosophy which grounds our knowledge of Nature on a clear perception of those ultimate facts and necessary truths which are as incapable of proof as they are independent of it, because they repose on their own luminous self-evidence. These are—(1) the knowledge of our own continuous existence; (2) that of universal and necessary truths, such as the principle of contradiction, together with the further principle



(which, indeed, follows from the former one) that no new existence can come into being without an adequate cause ; and (3) that of the absolute validity of reasoning when performed according to the laws of logic. Armed with a clear perception concerning such facts and principles, morality obtains a secure basis of which otherwise it must be entirely devoid, while intellect acquires a ground for self-reliance which could never be justified if all our faculties were but the chance outcome of the fortuitous interplay of existences and forces absolutely non-moral and unintelligent. But these facts and principles are not only latent in, and implied by, every experiment performed in each laboratory, but no botanical or geological excursion can furnish a single trustworthy observation if human reason has not the powers of perception with which rational philosophy credits it. In that case, every system of evolution crumbles into dust. Yet, strange to say, to these truths some of the most prominent European naturalists show themselves entirely blind. Thus, Professor Haeckel, addressing a meeting of naturalists at Altenburg,\* has represented the universe as having been formed by the union into 'chemical atoms' of indivisible, inert, unchangeable, probably spherical, 'primitive atoms' of ether, scattered throughout 'infinite space' 'in the 'form of dust.' By such unions, and by indefinitely complex dances of atoms, everything we experience has been produced, and of such everything revealed to us by consciousness in reality consists. Each of us may think that he is a really enduring something, admiring or laughing at Haeckel ; as also that Haeckel is a real something, pleased or not pleased at being admired or laughed at ; but nothing of the kind is, according to this teaching, true. Each one of us is but a set of atoms performing one figure of a dance, while Haeckel is but another set of atoms dancing to a different measure. When we think we see the absolute truth of the assertion, 'If we know anything at all, then we 'cannot be devoid of all knowledge,' that is but one form of motion of the cosmic dust ; and when we accept that declaration as true, there is no real truth in it, for it is but another mode of molecular motion.

Of course, a universe of this nature can be governed by no 'principle of design,' and hence it is not wonderful that Weismann, following Haeckel, denounces any hypothesis

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\* See an enlarged reproduction of this in English, entitled 'Monism,' translated by J. Gilchrist, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., London.

which should propound the existence of such a principle as one to be rejected, and affirms that 'natural selection,' though unproven, is to be accepted, because it alone can explain the 'adaptation of organisms without assuming the help of a 'principle of design.' Thus, all intelligence is the work of what is completely unintelligent, reason owes its being to the utterly irrational, and a tender conscience is the outcome of what is entirely indifferent to good or evil, because of neither has it the most rudimentary knowledge.

Men who hold such views—the logical result of which in the intellectual order is mental paralysis and idiocy, while their fruits in the moral order are veritable apples of Sodom—must welcome and uphold the hypothesis which would represent all the adjustments and apparent evidences of design in the living world as but the results of minute chance variations, selected through the action of Nature's manifold destructive agencies. According to this teaching, no inherent tendencies, no innate laws, govern either individual developement or the evolution of new species. All is due to the chance action of small congenital variations, each such variation being itself accidental, and the whole beauty and order of organic life due to no higher kind of cause than such as determines the apparently well-designed figures which a rotated kaleidoscope successively presents to the observer. But is this the truth? Are variations always minute, always irregular, never evidently produced under the sway of any specially determining innate organic laws? If such is the case, they offer a singular contrast indeed to what is to be observed with respect to non-living and inorganic Nature. There, at least, we perceive that every so-called element, every chemical compound, every crystal and every non-crystalline inorganic body, has its own innate powers and properties, and is subject to specific laws, from which it never deviates. They can, indeed, act in many ways on one another, but in every such action the reaction of the body acted on always takes place according to its own innate powers and endowments.

Mr. Bateson is evidently a supporter of the view which would forbid us to regard the world of living beings as less governed by innate law than is the inorganic world. Though an upholder of the action of 'Natural Selection' (and no reasonable man can dispute that creatures so formed as to be ill adapted to live are likely soon to die), he sees clearly that such 'Natural Selection' can never be the cause of the origin of species, which must rather be due to spontaneous

variations upon which it may act. Such 'selection' can evidently never be the *cause* of the growth of the tree of life (the varied world of living things), but must act exclusively as a pruning-knife to remove undesirable sproutings from it.

The author most reasonably contends that, to arrive as far as possible at the comprehension of the origin of new species of animals and plants, it is above all things necessary to study variation. If there is any principle which both sets going and directs the course of variation, that principle must be the true cause of the origin of species. Obviously, the first thing to be done is to ascertain the facts as to variation. Only after having acquired a sufficient knowledge as to these facts, only after making acquaintance with the *modes* of variation, can there be any reasonable hope for us to come to a knowledge as to their *cause* or *causes*.

In his introductory chapter, after noticing the theories of Lamarck and of Darwin, and their followers, he says:—

'All these different theories start from the hypothesis that the different forms of life are related to each other, and that their diversity is due to variation. On this hypothesis, therefore, variation, whatever may be its cause, and however it may be limited, is the essential phenomenon of evolution. Variation, in fact, *is* evolution. The readiest way, then, of solving the problem of evolution is to study the facts of variation.' (P. 6.)

The popular view, from 1860 to the present time, has been that variation takes place in all parts and organs of animals and plants, and that such variations are minute and indefinite. It has, of course, always been known that 'monstrosities' and 'sports' occasionally arise; but, apart from these, the organism, or at least its germ, has been conceived of as utterly passive and inert, though both modifiable and modified, in minute degrees, by incidental forces, in all its parts and in any direction. Granting that new species have arisen by means of variation, Mr. Bateson's work is devoted to the examination of the question whether variations are thus indefinite and minute, so that if the whole series of them could be seen they would appear *continuous*, or whether such a view of them would display sudden and considerable changes, so that the variations are *discontinuous*.

His bulky volume is a most painstaking and elaborate record of facts, and its avowed object is not to set forth a doctrine, but rather to lead others to study variation, and so accumulate materials which may hereafter aid in solving the as yet unsolved (and, as we believe, insoluble) problem of

the origin of species. A book of this kind is a welcome novelty after the wearying series of speculative volumes which have appeared, from the publication of the 'Origin of Species' down to the last collection of Professor Weismann's protean hypotheses. We confess ourselves heartily sick of solutions reposing upon nothing better than such statements as 'You cannot be sure that some of the 'ancestors of an animal may not have possessed a certain 'character,' or, 'We are ignorant as to what their environment was, and if it was so and so, we may conclude,' &c.

As Mr. Bateson says in the beginning of his work—

'In these discussions we are continually stopped by such phrases as "if such and such a variation then took place and was favourable," or, "we may easily suppose circumstances in which such and such a variation, if it occurred, might be beneficial," and the like. The whole argument is based on such assumptions as these—assumptions which, were they found in the arguments of Paley or of Butler, we could not too scornfully ridicule. "If," say we with much circumlocution, "the course of Nature followed the lines we have suggested, then, in short, it did." That is the sum of the argument.' (P. v.)

Our author's work is a study of the facts of variation as exhibited in nearly nine hundred modes. Most of these are cases of abnormal structures which are commonly called 'monstrosities,' and this fact has been brought forward (by Dr. A. R. Wallace and others) as an argument against Mr. Bateson's contention, though (as we think will appear later on) it does not really in any way invalidate it. A disinclination to tackle such intricate and puzzling forms of variation is what might be expected of men who are conspicuous advocates of that seemingly short and easy cut to an explanation of Nature—'Natural Selection.' But the problems of biology are not easy; though there are in these days, as Mr. Bateson says,

'many who do not fear to speak of these things with certainty, with an ease and assurance that in far simpler problems of chemistry and physics would not be endured. For men of this stamp to solve difficulties may be easy, but to feel difficulties is hard. Though the problem is all unsolved and the old questions stand unanswered, there are those who have taken on themselves the responsibility of giving to the ignorant, as a gospel, in the name of Science, the rough guesses of yesterday that to-morrow should forget. Truly they have put a sword in the hand of a child.' (P. xi.)

Whatever is the real fact with respect to the variations through which new species are supposed to arise, there can be no question but that the species themselves are

*discontinuous*. With insignificant exceptions, different species are unmistakably distinguishable one from another by differences of form or of colour, and often by strongly marked differences of constitution; and species are, on the whole, well fitted for the places wherein they have to live.

Nevertheless, it is now generally assumed, and by Darwinians it is loudly asserted, that these discontinuous species have been produced by diversities of environment that have destroyed intermediate forms which must have existed, and which, if all could be seen, would so completely bridge over the gaps between existing species that the entire series would appear continuous.

Now, Mr. Bateson urgently calls our attention to the unquestionable fact that diverse environments (different climates, characters of soil and surface, supplies of food, presence of enemies, &c.) often 'shade into each other' insensibly and form a continuous series, whereas the species of plants and animals which are exposed to them form discontinuous series. More than this, forms of life which are identical (creatures which belong to the same species) sometimes live under conditions which are very different, while allied but perfectly distinct species may live together under what appear to us to be the very same conditions.' This is a difficulty indeed for those who hold that all specific forms must ultimately be due to the action upon them of their environment.

One of the fundamental articles of popular evolutionary faith is the doctrine that the stages through which any organism passes during its development from the germ, represent the series of changes which have taken place during the evolution of its species from some remote ancestral form.

As to this, Mr. Bateson remarks:—

'It is curious to notice upon how very slight a basis of evidence this widely received principle really rests. . . . For the stages through which a *particular* organism passes in the course of its development are admissible as evidence of its pedigree only when it has been proved as a *general* truth that the development of individuals does follow the lines on which the species developed. The proof, however, of this general proposition does not rest on direct observation, but on the indirect evidence that particular organisms at certain stages in their development resemble other organisms, and hence it is assumed that they are descended from these forms. Thus the truth of the general proposition is established by assuming it true in special cases, while

its applicability to special cases rests on its having been accepted as a general truth.' (P. 8.)

And, indeed, allied forms often develope on very different plans. Thus, one of the two species of the curious worm called *Balanoglossus* has a larva which is opaque and creeps in the sand of the shore, while that of the other species is transparent, and swims on the surface of the sea. The guinea-pig and the rabbit belong to different families of a group to which all mice, squirrels, beavers, porcupines, and jerboas also pertain, all being members of the same order—that of rodents. Yet layers of cells, as they exist on the developing ovum of the guinea-pig, are completely inverted in the rabbit!

Mr. Bateson groups all cases of variation into two great classes. One of these, termed by him *meristic* variation, relates to variations in the repetitions of parts of the body, and by such its symmetry is necessarily affected. The other class consists of what he calls *substantive* variation. This latter relates to changes of form in parts and organs, or in their substance, colour, &c. The present volume is almost entirely occupied about meristic variation, while the study of substantive variation is reserved for a future work, which we hope may soon appear.

One minor form of symmetry is that which determines the patterns which may be found upon large surfaces of large organisms, or on the most minute structures. It seems to us that the evolution of many of these patterns constitutes a difficulty none the less great because it has been so generally overlooked.

As to this, Mr. Bateson says: -

'If any one will take into his hand some complex piece of living structure—a passion-flower, a peacock's feather, a cockleshell, or the like—and will ask himself how it has come to be so, the part of the answer that he will find it hardest to give is that which relates to the perfection of its pattern. And it is not only in these large and tangible structures that the question arises, for the same challenge is presented in the most minute and seemingly trifling details. In the skeleton of a diatom or of a radiolarian, the scale of a butterfly, the sculpture on a pollen-grain or on an eggshell, in the wreaths and stars of nuclear division, such patterns again and again recur, and again and again the question of their significance goes unanswered. There are many suggestions, some plausible enough, as to why the tail of a peacock is gaudy, why the coat of a pollen-grain should be rough, and so forth; but the significance of patterns is untouched by these. Nevertheless, repetitions arranged in pattern exist throughout organised Nature—in creatures that move and in those that are fixed,

in the great and in the small, in the seen and in the hidden, within and without, as a property or attribute of life scarcely less universal than the function of respiration or metabolism itself.' (P. 21.)

One of the most obvious characters presented by our body, and by the bodies of all the animals most familiar to us, is that each has a right and a left side, and that these two sides, and their parts, correspond as our right hand proverbially resembles our left one. When deeply considered, this fact is by itself sufficient to prove that the body of an animal has its own innate laws, which regulate its development, for this kind of correspondence—technically called 'bilateral symmetry'—shows itself not only in these familiar conditions, but in the results of disease and in very peculiar structures found in exceptional animals of special kinds. Indeed, on the hypothesis that a blood-relationship of descent binds together different animals, Nature actually forces upon us the perception that new and more intense forms of bilateral symmetry have arisen in a comparatively recent geological time. Thus, naturalists now generally agree that birds have descended from reptiles; but the very diversity of the bilateral symmetry which exists between the two wings of birds on the one part, and between their two legs on the other part, is far more striking than any which is to be found in their hypothetical progenitors. Mr. Bateson supplies us with numerous instances of similar and simultaneous bilateral variations.

Another form of symmetry is known as 'serial symmetry.' Such symmetry is most plainly seen in the successively similar segments and pairs of limbs in the centipede and its allies; but it is also to be traced in the structure of the human chest, with its successive ribs, the series of bones (called *vertebræ*) which compose our spinal column or backbone, and in the resemblances which can be traced between the arm and the leg and between the hand and the foot.

Mr. Bateson, in his third chapter, gives many examples of sudden variation in parts which are serially symmetrical.

In man and beasts the bones (*vertebræ*) which exist in the neck are normally seven; and this is so whether the neck is enormously elongated, as in the giraffe, or excessively short, as in the whale or the mole. The only exceptions to this rule are the manatee, which has but six, and the sloths, in which there may be as few as six or as many as ten cervical *vertebræ*. In the human subject the last bone of the neck, which normally is entirely devoid of moveable

ribs, sometimes possesses them. Fifty-seven such cases are cited by Mr. Bateson, and it is interesting to note that in forty-two of these instances the ribs were present on both sides.

Variations are often found in the number of vertebræ existing in successive regions of the spinal column, there sometimes being, for example, thirteen instead of twelve in the chest, four, five, or six in the lumbar region, &c. To ascertain the exact correspondence between bones which thus differ in different individuals and species has been a curious subject of inquiry amongst naturalists. Similarly, there are singular divergences, with occasional individual variations, in the number of bones which make up the wrist or ankle of different animals, and much ingenuity has been expended in trying to determine what are the precise correspondences in different cases of the kind. Mr. Bateson (we think with much reason) regards this quest, in the way it is often pursued, as but a vain one. Though Nature's methods are simple, he urges, yet her simplicity is not ours. We are too apt in this matter to run into anthropomorphism, and allow ourselves to

'fancy that Nature has produced the forms of life from each other in the ways which we should have used if we had been asked to do it. If a man were asked to make a wax model of the skeleton of one animal from a wax model of the skeleton of another, he would perhaps set about it by making small additions to and subtractions from its several parts; but the natural process differs in one great essential from this. For in Nature the body of one individual has never *been* the body of its parent, and is not formed by a plastic operation from it; but the new body is made again new from the beginning, just as if the model had gone back into the melting-pot before the new model was begun.'

This passage merits thinking over. We are too apt to forget that, normally, the body of each living creature is the expression of one all-controlling energy, and that the entire living organism is 'the individual,' and not its component parts. The resemblances which exist between the anatomical elements and organs of different animals and plants are not the result of any power or property of such elements and organs, but are due to the similarity of the energy which dominates such resembling organisms.

Amongst the popular naturalists who oppose the idea that sudden and considerable (*i.e.* 'discontinuous') variations are largely, mainly, or exclusively those which give rise to new species, it is a common habit to try and explain away every



such considerable new variation as being but a form of reversion to some ancestral character which had temporarily disappeared. In this such popular scientists only follow the lead of the late Mr. Darwin, who (as is well known) considered \* cases of the developement of a double uterus as necessarily † cases of sudden reversion to some very ancient ancestral condition.

As to such contentions Mr. Bateson observes:—

‘This kind of reasoning has been used by others again and again. It is, of course, quite inadmissible; for by identical reasoning from the perfect symmetry of double monsters, of the single eye of the Cyclopean monster, and so on, it might be shown that man is descended from a primitive double vertebrate, from a one-eyed Cyclops, and the like.’ (P. 77.)

In the body of his work Mr. Bateson supplies a multitude of instances of discontinuous variations in backboneed animals of all classes—in insects, crustaceans, ascidians, worms, mollusks (or shellfish), and echinoderms.‡ The variations described refer to parts of the internal and external skeleton—to exceptionally placed or supernumerary mammæ, to the numbers and forms of teeth, to the condition of the kidney, its arteries and ducts, to eyes of insects and shellfish, to insects’ wings, to the horns of sheep, goats, and deer, and to the perforate or imperforate character of certain shells; to changes as to colour and markings, to many unusual conditions of the digits of very varied kinds, and to abnormal multiplication of parts, leading up to conjoined duplicity of the whole body.

To the author’s claim that the facts described by him amply suffice to prove the very frequent recurrence of discontinuous variation, and the consequent probability that new species have been evolved by the help of such, it has been objected, notably by Dr. A. Russell Wallace, that his ample catalogue is a catalogue of monstrosities. Every one, as has been urged, knew that monstrosities from time to time occurred, but a new species—necessarily a symmetrical and well-organised form—could never have owed its origin to a mere monstrosity, such as a cat with two heads, a beast with superfluous or deficient digits, with half or with double the number of its proper supply of teeth, &c. This criticism,

\* See ‘Descent of Man,’ vol. i. pp. 123, 124.

† On account of the perfection of form of such a sudden variation.

‡ *I.e.* star-fishes and their allies.

however, is both unfair and exceedingly shallow. It is unfair because, true as it is that we all knew of the occurrence of monstrosities, very few of us knew of the great frequency and enormous number of such variations as those Mr. Bateson notices. Besides this, any candid peruser of the work criticised must see that its author is perfectly well aware of the monstrous character of many of the varieties described by him, and has no intention of presenting such forms as the probable, or even possible, origin of new species. It is still further unfair because a certain number of the variations described are perfectly harmonious and symmetrical changes, and can no more be said to be 'monstrosities' than a tiger can be said to be a 'monster' because it has not the mane of a lion, or a lion a 'monster' because it has not the stripes of a tiger.

The space we can devote to our subject is very limited, but we feel we must bring to the reader's notice some of the harmonious and symmetrical variations, records of which are to be found in the pages of the work we are reviewing. Before doing so, however, we must direct our readers' attention to the fact that the unfairness of the objection above mentioned is less noteworthy than its shallowness. For what, after all, is the real nature of the variations which may justly be called 'monstrosities'? They are almost all of them orderly and perfect *in themselves*. They proclaim loudly that organic Nature is *not* the passive mass of matter, devoid of innate laws of self-regulation, which Darwinism and Weismannism suppose it to be, but that every fragment of it, even each of its very aberrations, is replete with order of its own kind and in its due degree. A few instances will suffice to show this. We have represented,\* for example, the case of a sawfly, the end of the left antenna of which is changed into a foot; but that foot is a perfectly well-formed foot with a pair of normal claws. It is not an indefinite, disorderly variation, but a structure perfect of its kind. Again, in a crustacean (*Palinurus penicillatus*) † one eye bears an antenna-like process. It is a structure relatively abnormal and out of place, but it is a perfect structure *in itself*. Many cases are given of redundant teeth, each one of which is a good and perfect tooth considered singly and alone. Similarly, many extra digits on the hands or feet of man or animals are each unmistakeably true fingers and toes like the others, with

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\* P. 147, fig. 16.

† P. 151, fig. 19.

duly formed joints, nails, &c. This is remarkably the case with extra legs, feet, and other parts of insects and crustacea. Thus,\* in a kind of beetle (*Carabus*) there was found the 'monstrosity' of one limb bearing an extra pair of legs, but the parts of the extra legs, freely developed, are all perfect and normal. Another beetle† is shown which had three legs developed in the place of one, but these three are all perfect in their parts. In a longicorn beetle‡ of the genus *Prionus* each of the six legs was double beyond the part known as the 'femur.' But the separately developed parts of each pair of legs seem to have been perfect. Many other cases might be cited did space permit. There are, indeed, numerous instances in which the 'monstrosity' is greater and the symmetry much less; but in all cases the details of the monstrosities are orderly, and are quite different from what an utterly indefinite and fortuitous kind of variation (which the popular doctrine supposes) would be.

But we must return to the more important matter of altogether harmonious and symmetrical discontinuous variations. Did we know of but one such instance, that alone would suffice to make it probable that, if new species arise by variation at all, such discontinuous variation is the kind of variation which has been efficient in their production.

One change§ of the kind is that which occasionally so affects the feathers of birds—such, *e.g.*, as the moorhen—as to make them resemble the plumage of the apteryx, the emeu, and the cassowary. Such a variation amongst poultry produces the forms known as the 'silky fowls,' sometimes called 'emeu fowls,' which are capable of perpetuation by breeding.

The long-haired varieties of goats, cats, and rabbits are familiar enough, but it is less generally known that a similar variation exists in what are called 'Peruvian guinea-pigs.' Mr. Bateson mentions the capture of a common mouse with long black, silk-like hair, which, he adds, is specially 'interesting as showing that such a total variation may occur as a definite phenomenon without selection.' On the other hand, varieties have occurred which were entirely naked, but had a wrinkled condition of skin, and they produced young which were similar to their parents. Now, in South Africa two creatures, belonging to the same

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\* P. 483, fig. 155.

† P. 492, fig. 160.

‡ P. 544, fig. 203.

§ See p. 55.

natural order as the mouse, are of about the size of a mouse, and have a burrowing habit. They are, normally and naturally, naked with a wrinkled skin. If new species have arisen by variation, why should not these African animals have arisen by a sudden, discontinuous variation such as that which we know may occur in the common mouse?

Groups of plants are often characterised by having the parts which make up the flower in fives, or fours, or threes, as the case may be. The tulip belongs to a group having the parts or organs of its flower in multiples of three. Mr. Bateson gives \* an interesting example of a tulip having all the parts of its flower in fours. This variation, as he says,

‘is a large and decided one, but it is more than this—it is not only large, it is *complete*. The resulting form possesses the character of division into four no less completely and perfectly than its parent possessed the character of division into three. The change from three to four is thus perfected; from the form with perfect division into three is sprung a form with perfect division into four. This is a case of a *total* or *perfect* variation.’

Obviously, the perfection and symmetry of this remarkable tulip could have been in no way due to ‘natural selection.’ Why, then, should the tulips with their parts in threes have owed that condition to ‘natural selection’?

Many groups of insects are characterised by the number of segments into which the terminal member of the limb above the claws, namely the *tarsus*, is divided. Now, the tarsus of the cockroach normally consists of five segments, but a specimen has been met with in which the tarsus of each of the six legs consisted of four segments only. It is surely most improbable that this individual should have lost the whole of its six tarsi by accidental injuries, and that they should have all grown again in the same abnormal manner! Here again, then, we have an instance of a perfect variation which was never built up by ‘natural selection,’ and we may feel sure could never be destroyed by it.

We have already called attention to the tendency, when the last bone of the neck bears a small rib, for the variation to be complete, and for such a rib to be on each side. The same is generally the case when there is a variation as to the number of the thoracic ribs of man and other animals. Mr. Bateson brings forward an example of a frog, the first vertebra (atlas) of which varied in the possession of the rib

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\* P. 61, fig. 7.

element. But there were a pair of such elements—one on each side of the atlas!

Amongst various noteworthy variations in the development of teeth, there is one case mentioned of special interest. The monkeys of the New World differ from those of the Old and from man by having three bicuspid molars (three grinding teeth with milk predecessors) on either side of each jaw, man and the Old-World apes having but two such.

Now, Mr. Bateson describes and figures the skull of a spider monkey (an American ape) which has four bicuspid molars on either side of the upper jaw. These four teeth are perfectly formed, large teeth, in regular series on both sides. There is nothing to indicate that any one of them is supernumerary rather than any other. Since it is certain that a new and perfect form of dentition may thus suddenly arise, why may not the diverse dentitions of the first representatives of the New and Old World forms of apes have similarly so arisen?

The same phenomena are to be met with in organs hidden within the body as in those which are more conspicuous. Mr. Bateson cites the case of a human kidney of that abnormal form which is known as ‘horseshoe kidney.’ It is supplied with three renal arteries on either side, and the whole structure is so perfect and admirably symmetrical that it forms a good example of beauty which can have been due neither to ‘natural’ nor to ‘sexual’ selection.

We have already spoken of the tarsus of the cockroach, but a word must be said about the antenna of the earwig. Each antenna of this insect consists normally of fourteen segments, but in some instances there are but thirteen segments, and even only twelve, such numbers sometimes occurring simultaneously in both antennæ. This also affords a good example of a perfect and symmetrical discontinuous variation. More interesting and important, however, than even the instructive instance of the teeth of the spider monkey are some variations in the structure of the digits.

Cuvier began, and Owen completed, the classification and subdivision of all hoofed beasts into two great groups, characterised respectively by having the toes made use of in locomotion of an odd or of an even number. To the even-toed group (*Artiodactyla*) belong all oxen, goats, sheep, antelopes, deer, camels and llamas, swine, and the hippopotamus. The odd-toed group (*Perissodactyla*) is made up of rhinoceroses, the tapirs, and all horses, asses, and zebras. Most of the even-toed group have but two

functional toes to each foot, and walk on digits which correspond with our third and fourth fingers and toes. Amongst the members of the odd-toed group, the horse has but a single digit to each foot, and walks on what corresponds with the terminal segment of our middle finger and middle toe—or rather on their nails; for the hoof of a horse corresponds with one of our nails. Thus, the so-called ‘knee’ of a horse answers to our ‘wrist,’ and its ‘hock’ to our ‘heel.’

Rudiments exist in many hoofed animals of other digits besides those upon which they walk, but the line of symmetry in all cases passes down between the third and fourth toes in the Artiodactyles, and along the middle of what corresponds with our third finger or toe in the Perissodactyles. Thus, the two functional digits of a sheep, an ox, or a deer, are each, as it were, a reflexion of the other, while the single digit of a horse is symmetrical in itself—its two external borders answering the one to the other. Various instances of abnormality have been recorded as to both groups, mostly more or less irregular.

But Mr. Bateson records and figures a variation which took place in the forefoot of a horse of a quite extraordinary character, and one perfectly complete and symmetrical. Instead of a single digit, this creature had attached to its cannon-bone two perfectly complete ones, each bearing a hoof. The bones of the digits, as it were, reflected each other (like those of a deer or ox), the line of symmetry passing down between them, while the two hoofs were well formed, curving towards each other like those of Artiodactyles.

The great interest of this example consists in its completeness. With so perfect an example of symmetrical discontinuous variation in one foot, the probability is evident (seeing the prevailing tendency of similar parts to vary similarly) that it might occur simultaneously in all four, with possible consequences as to specific origin impossible for us to foresee with any certainty.

Mr. Bateson has many interesting things to say about the colours and markings of animals. We have not space, however, now to consider them, and must confine ourselves to a few words respecting some of his concluding reflexions. He observes as to the evidence brought forward by him:—

‘So far a presumption is created that the discontinuity of which species is an expression has its origin, not in the environment, nor in

any phenomenon of adaptation, but in the intrinsic nature of organisms themselves manifested in the original discontinuity of variation. But this evidence serves a double purpose. . . . The existence of sudden and discontinuous variation—the existence, that is to say, of new forms having from their first beginning more or less of the kind of perfection that we associate with normality—is a fact that disposes once and for all of the attempt to interpret all perfection and definiteness of form as the work of selection. The study of variation leads us into the presence of whole classes of phenomena that are plainly incapable of such interpretation.' (P. 567.)

With these words we must express our entire concurrence. The evidence of variation, Mr. Bateson goes on to observe,

'suggests that the discontinuity of species results from the discontinuity of variation. This suggestion is, in a word, the one clear and positive indication borne on the face of the facts.'

The popular teachers of this subject in our own day, from Dr. A. R. Wallace to Professor Haeckel, agree in affirming that animal characteristics are developed and maintained through their utility, 'natural selection' acting fatally on organisms in which such characteristics are minimised or wanting. Characters which from any cause cease to be thus useful cease also to be maintained, because influences derived from ancestors in which they were wanting are then allowed to have their way. Thus, we are told, *panmixia*\* comes about through the cessation of natural selection's ever-present and watchful repression. According to this doctrine, the fixity of any character is a measure of its importance to the organism possessing it. But Mr. Bateson entirely dissents from the assertion, in the following passage:—

'To try to apply such a doctrine in the open air of Nature leads to absurdity. . . . I go into the fields of the north of Kent in early August, and I sweep the ladybirds off the thistles and nettles of waste places. Hundreds, sometimes thousands, may be taken in a few hours. They are mostly of two species—the small *Coccinella decempunctata*, or *variabilis*, and the larger *C. septempunctata*. Both are exceedingly common, feeding on aphides, on the same plants, in the same places, at the same time. The former (*C. decempunctata*) shows an excessive variation, both in colours and in pattern of colour—red-brown, yellow-brown, orange, red, yellowish white, and black, in countless shades, mottled or dotted upon each in various ways. The

\* A barbarous term which has been used to denote the unrestrained mixture of ancestral tendencies.

colours of pigeons or of cattle are scarcely more variable. Yet the colour of the larger (*C. septempunctata*) is almost absolutely constant, having the same black spots on the same red ground. The slightest difference in the size of the black spots is all the variation to be seen. To be asked to believe that the colour of *C. septempunctata* is constant because it matters to the species, and that the colour of *C. decempunctata* is variable because it does not matter, is to be asked to abrogate reason. . . . The belief that all distinctness is due to natural selection, and the expectation that, apart from natural selection, there would be a general level of confusion, agrees ill with the facts of variation. We may doubt, indeed, whether the ideas associated with that flower of speech, 'panmixia,' are not as false to the laws of life as the word to the laws of language.' (P. 572.)

We must now direct our attention exclusively to the colours and markings of organisms, and study the facts presented to us for consideration by Mr. Frank E. Beddard. His volume, naturally smaller in size than Mr. Bateson's, since its scope is so much more restricted, is illustrated by excellent woodcuts and four attractive coloured plates, and deals in an independent spirit with the popular doctrines represented by the terms 'protective and warning coloration,' 'mimicry,' and 'sexual selection.'

According to the popular view, all the markings and the colours of different animals are supposed to be due to one or other of the following causes :---(1) To their resemblance to their environment, so enabling their possessors to escape the notice of enemies, and also of the prey they seek. Thus, we are told, has come about the sandy colour of various desert animals, the verdant hue of dwellers in trees, the transparency of some organisms which live in water, and so on. (2) To their resemblance to some other animal which is dreaded on account of its dangerous properties or avoided on account of its nauseous taste; such are said to be cases of what is known as 'mimicry.' (3) To the charm which colour may cause to be felt by female animals, so that bright and beautiful males are supposed to have been produced by the strong preference for such felt by females who for very many generations can have experienced no vacillation or variation of taste. Mr. Beddard tests the worth of these doctrines by patiently examining a great variety of cases of very different animals belonging to very different classes. Of course there is much evidence which harmonises with, and appears to confirm, the doctrines above stated; but the reader must recollect that if but one or two clear cases can be substantiated in which animal coloration cannot be due to any of the causes thus popularly



assigned for it, then it must be due to some other and more recondite cause, which evidently may be also the cause of coloration in the other instances also.

Yet that there are phenomena of colour not to be thus explained is undeniable. Mr. Beddard himself says:—

‘Any one who has some knowledge of natural history will at once remark that coloration is apparently not always in harmony with the mode of life of the animal: not only are colours and coloration which have no use that can be detected present, but the general plan of coloration is occasionally absolutely dangerous; so it at least seems. . . . The patterns on the breasts of woodpeckers can have no function, for these birds, when in their natural haunts, do not show the spotted under surface. The highly conspicuous larvæ of one of our rarer hawk moths (*Deilephila galii*) must fall an easy prey to creatures that feed upon them, for it has been proved experimentally that they are not, as gaudily coloured insects often are, distasteful to insect-eating animals; their colours cannot, therefore, have been acquired “as an advertisement of their inedibility.” The advocates of the theory of natural selection as applied to coloration are apt to explain cases of this kind by falling back upon our ignorance of so much of natural history. They maintain that, were we better acquainted with the life and habits of those creatures, some explanation would be forthcoming. There is, of course, no gainsaying such an argument.’ (p. 9.)

Very amusing are the readiness and ingenuity with which some naturalists seem ever ready to furnish us with an explanation of the occurrence of markings by some imaginary utility. Thus, it is plain enough that a rabbit’s white tail makes it dangerously conspicuous, and so ought not to have been developed by ‘natural selection.’ That may be true, says Dr. Wallace, but the mother’s white tail serves as a guide and rallying-point for her young—helps to guide them to the burrow—and so its utility exceeds its disadvantage. The same naturalist has lately\* put forward the odd idea that the dark spot over each of the eyes of so many dogs has been developed because it was useful by making other animals think the dog was awake and with open eyes, when they were really closed in sleep!

Many young animals which when adult are of a uniform colour, are spotted while young. Such, for example, is the case with the lion, the puma, and the tapir. The meaning of this is not easy to see on the supposition that markings are brought about by utility alone.

The striped marks found on many caterpillars have been explained by their presumed protective action. Thus, Sir

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\* In ‘Nature.’

John Lubbock\* has called attention to the connexion he supposes to exist between longitudinal stripes upon caterpillars and a habit of feeding either upon grass or low-growing plants among grass, the green or brownish colours of these caterpillars still further heightening their resemblance to grass leaves, the longitudinal stripes representing the veins upon such leaves. But, as Mr. Beddard tells us,

‘Many of these larvæ have a far more efficient means of protection than that afforded by longitudinal striping. They are internal feeders, devouring the pith of reeds and other stems; and yet they retain the longitudinal striping in a situation which insures immunity from the attacks of all but entomologists.’ (P. 103.)

It is often very confidently, and sometimes not a little rashly, asserted that brightly coloured caterpillars are distasteful, while those the hues of which are such as seem likely to serve as a protection are sought after because palatable. Some of the cases experimented with by Mr. Beddard are quite inconsistent with this hasty statement. Having given the presumably distasteful kind of caterpillar of the magpie moth to four monkeys, he relates that

‘A marmoset (*Midas rufianus*) ate one up quite greedily to the very least bit; the *Cebus* monkeys and a *Cercopithecus callitrichus* sucked at the caterpillar and threw away the skin after the contents had been entirely extracted; they paused every now and again to sniff suspiciously at the caterpillar, but nevertheless they steadily persevered in munching it.’ (P. 149.)

The tiger moth and the leopard moth are represented as being inedible forms, but they were both greedily eaten by the ocellated lizard. Mr. Beddard adds:—

‘Another caterpillar was offered to a brown Capuchin monkey, who ate it, though perhaps rather slowly and reflectively.’ (P. 159.)

Toads, however, seemed ready to eat anything in the shape of an insect, and the most brilliant or fantastic colours appeared to be without influence in their regard.

On the other hand, insects which from their sober hues were regarded as protected, and therefore welcome as food, were found experimentally not so to be. Thus, the larvæ of a common moth (*Mamestra persicariæ*) were by no means welcomed by a glossy starling or a greater spotted woodpecker. Mr. Beddard observes:—

‘If the caterpillar had been one of those which are distinguished by

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\* ‘Scientific Lectures.’ London: 1879.

brilliant colour, this experiment would have been surely quoted as an instance of the hesitation and reluctance with which a bird, probably compelled by hunger, satisfied its appetite. The instance shows the pitfalls which surround the path of those who wish to deduce theories from experiments of this kind, which are necessarily made in very great ignorance of bird psychology, or even physiology.' (P. 155.)

Some of the instances given of attractive colouring are absolutely opposed to the theory that bright colours serve as a warning that the creature so decorated is uneatable. Thus, the yellow underwing moth is furnished with the black bands on the yellow ground-colour which is believed to be so efficacious, yet it is quite palatable to birds, or at any rate is eagerly pursued by them.

Mr. Wallace has given the following rules as to what he deems essentials of 'mimicry'—the beneficial resemblance of one creature to another—in order that it should be truly such:—

1. The imitators must inhabit the same area as do the imitated.
2. They must be relatively defenceless.
3. They must be less numerous in individuals.
4. The imitators must, by the livery they are supposed to have assumed, differ from the bulk of their own kith and kin.
5. The imitation must be merely a superficial, external resemblance.

But such resemblances may occur between insects inhabiting different countries, and this alone proves that what is practically 'mimicry' may take place without that cause (protective selection) which alone gives it value in the eyes of Darwinian theorists.

Mr. Beddard has been furnished by Mr. Herbert Druce, F.L.S., with instances; and it is impossible to deny that there are very numerous examples of close resemblances between animals which, did they inhabit the same country, would confidently be put down as cases of mimicry.

But there are cases of what would certainly be deemed 'mimicry' were it not useless. Thus, Dr. David Sharp, F.R.S., has furnished Mr. Beddard with one such instance. This is a minute beetle (*Cœliodes didymus*) which is very common upon nettles. In its companionship is occasionally found another rare species, *Centhorhynchus urtica*.

'These two insects are so much alike that it needs a careful investigation to distinguish them. And yet, what advantage is got by this resemblance? . . . Very minuteness would seem to render any detailed mimicry more than unnecessary; and yet it exists.' (P. 221.)

Mr. Beddard also refers to the description by a Swedish naturalist (Dr. Carl Borallius) of an essentially shrimp-like creature, named *Mimonectes*, which has a marvellous likeness to a jelly-fish or medusa. The body of the former animal is produced into a dome-like structure, transparent as glass, from the under side of which depend minute legs which simulate the tentacles of a medusa. Here a harmless creature has seemingly put on the appearance of a stinging jelly-fish. Yet, as Mr. Beddard says,

'It is doubtful how far the *Mimonectes* profits by its departure from the usual amphipod appearance; a school of whales or a shoal of pelagic fish could hardly be supposed to stop and analyse carefully the advantages or disadvantages of selecting or rejecting a given animal as food. And these must be the chief enemies with which small pelagic animals have to deal.' (P. 222.)

Professor Semper discovered a most remarkable instance of close resemblance between very different animals, which he was, naturally, at first inclined to regard as confirmatory of the theory of mimicry. It is so instructive a case that we think it worth while to transcribe his account as given by Mr. Beddard:—

'During my last stay at Port Mahon, in the Balearic Islands, I found among the polyps of *Cladocera cespitosu*—a coral which is there very common—a species, as it seems to me now, of the genus *Myxicola* [a kind of aquatic worm]. . . . The species of this genus spread out the tentacles with which the head is furnished—and which are often regarded as branchiæ—in the form of a funnel; the sides of the funnel are perfectly closed, and are formed of the filaments of the branchiæ which lie in the closest contiguity; the section of the funnel is circular. . . . The new *Myxicola* of Port Mahon I found, as I have said, among the polyps of *Cladocera*; they lived in long mucilaginous tubes, which they had formed in the rifts of the coral, and in which they could move about freely. As long as no light was thrown upon them they protruded themselves just so far as that the top rim of the corona of tentacles was on a level with the tentacles of the polyp, so that when the worm and the polyps were both extended, the coral itself presented a perfectly level series of cups. Moreover, the funnels of the *Myxicola* were of precisely the same colour as the polyps. . . . In short, the resemblance in size, position, and colouring of every part of the two creatures was so perfect that for a long time I took the corona of the Annelid for a polyp, until by an accidental blow I caused all the *Myxicola* of a large coral stock to shrink suddenly into their tubes, though it was not severe enough to induce an equally rapid movement in the polyps of the apathetic *Cladocera*. At the first moment I must confess I felt an almost childish delight at having detected so flagrant an instance of protective mimicry: here was a defenceless tubeworm, evidently most effectually protected by its re-

semblance to a polyp, well-defended by powerful weapons. However, I soon found reason to doubt this interpretation of the facts. . . . Among the hundreds of specimens of *Myxicola* which I found in various pieces of coral . . . I never found one that had not these same points of resemblance to the polyps. One day, finally, I found a marine sponge in which hundreds of this same *Myxicola* were living, and in every portion of it their funnels of tentacles extended just to the level of the surface of the sponge. I then sought for the *Myxicola* in other spots, and succeeded in finding it almost everywhere, in the rifts in rocks, and in the sand, between marine plants or the tubes of other worms—in short, everywhere; and wherever I examined it closely, it was exactly of the size and colour of the polyps of *Cladocera cæspitosa*. . . . Mimicry, it is plain, is out of the question; the resemblance between the two creatures is simply and wholly accidental.'

But in some cases the form which is supposed to mimic is equally abundant with its presumed model, while such mimicry may sometimes be even disadvantageous, as, for example, when clear-winged moths resemble harmless flies.

Mimicry is also not always even deceptive. Lizards, it has been found experimentally, are not to be imposed upon by a false resemblance to a bee borne by a clear-winged moth. But, indeed, when we consider the great difference between insect vision and our own, and the wonderful sharpness and quickness of the eye of a bird, we ought to be strongly impressed with the need of great caution in estimating the effects upon such creatures of what appear to us to be either conspicuous or inappreciable differences of colour or outline. Because an insect may appear to our, perhaps quite unpractised, eyes indistinguishable from a bit of lichen or a tuft of moss, would it be reasonable for us thence to conclude that a bird, endowed with the acutest vision, has no better power of discrimination? Because we may be able to perceive at a glance, not only a gaily coloured flower, but the various complex and diversely coloured markings which adorn its petals, does such a fact warrant us in being certain that an insect which flies towards it has anything like as much power of perception?

But what some observers think they can perceive, not only as to the power of certain small creatures' eyes, but even as to the mental states those eyes express, is very amusingly illustrated by a description given by a Mr. and Mrs. Peckham of the 'courtship' and 'love-dances' of spiders. The male is described as dancing, showing his first pair of legs (which are delicate green fringed with white) in various odd positions. All the time the female, we are told,

‘eyed him intently,’ and appeared ‘interested in his display.’ They speak of the female as ‘gazing in a softer mood ‘towards the male, evidently admiring the grace of his ‘antics’!

We well recollect the lady who corresponded with the late Mr. Romanes about her parrot, to which bird she ascribed ‘such a pitiful look;’ and we recollect a lover who told his sweetheart ‘that her smile was like the smile of ‘the turtle;’ but we must confess that these spiders’ ‘sheep’s ‘eyes’ are to us not only extraordinary, but, we must reluctantly add, quite incredible.

The foregoing quotation leads us naturally to the final subject of this paper—namely, ‘sexual selection.’ According to the doctrine which affirms its existence, the special characteristics of males, however beautiful, complex, bizarre, or revolting to us, have (mere strength and nimbleness apart) been evolved by means of the constantly recurring exercise of choice amongst contending suitors, such choice being determined by æsthetic considerations only.

Thus, Darwin and his followers have contended, the beauty of male birds; the complex patterns of their plumage, such as the peacock’s tail with all its wondrous eyes; the crests and wattles of other birds, the brilliant local coloration of some apes, the gorgeous hues of many butterflies, and the quaint and fantastic forms of some insects, and many of their movements, have all been produced. But as to the very spiders just noticed, it appears that the elaborate performances of the male are often long continued to no purpose, while they may rouse the female to make a sudden dash at him—an act which in so bloodthirsty an *innamorata* (always larger and more powerful than her wooer) has a very ugly, cannibal look. It may, indeed, reasonably be so regarded, since the female spider has been often known to kill and devour her accepted mate, an action which an eminent naturalist once described as ‘a very remarkable ‘post-nuptial settlement.’

With respect to the supposed action of ‘sexual selection,’ Mr. Beddard well says that for this theory

‘it is necessary to assume that the females of many species have a sense of beauty not only equal to, but far surpassing, that of the average human being. Mere brightness or unusual gaudiness in the male bird one could understand as being, in part at least, due to “preferential mating;” but to put down the delicate browns and greys of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, which is almost the most beautiful of birds, to sexual selection, is to assume a most refined sense of beauty in the bird. Moreover [when we consider many

specific characters] . . . the taste of closely allied birds must differ in an immense degree if this theory is to be accepted.' (P. 263.)

How very easy it is to mistake effects for causes in this matter is shown by Mr. Savile Kent's observations on the palolo worm, greatly esteemed as an article of food by the Pacific islanders. The abnormal activities he noted in these creatures were, indeed, due to the breeding season, but to no 'sexual selection,' for they are animals which do not pair.

That the brilliant coloration which certain apes possess should have been the work of female choice is to us utterly incredible, when we recall to mind the physical and psychical characteristics of the sexes of those animals. But there is much coloration to be found in animals which no eye can see while they are alive and unmutated. Thus, we read:—

'The body cavity of some lizards is deep black; the pigmentation does not affect the entire lining of the body cavity, but only a part of it, which is sharply differentiated from the rest; the palate of the orang-outang is black, that of the chimpanzee flesh-coloured, with no pigment at all. It is exactly these specific or generic differences in coloration which are sought to be explained by sexual selection, though it is clear that in these instances no such explanation is possible. It would not be, therefore, unreasonable to say that many forms of external colour-modifications may possibly be also without any such explanation. . . . A flagrant instance of non-adaptive coloration is the green tint of the bones in the fishes *Belone*, *Proto-perus*, and *Lepidosiren*, in the amphibian *Pseudis*, and in a lizard.' (P. 10.)

We would gladly dwell upon those wonderful patterns, known as 'eyes,' which are to be found not only on the peacock and the Argus pheasant, but which decorate in such numbers the plumage of the beautiful peacock pheasants (e.g. *Polyplectron bicalcaratum*) of the Himalayas. Such developements no one has succeeded in explaining by any mechanical interpretation of Nature; but we must content ourselves with calling attention to our authors' observations on the subject—those of Mr. Beddard (already alluded to) and Mr. Bateson. We have space but for few words more, and we regret we cannot treat this interesting subject at greater length. But, nevertheless, we have referred to neither of the works the titles of which head this article merely for the sake of the information about natural history which they contain, fascinating as such information is, but rather on account of their being manifestations of the change of spirit, which is rapidly diffusing a wider and wider recogni-

tion of the truth of those biological principles which this *Journal* has ever consistently maintained. We do not for one moment intend or desire to represent either of the authors we have been reviewing as mere anti-Darwinians. Nevertheless, they are signs of the reaction we spoke of in our opening sentence. Indeed, the views favoured and the principles here and there avowed by one or both of these authors are distinctly contradictory to the mechanical conception of Nature. The very fact that these younger naturalists are so far from having any desire to assume an intentionally hostile attitude to the doctrine of 'natural selection' lends yet more weight and importance to such of their facts and reasonings as are in distinct opposition to it. They have given us studies of Nature from fresh points of view. And it is to the frank interrogation of Nature herself, free from preconceptions, that we, above all things, desire to send biological students, instead of the exclusive contemplation of phenomena through the coloured medium of a popular theory.

We say we would send the biological student to Nature herself; but if we would avoid the greatest of all mistakes, the Nature he studies must be understood to include man, and therewith an investigation of his own highest, no less than his lowest, powers and energies. By this statement it is not, of course, meant to imply that no one can obtain a good knowledge of anatomy, animal physiology, palæontology, zoological classification, &c., without first devoting time to the study of psychology and philosophy. But then, the men of the school we oppose are by no means content to restrict their teaching to simple matters of the kind. Were such the case, they would from us receive nothing but encouragement. Pretending, however, to appeal only to the facts of Nature, they induce the student to form judgements and acquire convictions concerning matters which repose upon philosophy, and not at all on questions of zoology and botany.

Our profound disapprobation is due to the fact that upon a small knowledge of physics, anatomy, and physiology, and no more, as on a sufficient basis, our popular teachers proceed to lay down laws and inculcate maxims concerning all the highest matters with which the human mind can concern itself: morals, philosophy, and that concrete presentment of both upon which the welfare of a State most of all depends—religion.

The thorough study of the world of life is no easy matter,



although the examining and dissecting of specimens, and the performance of physiological experiments, are things easy enough. The deepest questions of natural science can never be attacked successfully by any one not possessing a good knowledge of the 'philosophy of Nature.' What is likely to follow from attempts at solving them without it has, perhaps, been sufficiently indicated by our references to the writings of Professor Haeckel, and such instances could, we regret to say, be almost matched by quotations from some of our own countrymen. Of all such deep questions of natural science, perhaps the deepest, as it is the most interesting, is the question as to the origin of species.

Considerable or small gaps between the various kinds of living creatures are manifest on all sides. The existing creation is plainly discontinuous. The facts as to continuity and discontinuity of variations, of successive forms of life and of surrounding conditions, are matters which demand most careful investigation, and investigations of the kind such as have here been noticed demand our gratitude. But what hope is there of any student of Nature arriving at the truth as to the continuity or discontinuity of specific origins if he has not a clear comprehension of the great facts of discontinuity which are on all sides open to his mental gaze?

There is, in the first place, the chasm which exists between everything which lives and all that is devoid of life. Granting that the universe may have been so formed that on the occurrence of the pre-ordained conditions, life, previously created *in potentia*, should suddenly manifest itself 'in act,' such a process of evolution does not in the least invalidate the deep significance of the fact that, for all our experience, no life arises save from what already lives.

Secondly, there is the chasm between everything which feels and all that is devoid of sensation. Every one must admit that this chasm exists—every one, that is, who is not prepared to affirm that the pen he writes with and the ink he uses are both sentient existences. For ourselves, we are profoundly convinced that we cause no pang when we pluck an apple from a tree, and that we may send grain to the mill with a perfectly good conscience.

But if the living world enables us to understand the two great instances of discontinuity just mentioned, that world, when we include men within it, makes us aware of a chasm much greater still: we mean the chasm which yawns between every being capable of self-consciousness and a

knowledge (however imperfect) of, truth, goodness, and beauty, and all that is devoid of self-conscious life. Here, of course, it is impossible for us to do more than refer to the greatest of all differences between created things; but the importance of its correct apprehension can hardly be exaggerated, and it is for this reason that we would so urge upon the biological student the study of his own mental powers as a necessary condition for a true knowledge of Nature. The recognition of the existence of this third instance of discontinuity is especially important now, when the ultimate outcome of a sensuous philosophy—its fatal tendency with respect to all which gives moral dignity or beauty to human life—is beginning to be widely understood, thanks to the efforts of an aged philosopher\* and a youthful statesman.

It was a sense of the enormous importance, here and now, of the wide diffusion of a healthy philosophy which led us to open, as we close, this article by an endeavour to urge upon our readers the absolute need which exists for a full recognition of those primary truths and principles of reason which alone make either science or morals logically possible. Once recognised, those same truths and principles will extend their salutary influence into every department of human knowledge, and especially into the sciences which deal with living things. So alone, we are convinced, shall we be able to arrive at whatever knowledge is possible for us with respect to the ultimate laws of life, its maintenance and reproduction; the nature of that most mysterious of all faculties (as existing in ourselves or other animals), namely, instinct; and the deepest explanation obtainable of the facts concerning the forms and colours of living creatures, the principles which govern their individual variations, and which preside over the origin of each separate existence and of each new species inhabiting our planet. For this we need a combination of wide and deep philosophical views with persevering observations and patient and ample records of facts and phenomena, and for such latter we desire to express our thanks to the authors of the two books which we have here reviewed.

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\* Dr. Martineau.

ART. V.—*The Collected Works of Robert Louis Stevenson* (Edinburgh Edition), viz.:—1. *Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes*; 2. *Picturesque Edinburgh*; 3. *Treasure Island*; 4. *Kidnapped*; 5. *The New Arabian Nights*; 6. *The Master of Ballintrae*; 7. *The Silverado Squatters*; 8. *The Ebb Tide*; 9. *A Child's Garden of Verses*; and *Miscellanies*. 8 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London: 1894–5.

No author need desire a more gratifying tribute than to be mourned and missed as a personal friend by a multitude who only knew him through his books. Nor should Stevenson have deemed it a misfortune that he perhaps took a higher rank among men of letters during his life than may be assigned him by the dispassionate judgement of posterity. He was at the height of his fame when he was with us to enjoy it, and he made no secret of having staked much of his earthly happiness on the endurance of his popularity. Had it been otherwise he would never have made so great a name. For it was his especial charm that he kept himself always in closest touch with the ever-extending circle of his admirers, and to him was given the very rare gift of awakening and intensifying feelings of warm and almost passionate attachment. In fact, with his sensitive and self-revealing versatility he had made friends among all sorts and conditions of men, by taking each or any of them to his innermost confidence.

There was irresistible fascination in what it would be unfair to characterise as egotism; for it came naturally to him to talk frankly and easily of himself. No man who was not touchingly free from self-consciousness would have published the 'Child's Garden of Verses.' He cannot address a friend in his melodious rhyming without inviting sympathy and interest by reviving associations and memories. He could never have dreamed, like Pepys, of locking up his confidences in a diary. From first to last, in inconsecutive essays, in the records of sentimental touring, in fiction and in verse, he has embodied the outer and the inner autobiography. He discourses—he prattles—he almost babbles about himself. He seems to have taken minute and habitual introspection for the chief study in his analysis of human nature, as a subject which was immediately in his reach, and would most surely serve his purposes. We suspect much of the success of his novels was due to the fact that as he seized for a substructure on the scenery and situations which had

impressed him forcibly, so in the characters of very different types there was always more or less of self-portraiture. The subtle touch, eminently and unmistakeably realistic, gave life to what might otherwise have seemed a lay figure. For the shrewd, though romantic and imaginative, young Scot had a practical side to his genius. The writer of the 'New Arabian Nights' and 'Dr. Jekyll' had no ill-disciplined mind. He could indulge that soaring fancy of his in extravagant flights, and would embody some morbid day-dream or nightmare in strangely sensational fiction. He soon came to understand what 'fetched' the public, and his ambition was set upon fame with its substantial fruits. But he constrained himself from the beginning to a severe and austere course of self-training. He always had attached extreme importance to style, and it was the finish and ultra-refinement of his style which first conciliated and then almost terrorised the critics. In some of the leading reviews the 'Travels in the Cevennes' and the 'Inland Voyage' were welcomed with almost rapturous admiration. Thenceforward it had become the fashion to admire, and he made the most of an unusually favourable start. It is too often the case that injudicious or exaggerated praise blights the fair prospects of a promising young writer. It lulls him into carelessness and excites him to short-sighted over-production. On Stevenson the effect was altogether the reverse. Up to a certain point, with the success of each succeeding book he became more thoughtful and more conscientious. He nursed his growing popularity by guarding his fame, and till health had failed, and he fell back on the collaborative system, each volume from Stevenson's pen was assured of a welcome, and not only numbered its eager readers by the ten thousand, but invariably commanded the consideration or adulation of the reviewers.

As we have said, the whole story of his life is told or shadowed out in his many-sided writings. In the 'Garden of Verses' we hear of the sickly childhood and of the kindly nurse, to whom he paid a loving tribute when the disease from which she had snatched him in infancy had again laid deadly hold on him. 'Picturesque Edinburgh' was chronologically one of his later books, but it comes in second when we look between the lines for the autobiography. Scott, with whom we are always tempted to compare him, 'sed longo intervallo,' was not more heartily devoted to his own romantic town. As Scott in his sad decline would daily drive down the Canongate to Holy-

rood in his roomy landau, Mr. Stevenson would go wandering about old Edinburgh by day and by night. Like Scott in his youth, he went climbing Arthur's Seat, scrambling over Salisbury Craigs and Sampson's stony ribs, and making excursions through the sheep-downs in the pastoral solitudes of the Pentlands. Like Scott in his ardent and impressionable youth, he was all unconsciously storing up the materials for his fictions. It was from old Edinburgh he drew the fresh inspirations which never failed, even in the intoxicating atmosphere of the balmy South Seas, when, adapting his romances to the demands of the day, he had turned his attention to the white savages and the survivals of the buccaneers. The 'Picturesque Edinburgh' is admirably picturesque, and never did a sentimentally sensational writer light upon a more congenial subject. The impressions of his schooldays were deep and lasting. He recalls how he used to scramble up the wooded precipices of the Castle Hill, which had been scaled before him by nocturnal storming parties in the wars of the Succession and in civil broils, and how he would triumph when he had laid a hand on the basement of the battlements. He remembers sympathetically how the urchins from Heriot's Hospital used to snatch a fearful joy in intruding on the sombre precincts of the Greyfriars' Cemetery, sanctified by the sufferings of Covenanting martyrs, and shout timid challenges in quavering accents at the haunted mausoleum of the Bloody Mackenzie. As he grows up his sense of the sublime and beautiful awakens into vigorous life. He becomes alive to the unrivalled beauties of a city which surpass the attractions of Prague or Salzburg. For Edinburgh, though like Jerusalem it is set upon a hill and surrounded by hills, is not shut in by a cincture of mountains. From the Castle, which is its Zion and which crowns the rocky ridge of the old town, he looked out upon the epitomised panorama of stern but fertile Caledonia. In the distance is the blue range of the Highland hills, which used to be the barrier in the days of 'Kidnapped' and 'Catriona' between civilisation and comparative barbarism. In the middle distance are the Pentlands, which figure continually in his reminiscences, where the persecuted Covenanters were wont to hold their conventicles and sometimes show fight at their field-preachings when assailed by the troopers of the Council. Hard by are the heights which look down upon Holyrood, once a favourite and convenient refuge of the malefactors of the Scottish metropolis, as Windsor Forest and Bagshot

Heath used to be for the outlaws of London. Yet the grand and somewhat gloomy landscape is softened by a pleasant intermingling of the scenes and sights of peace and prosperity. Between the Castle and the Bass, where Balfour was kept in captivity, are stretched the rich farms of East Lothian; on the other side is Linlithgowshire, with the winding river, where Balfour and Alan went wandering; beyond the broad estuary of the Forth; the grey smoke is rising from the prosperous fishing villages and townlets which skirt the coasts of the 'Kingdom,' and where the absconding banker was tracked by the *carbonari*; and the sea view, as Stevenson says, is alive with steamers trailing their smoke towards the horizon, and with vessels under sail tacking towards the Baltic.

The city itself had inspirations for him of a no less sensational sort. The toppling 'lands' which had latterly been collapsing; the closes which were sombre in the brightest sunshine, and darkened besides by the clothes-drying of their poverty-stricken tenants, were replete with suggestions for his dramas of the present and the past. There is nothing, perhaps, more vividly dramatic in his writings than his picture of the fall of the lofty tenements above the Mound, when the fishermen and ploughmen, looking across from Eyre at dawn of day, saw a strange rift in the familiar cliffs of stonework which had hitherto bounded their northern horizon. That fall, as he says, spread sorrow and revived fond recollections among exiled Scots in all quarters of the globe, from New Zealand to the Wild West of the Canadian Dominion. For those teeming hives of humanity had been continually throwing off industrious swarms to all quarters of the globe. The olden memories of Auld Reekie might have been still more pregnant for the writer, whose fancy had been captivated by the romances of French feudalism. For some reason he was not tempted by the days when the warlike aristocracy of a country distracted by fierce hereditary animosities, were cooped up like fighting-cocks in narrow closes—where they contested the crown of the causeway to the wild gathering cries of their swordsmen, and when atrocious crimes of violence in broad day were always renewing long-standing vendettas. But he laid his scenes subsequently among those picturesque but incommensurable tenements in the times of transition, when the martial barons with their military households had been replaced by smooth-spoken lawyers who were statesmen as well, by the heads of county families, and by peers whose

ambition did not take them to the Court. When Balfour made acquaintance with Catriona, aristocratic influences were still supreme in Edinburgh, and politics were all the more envenomed that the area and interests were circumscribed; while the sullen adherents of the exiled dynasty were still, before their final effort, a formidable danger to the State. These subjects have only been touched incidentally in the course of Balfour's stirring adventures. But though posthumous stories, left unfinished, can seldom be satisfactory, we shall look forward with interest to the promised work, which is said to have the subtle but kindly Preston-grange for its hero.

We have dwelt at perhaps undue length upon his little volume of 'Picturesque Edinburgh'—in which, by the way, he has borrowed freely from Chambers's 'Traditions of Edinburgh'—but it is really the story of the writer's literary education, as it forecasts the worries of that constitutional debility which sent him into the involuntary exile to which he resigned himself with constitutional fortitude. He speaks of the climate of his native town with the personal rancour of an aggrieved sufferer. He resents the boisterous exhilaration of citizens buttoned up in overcoats, who face the blustering east winds and make an offensive show of enjoying them. He does his best to draw a lesson of cheerful endurance from seeing two little barefooted lasses singing in the exuberance of their spirits as they dance along the frosted pavements. But, although he may try to lay the lesson to heart, his habitual tone is one of savage abuse. In this passage we have the expression of his innermost feelings: 'To none but those who have themselves suffered the thing in the body can the gloom and depression of an Edinburgh winter be brought home. For some constitutions there is something almost physically disgusting in the bleak ugliness of easterly weather: the mind wearies, the sickly sky depresses them, and they turn back from their walk to avoid the aspect of the unrefulgent sun going down among perturbed and pallid mists.' Again, he wails out that 'life is so unsightly that there are times when the heart turns sick in a man's inside.'

In his native town he served a brief apprenticeship to law and literature, neglecting the one, to which he had a natural aversion, and perhaps unconsciously preparing himself for the practice of the other, by enthralling 'cracks' with humble friends among the shepherds of the Pentlands and the husbandmen of the Lothians; by saturating himself

with the spirit of the English romantic classics, and especially with the works of the great master of Scottish fiction, which explains the early polish of his style and the genesis of the best of his books. He was never a free agent, and was always more or less at the mercy of his health. It was health, we believe, which sent him to the Cevennes, but he characteristically tried the somewhat perilous remedy of exposure to the weather and occasional roughing which has since been recommended by fashionable physicians to patients ordered to Colorado or British Columbia. Moreover, in the Cevennes, he entered upon a severe course of self-discipline and of developing self-reliance under rather trying conditions. The trip proved fortunate in every way, and the modest narrative of exciting adventure had an almost unaccountable success. It may have been overpraised by the friendly critics who set the fashion of pronouncing it admirable; but it is to their credit that they justly recognised as its most striking merits the extreme and elaborate care of the workmanship. Besides that, there were evidences of a thoughtful philosophy which moralised in playful manner on the foibles of human nature—giving platitudes a paradoxical air of originality—and of the dramatic power which could dash in a sketch with figures of idiosyncrasies who took the tone and colour from their breeding and surroundings. Any one reading the ‘Travels in the Cevennes’ with care might surmise that in the writer were the possibilities of an accomplished novelist. The little book was obviously, if not avowedly, an imitation. The affected and capricious printing of certain words in italics and with capital letters was an advertisement that Stevenson in his sentimental journey was treading in the footsteps of Sterne. Stevenson, although in those respects he cannot rival his predecessor, is always indulging in similar sentimental or philosophical reflexions, and endeavouring to strike an identical vein of humour. But Sterne, in his dry fashion, was a born humorist, whereas with Stevenson the fun is often forced, and only flows with sensible efforts at the pump-handle. But not a few of the scenes and many of the sentences are thoroughly Sternish—if we may coin a word. After much bargaining Stevenson buys the donkey that was to be his troublesome travelling companion from an old gentleman rejoicing in the *sobriquet* of ‘Father Adam.’ Possibly it was the famous ‘dead ass’ that suggested the purchase. Father Adam was more venerable than reputable. ‘He professed ‘himself greatly touched by the separation, and declared he



'had often bought white bread for the donkey when he had been content with black bread for himself; but this, according to the best authorities, must have been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for brutally misusing the ass; yet it is certain that he shed a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek.' In that passage the 'it is certain he shed a tear' is Sterne; the rest is genuine Stevenson. It is Stevenson, again, when he pronounces 'Modestine' a mere appurtenance of his unmanageable mattress—'a self-acting bedstead on four castors.' But there is undiluted Sterne in the following lines: 'God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise the innocent creature: let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.'

No sensible man of talent would have risked writing so uneventful a narrative of every-day incident had he not been conscious of the art of making much of very little. In that Stevenson excelled. He showed it still more remarkably in his still tamer 'Inland Voyage,' where the worst peril of shipwreck was in the locks of a Flemish canal; and in which one of the most attractive and effective scenes is in the microscopic Dutch painting of a birdcage and the inmate imprisoned like the starling. He attempted it again with more questionable results, in the volume he devoted towards the close of his career to the tempests in the teacup of Samoan politics. In the solitudes of the deserts and gorges of the Cevennes, with the rushing streams and the rustling pine-woods he had hit upon a singularly happy subject. There was a dash of something verging on danger: the people were unsophisticated, sometimes inhospitably suspicious of strangers, and they often spoke a strange and almost unintelligible *patois*. It was easy in the chronicle to make mountains of molehills and to affect to mistake windmills for giants. A strange sound near the lonely bivouac, in the solemn stillness of the night, would thrill through susceptible nerves like the sighings of an Æolian harp. The wanderings of the traveller with his stolid but vociferous comrade remind us often of the experiences of Don Quixote and his squire, and of those of Borrow when he had turned knight-errant in Spain for the diffusion of the Gospel. He loses his way and must camp out in the wilderness, beset by apprehensions of horrors and terrors which vanish with the night mists and the breaking of the dawn. He is landed supperless in primitive hostelries where he would be glad indeed of the cowheels which Sancho marked for his own. He goes to rest in

strange sleeping quarters, suggestive of trap-doors, *oubliettes*, and stealthy cut-throats. He is assured in the daylight that his simple hosts are highly respectable, and then his sole speculation is as to the amount of the bill, which may be ludicrously small or a ruthless swindle. These thrilling personal incidents are interspersed with brilliantly graphic and poetical sketches of scenery, as seen in light and shade, under the blazing southern sun or in pallid moonshine. The language is often farfetched and sometimes affected, and though it obviously bears the mark of frequent revision, still the sharpness of first impressions is retained and it places the scenes vividly before us. The traveller is cultivating the landscape painter's faculty of minute observation which served him well in his subsequent books, redeeming his frequent descriptions from the reproach of dull uniformity. He found more romantic material when he reached the hill strongholds of the Cevennes, where the bitter intolerance of the conflicting creeds yet lingers among the people, with the traditions of cruel persecutions and the relentless reprisals they provoked. But perhaps the happiest examples of the earlier style of the peripatetic essayist are to be found in his reflexions, as he lay dreaming and dozing through 'A Night among the Pines.'

'Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof, but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps in a field. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deep and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour, unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are at their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake in the meadows, sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides and change to a new lair among the ferns; and homeless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night. . . . Yet even when I was exulting in my solitude, I became conscious of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet than solitude, and which rightly understood is solitude made perfect.'

The Ideal and the Fanciful had set their stamp on his sentimental travelling, and both are specially characteristic of his earlier fiction, and more especially in the prominent personages. When, as a boy, his tastes had turned towards

romance, one of his first and most valued masters had been an old shepherd of the Pentlands. He tells how 'he dropped into civilities' with John Todd, hearing of 'the exquisite stupidity of the sheep, the exquisite cunning of the dog,' and listening to his tales of conventicles and Covenanters, and of saints militant who sealed their testimony with their blood. A dreamy lad, he was absorbed in the literature of his predilection. 'Give me a highwayman and I was full to the brim—a Jacobite would do, but a highwayman was my favourite dish.' There we have the germ of his stories of the proscribed and hunted fugitives of the '45—of buccaneers, beach-combers and wreckers. From boyhood onwards he had sat at the feet of Scott and Dumas, those inimitable painters of life in vigorous action, who had imbued themselves so thoroughly with the spirit of the middle ages as hopelessly to distance all rivals and imitators. Yet it was characteristic of Stevenson's self-reliant independence that his was no slavish admiration. He does not hesitate sacrilegiously to denounce 'Scott's languid, inarticulate twaddle'—perhaps he had some of the tedious introductions or the first half-volume of 'Waverley' in his mind—as he speaks superciliously of the slovenly workmanship of 'The Pirate.' No methods of composition could indeed be in stronger contrast than Scott's almost unconscious rush of thought and intense repugnance to revision with Stevenson's deliberate execution and elaborate polish. He said that 'sometimes of a whole day's work not a single sentence would stand'—which goes far to explain how the swift results of Scott's exuberant spontaneity so far transcend in glow and animation the most admirable of Stevenson's Scottish stories. Compare, for example, 'Kidnapped' with 'Waverley,' or 'Guy Mannering' with the 'Master of Ballintrae,' who, like the heir of Ellangowan, was a native of Galloway.

It seems a paradox, but it is a truth, that the highest quality of fiction is *reality*. The heroes of Homer, the characters of Shakespeare, the personages of Defoe and Scott, may be creations of the imagination, but they are the image and pure reflexion of living men. Such writers literally hold the mirror up to nature. That constitutes their pre-eminence. In Mr. Stevenson's tales this quality of reality is almost entirely wanting. Such beings as he describes never existed or could exist. They are actors in a pantomime, hid in masks and motley, and they amused, not by their truth, but by their eccentricity.

Stevenson followed neither Scott nor Defoe in his attempts at fiction. 'The New Arabian Nights' were brought out, we believe, in an obscure magazine, 'The London;' and consequently, perhaps, they attracted so little attention as to discourage the author. Yet, although the idea was avowedly plagiarised, they were brightly original in the conception. Stevenson gave free rein to fantastic extravagances which had been running riot in his hot and seething brain, and showed, moreover, the predilections for the morbid which were to give us 'Dr. Jekyll' and 'Mr. Hyde.' It was a happy and ingenious fancy, which set possibilities at defiance, while at the same time conjuring up irresistible illusions by an almost vulgar fidelity of local detail—which brought Bagdad of the Caliphs to London and confused the Tigris with the Thames. In the misnamed 'Suicide Club,' really a mutual association for murder, we have the counterpart of Haroun Alraschid wandering about the Haymarket with his faithful vizier, using his wealth and secret power to change the fortunes and decide the fates of individuals, in defiance of the detective police and in contempt of the sitting magistrates. The Prince of Bohemia himself—he might have been borrowed, by the way, from the Grand Duke in Sue's 'Mystères de Paris'!—suffers a sad sea change and a truly oriental transformation. When still preserving his commanding and magnetic dignity he subsides in 'The Dyna-miters' on the cigar divan of the shop near Leicester Square. These stories incidentally throw light on another chapter of biography. In 'A Lodging for the Night' and 'The Sire de Malétoit's Door' we are reminded that Stevenson was then fresh from a residence in the Quartier Latin, as they are full of the memories of mediæval France, and suggest his sympathetic study of the mediæval chroniclers. It is strange that he never again made use of these picturesque and serviceable memories till in his latter days he collaborated with his stepson in 'The Wrecker,' when he revived his old recollections of the Bohemian colony of Fontainebleau.

'The Suicide Club' is thrillingly dramatic in its title, although the ideal still predominates in the wayward distortion of strange or inconceivable individualities. It reminds us much of Balzac's 'Histoire de Treize,' and the designation of 'Arabian Nights' excuses and explains its outrageous incredibility. Balzac imagines a possible confraternity of crime, which multiplies the chances of im-

munity from detection by the diabolical astuteness of unscrupulous brotherhood sworn to the perpetration of any enormity. Stevenson's club is made up of the weak and the vicious, who, though they might sell themselves to Satan in a moment of despair, would assuredly have broken away from the bargain, all oaths to the contrary, when the morrow had brought sick headache and calmer reflection. Nevertheless, nothing can be more powerful than the situation when Prince Florizel, with all his iron nerve, realises what are the stakes of that sinister gambling. To play his life on the turn of a card is much, but the chance of having the rôle of a murderer assigned to him sends a shock alike to his nerve and his conscience. The method of his extrication is commonplace, yet after all he was in London and not in Bagdad. But there is both terror and intense pathos in the description of the coward, who, driven to his last resources for a new excitement, has trifled once too often with the death he dreads. We follow him with a sickening shudder when he is ordered away to his fate as a sheep to the slaughter, although we know, of course, that as he crossed Trafalgar Square he had only to put himself under the safeguard of the first policeman. Sometimes, in his fantastic perversity, the romancist gratuitously defies the realistic; sometimes he introduces it with a plunge into bathos, and with singularly effective results, as when the weak-minded young American smuggles the corpse of the murdered Geraldine into England in the multifarious luggage of Prince Florizel. In abject terror of detection he drives to the Craven Hotel, Craven Street, has the Saratoga trunk, with its ghastly contents, carried up to his attic by a pair of grumbling porters, and then, after pretence at dinner in 'the yellow coffee-room,' is 'shown down to the black, gas-lit cellar, which formed, and possibly still forms, the divan of the Craven Hotel.' It is characteristic that these details are doubtless exact and carefully studied; and equally characteristic is one of the repulsive touches in which Stevenson would not unfrequently indulge, notwithstanding his super-refinement. Before Silas left the trunk-coffin to go down to dine 'he nosed all the cracks and openings with the most passionate attention. 'But the weather was cool.'

The pseudo-caliph figures conspicuously in the 'Rajah's Diamond,' which recalls the scenes and conceptions in Wilkie Collins's 'Moonstone,' but he disappears from the other stories. 'The Pavilion on the Links' stands out by

itself, and is perhaps the most impressive of the series. The patriotic Scot, who loathed his native climate, is, nevertheless, at the strongest on his native soil. Old familiarity and wistful affection effectively etch in the scenes and surroundings. Here the fantastic effects are introduced by a blending of strangely incongruous elements. Nothing could be more natural than that an absconding banker, who had outrageously swindled a formidable secret society, should accept the hospitality offered him in an out-of-the-world nook of the North. Nothing more natural than that an eccentric foot-wanderer, like Borrow's Lavengro or Stevenson of the Cevennes, should pitch his tent among the sea-blown sands of Fyfe, which gave the writer admirable opportunities of picturesque description. Nothing more natural than that the sworn bloodhounds of the victimised Association should follow up the trail and keep close watch on the enemy. But nothing more extravagant, even in the 'Suicide Club,' than that the *carbonari* of outlandish costume and speech should muster unremarked in a Fyfeshire fishing village; or that a dwelling-house should be beset, beleaguered, and burned within sound of the bells of a parish church, and with farmers, fishermen, and gamekeepers going about their daily business. The humour and the thrill of the melodrama are in its being so ludicrously misplaced. The two little French stories in the series please us the most, because they are so true to nature and to our ideas of their times. In the 'Sire de Malétroit's Door,' really the only stretch of extravagance is in the presentation of the venerable cynic who deliberately sets the trap. Yet we know that the pride of family and a stainless pedigree not unfrequently take the form of mild insanity. The rest follows, not unnaturally, considering the manner in which marriages were then arranged, and the inflammability of youths and maidens who had slight opportunities for courtship. In that, as in 'A Lodging for the Night,' there are striking pictures of the French feudal towns huddled up within the fortifications, and of the perils of the gloomy streets when the night had dropped its curtain. All manner of villainy walked abroad, and the patrols of the *guet* or the undisciplined soldiery gave fair warning of their approach by their jovial choruses or the clash of their weapons. *En revanche*, when they did lay hands on a straggler, they dealt out sharp and summary injustice. 'The Lodging' is like another scene from Hugo's 'Notre-Dame.' We make acquaintance with infamous characters

in the lowest dens of crime. But the interest centres in the scurrilous poet Villon, whose depraved genius had a strange fascination for Stevenson, and whom he has scourged and branded in the most stinging of his essays. Villon is the very *fanfaron* of shameless vice and low cunning; his shattered nerves do indifferent duty for a conscience, he dallies lovingly in his sprightly chatter with the bleached remains of the ruffians who swing from the neighbouring gibbet of Montfaucon, though he would be paralysed with abject terror were the noose actually around his neck. There is something of the mocking cynicism of Voltaire, blended with the broad humour of Rabelais, in Villon's dialogue with the dignified old seigneur who entertains and would assist him in contemptuous charity. He shows his knowledge of himself when he mockingly rejects his last chance, for he is too utterly lost to be reclaimed to respectability.

The sequel of 'The Dynamiters,' written many years afterwards, except for the casual resuscitation of the fallen Prince of Bohemia had slight connexion with its more brilliant predecessors. It was a grim *jeu d'esprit* dealing lightly with a grave menace to society; and the extreme looseness of the construction is scarcely excused by the fact that it was professedly a wild extravaganza. Nevertheless, there are inimitably comical passages, as where the writer ridicules the personal apprehensions of the conspirators, who, while plotting to scatter death and destruction broadcast, are careful of themselves as any hypochondriac, as in 'Zero's' touching pictures of the disappointment of the scientific dynamiter when the infernal machine he has painfully elaborated is brought to trial and not even a baby is blown to shivers. Nor can anything be much droller than the 'Tale of the Explosive Bomb,' set by clockwork to explode at a certain hour, with the agonies of the agent in charge, who cannot get rid of it and seems doomed to the revolting death of dynamite. Nor is there anything so sombrely thrilling in the sensational romances of the South Sea as the scene of treasure-hunting in the dismal swamp, where the pestiferous slime is alive with poisonous reptiles and the deadly atmosphere is darkened with clouds of obscene carrion flies.

The mention of treasure-hunting brings us back to 'Treasure Island,' which was born of the original 'Arabian Nights.' If the author of the 'Nights' had gained little notoriety, his work was appreciated by an enterprising pub-

lishing firm. Messrs. Cassell invited him to write a story for 'The Boys' Own Journal,' and, after some hesitation, he consented. Probably he was aware that nothing is more difficult for the inexperienced than to write an effective story for boys. But he may have known, too, that it would be easier to him than to most men, as the writer of 'The Child's 'Garden of Verses' remained in many ways a child and a boy to the last. Without an effort he could warm up all his boyish predilections, and he knew well the sort of reading a boy loved. Besides, what is a blot on his later books, or at least a defect, was in this case no disadvantage. There is little lovemaking in any of his stories. But in 'Treasure Island' he goes to work with a will in transforming the highwayman of his old passion into the reckless buccaneer. How dexterously he uses the sinister romance that hung about prosperous Bristol, as the seat of the slave trade, the headquarters of smuggling, and the retreat of gentlemen of fortune, who had survived to be superannuated, or had retired on a modest competency! There is far more than the ordinary picturesqueness of his favourite contrasts in the smooth-spoken and respectable Silver, keeping a well-conducted public-house under the shadow of a cathedral, with cut-throats and reprobates for his valued customers. Perhaps we may wonder that Flint's lieutenant should have chosen to take up his quarters in so dangerous a vicinity, when he knew that his old comrades had scent of his dangerous secret. But the wild story works out very naturally, and the buccaneers so realise our conceptions that they might well be mistaken for portraits. The keynote is struck to excellent purpose in blustering Bill Bones, with his truculent swagger and everlasting mistrust, who startles the homebred frequenters of the village tap with the rollicking chorus of the 'Dead Man's Chest.' Nothing more likely than that the injudicious squire should fall a victim to the plausible Silver, and ship a crew of Silver's choosing. Silver himself is one of those enigmatical personages of whom we have spoken, for the forecastle Machiavel is so deep that we can never fathom him, and almost too clever to seem real. He may have made Flint's mutinous ship's company mild as lambs, but we cannot conceive how he managed it. Nor can we believe that Mr. Stevenson altogether made up his own mind as to Silver's intentions in the final quest for the vanished treasure. But boys are not exacting critics, and their elders may easily get excited over Machiavel, the mainspring of the machinations



which Jim Hawkins defeats. As for Jim's conduct in desperate emergencies, it is difficult to overpraise it. It is he who chiefly keeps up the illusion, and overpersuades us as to the actuality of his story. He has more than a double share of shrewd mother-wit, and his natural astuteness is sharpened by his eager aspirations. Presence of mind with him is second nature. He accomplishes a startling succession of achievements, yet no one of them is incredible. Nor could either he or his patrons have possibly pulled through against tremendous odds had not their enemies given themselves away in the insanity of their vices. With the broaching of the rum casks on the beach, the unquenchable thirst for drink and the insatiable greed of gold turn the gang of ruffians into so many demons. In their drunken frenzy they care as little for their own lives as for those of their intended victims, exchange stabs and pistol shots with no provocation, and bivouac in the swamp, where the air is deadly. The enriching of the adventurers is a foregone conclusion, but otherwise the sensation is excellently sustained. In the penultimate scenes, before the emotional *dénouement*, the interest still centres in Jim and Silver, who have all along engrossed it with their play and counter-play; to the very last we are left in doubt as to the mind and purposes of the plausible buccaneering scoundrel, who, indeed, steers a doubtful course under stress of changing circumstances; and, were it not a novel, to the last we should feel anxiety as to the fate of the captive boy, which hung by a hair on the caprices of a ruffian.

It seems strange that the praises lavished upon 'Treasure Island' did not satisfy the writer as to his vocation for fiction. We might have fancied that the mere pleasure of doing brilliant work—of conjuring up, at the touch of his pen, the picturesque characters who lived and breathed—would have encouraged and, indeed, constrained him to persevere in story-telling. On the contrary, he hesitated again, and had anxious consultations with candid friends, who expressed very opposite opinions. One of the ablest of them assured him, with friendly conviction, that his real calling was essay-writing, and that he would do well to confine himself to that. Fortunately for the many to whom he has given infinite pleasure, Stevenson was guided by more judicious counsels. We venture to think that, with his love of intellectual self-indulgence, had he found novel-writing really enjoyable, he would never have doubted at all. But there comes in the difference between him and Scott, whom

he condemns for the slovenliness of hasty workmanship. Scott, in his best days, sat down to his desk, and let the swift pen take its course in inspiration that seemed to come without an effort. Even when racked with pains and groaning in agony the intellectual machinery was still driven at high pressure by something that resembled an irrepressible instinct. Stevenson can have had little or nothing of that inspiring inflatus. He did his painstaking work conscientiously, thoughtfully; he erased, he revised, and he was hard to satisfy. In short, it was his weird—and he could not resist it—to set style and form before fire and spirit. We feel the results, rather than detect them, and they impress us chiefly in the most cursory comparison with Scott. In truth, Stevenson has indiscreetly given opportunity for the comparison. We are compelled to contrast 'The Black Arrow' with 'Ivanhoe' or 'The Betrothed.' In the former there are clever pieces of scene painting; but though they are sometimes dazzling, we feel they are illusive. Crookbacked Richard is madly melodramatic; he is a grotesque caricature of the usurper we know in Shakespeare. The forest outlaws are but faint and second-hand reflexions of Locksley and the holy Clerk of Copmanhurst. The chivalry of the Roses is rather suggestive of the theatrical Eglinton Tournament than of the Joyous Passage of Arms at Ashby; though at Ashby even Scott makes 'Ivanhoe' run a succession of charges which would have sorely overtaxed any earthborn battle steed. The fact is that in any of these studies of the olden time it is but a question of deluding us more or less successfully. Scott came as near to the mastery of the magic spell as mortal man could do; and Stevenson failed, not discredibly, in an attempt to which he was possibly encouraged by his success in such short dramatic episodes as the 'Sieur de Malétoit's 'Door.' By far the most impressive scene is when the stolen bark is labouring in the breakers, and drifting with its helpless men-at-arms towards a lee shore, when little short of a miracle can save it. For the descendant of the old sea-rovers, the grandson of the naval engineer, whose memory is associated with roosts and reefs and Highland lighthouses, and 'The Pirate,' is always at home on the waves, whether the brig 'Covenant' be in trouble off the coast of Mull, or the schooner 'Farralone,' heeling over to her lee scuppers, is striking sail when caught in a hurricane on the misnamed Pacific.

But it was 'Kidnapped' which immediately followed

‘Treasure Island,’ and Stevenson has never done a more ‘finished or effective piece of work than that romance of ‘the rising of the ‘45.’ It is no fault of ours that he *will* be continually challenging Scott, by venturing upon almost identical ground; and it would be unfair to persist in invidious comparisons with the mighty master of the magic spell. ‘Kidnapped’ has merits and charms of its own, with a quaint and decided originality of conception. There are studies, etched in with more black than white, which leave indelible impressions. There is the grim old house of Shaws, with its bleak and sinister surroundings, a fitting abode for the God-forsaken old miser, who sells his soul to the devil to increase his worldly substance. There is the floating hell on the ill-named ‘Covenant,’ where cruelty and drunkenness, and greed like that of old Balfour, make the miserable present more horrible to the home-sick and sea-sick lad, who looks forward to dismal slavery on the plantations. A spark is set to the smouldering combustibles when Alan Stewart comes on board with his money-belt and those silver buttons which play an important part in the story. Yet though Alan’s arrival leads to blows and blood, he comes with a waft of fresh Highland air which clears the murky atmosphere. With all his faults and the prejudices of his semi-barbaric upbringing, he is the embodiment of honest and single-minded manhood. We take him to be the most natural and lifelike of all Stevenson’s portraits. This typical Celt, like the Gascon, is full of braggadocio, yet he is ready to back up the brave language with bold deeds, and his courage is unimpeachable. Capable of extraordinary self-sacrifice, and the staunchest of comrades where he has taken a fancy, it is perilous to ruffle his Highland susceptibilities. He might pass his sword through his friend on slight provocation, at the cost of never-dying remorse. His wild chivalry and his thrilling escapes as a proscribed fugitive are expressive of the unsettled conditions of the Highlands, which was the best and only excuse for the cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. The western clans cared nothing for politics, but they were devoted to their banished chieftains, and detested the Saxons and the Whigs who sympathised with the Saxons. Alan is rescued from the billows of the Minch while risking his neck to carry to his chief the second rent which had been voluntarily paid by poverty-stricken clansmen. There is nothing much more graphic in ‘Waverley’ than the description of the arbitrary old Cluny in his cage, when the secret was kept by scores of

paupers whom he scourged with whips, if not with scorpions, and who might have enriched themselves by denouncing him at the nearest garrison.

There, as in the long and close comradeship with Alan, the southern-bred David Balfour, the pupil of Presbyterians and the inheritor of their principles or narrow prejudices, comes in admirably as a foil to the Highland gentlemen who have so few feelings in common with him. Cluny, if he plays the courteous though distant host, and even gives his advice on a point of delicacy when appealed to as a father, cannot conceal his aversion to the pragmatistical young Puritan. Alan, who knows David better and who owes him much, is always being scandalised and irritated by sentiments he cannot understand. And David, on his part, is lost in amaze at the perverted notions of law and morality which prevailed in the mountains under the patriarchal system. To him it seemed clear as day that the short way out of the trouble of the Appin murder would have been the surrender of the assassin, so far as that might have been brought about by simply telling the truth. But even the timid James Stewart, who has ultimately to suffer for complicity in the crime, never hesitates on the point of honour which lets the real murderer escape, by throwing suspicion on his own innocent kinsman and on the stranger who had trusted to his hospitality. Alan, of course, cordially agrees, though he has to run the gauntlet of flying parties of enemies on the outlook, from Ballachulish to the Firth of Forth.

The scenes and adventures are not only exciting in themselves, but they give a faithful historical picture of the society of the time, and of the relations and distinctions between Highlander and Lowlander. Now and again, indeed, we come upon a strange oversight which we should scarcely have expected in Stevenson, as when heavy cavalry is made to manœuvre on the moor of Rannoch, where the horses would have been bogged to the holsters in the moss-flows. But these trivial mistakes pass almost unperceived in the persuasive glamour of the general air of truthfulness. Imagination must have had much to do with creating the light-hearted Alan, the representative of vanishing manners and of a bygone age of barbarism. But David Balfour is the eternal south-country lad whom Stevenson had known well at school and college. In some of his most striking characteristics he is obviously Stevenson himself. He had sucked in Calvinistic Presbyterianism with his mother's milk; he

had been weaned and reared on the Shorter Catechism and long sermons; and the seed had been sown in good although stiff and arid soil. Shrewd and somewhat 'close,' with a sharp eye to the main chance, he is made prematurely sagacious by trials and troubles. Resourceful as Jim Hawkins, of whom he is the Scottish counterpart, he has strong principles which are the fruit of early piety, to which the child of the English public-house cannot pretend. His deeds of generosity and noble self-abnegation are the results of deliberate reflexion, when he has resisted his impulses and consulted his conscience. Yet there is a dash of chivalry in the young Presbyterian. He knows it would be wise to part from Alan when they are being hunted, for it would be comparatively easy to purge himself of suspicion. But though Alan is irritating with his airs of protection, the claims of friendship are not to be denied, and he never seriously thinks of renouncing the compromising acquaintance.

That Stevenson bestowed infinite pains upon David is evident, and it was but natural that after a long interval he should fulfil the promise given on the last page of 'Kid-napped,' and carry on the adventures of the youth who was doomed to a second abduction. 'Catriona,' like most sequels, comes short of its predecessor. But the difficult task of developing David's character under the aggravation of anxieties and growing stress of circumstances has been very adroitly accomplished. We are not surprised that the shrewd and well-principled youth, although he blinks bashfully like a dazzled owl when brought into the best society—though his pride is flattered by the winning civilities of a great lawyer and politician; though he is terrorised by the thought that he is treading among *oubliettes* which at any moment may open to swallow him—should, nevertheless, hold his own against terrors or temptations, and shrink from the stain of 'bloodguiltiness. And it is a natural touch, that the pawky Scot, when the unlucky James of the Glens has been hanged in spite of him, should find comfort in the reflexion that the death he had striven to avert was, after all, a happy riddance, as it cut the knots which might never have been disentangled.

Stevenson was a poet and a doating husband, and exceptionally dependent on affectionate domestic intercourse; yet, as has often been remarked, he neglected the ordinary resource of the novelist, and seldom indulged his readers with love scenes. In his *Catriona* we find almost the only

exception; and the exception proves the wisdom of the general rule. It is true that the young laird of Shaws, with all his sterling qualities, was no likely subject for the tender passion. We should have said that he was the last man to fall in love at first sight with a strangely attired Highland maiden. When he met her at a close-head, in circumstances we should have believed to be disenchanting, far from being well-tochered he must lend the lass a sixpence; she is attended by a small tail of wild gillies, and David must have had more than enough of the mountaineers: her mean, disreputable, and time-serving father—an extraordinarily clever though repulsive sketch—provoked the supreme contempt of his prospective son-in-law. Catriona's great grey eyes and unprotected condition are hardly sufficient explanation. We believe in women who can carry hearts with a rush, and we know that the most calculating natures have their feeble points which may be taken by storm. But for ourselves, we can see little witchery in Catriona. Though she wears the snood and the tartan screen, she seems straight-laced as the primmest of Scott's heroines—as Isabella Wardour, for instance, or her own highflown compatriot, Miss MacIvor. It strikes us there was better material in the witty, kindly, free-spoken, and brilliant Miss Grant, the prototype of the more famous Duchess of Gordon, and we hope and half expect she may figure again in one of the posthumous novels which we see are announced.

'The Master of Ballintrae' strikes a loftier note, as it goes far deeper in searching psychological analysis. In the all-pervading and oppressive gloom which prepares us for the tragical *dénouement*, it resembles the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' Paradoxical as it may sound, we should pronounce the story a masterpiece in its way—the refined sublimation of one of Galt's south-western tales—were it not for the omnipresence of the Master who is the moving spirit. Grand almost to sublimity as is that sinister figure, he does not satisfy us, for we fail to understand him. To the last his creator leaves us in the dark, and we suspect he was faltering in the dark himself. We ask if such a character is conceivable or possible. He might surpass the most malignant of the earthly satellites of Satan, when he has slipped on board the pirate, and still more when, with the infernal ingenuity of a Mephistopheles, he is making mischief in the household where in his innocence he had been cradled. Yet the Mephistopheles who glories in his cold-blooded malignity has the gift of winning devoted attachments.

He casts his spells alike over the girl who had been engaged to him; over Burke, the careless soldier of fortune; over the Indian who leaves his native land for his sake and follows him to the death with unfaltering affection. The incessant drafts on our credulity are extravagant, and we may doubt whether it is true art to compel us to grapple with the unimaginable. For the rest of the sad tale of a domestic tragedy we have little but unstinted praise. Nor could the pictures of crime and sorrow and heart-sickening suffering have been better framed than by putting the tale in the mouth of the faithful dependent who follows the declining fortunes of the doomed race of the Durrisdeers with the devotion and quick intelligence of the sheepdog. The narrator and Henry Durie, whom he regards as his special patron, are admirably and essentially Scotch. The devotion of the former is beyond cavil. Yet, as the motives of human nature are unsearchably mixed, we feel that the canny house steward is playing for his own hand in manfully sacrificing himself to back his master. The misfortunes he labours indefatigably to avert would leave him homeless, masterless, and destitute. And the younger brother, whom we pity rather than like, is clearly of the same kin and blood as the master. He is the ill-educated Scotch laird who would have limited himself to the respectable discharge of his duties as a country gentleman had all gone well. We can well understand that the utter absence of romance in him should have made his wife slow to forget the wooing of his brilliant brother. She might respect the one were it not for his shabby parsimony, but she was dazzled by the other. The admirable art of that part of the story is in the secrets which are generously kept by Henry and his confidant; in the infernal *chantage* practised by the Master, to which the stolid Henry chivalrously resigns himself in spite of agonising misapprehensions; in the shy nature which shrinks from revealing or complaining of the festering stings from the fiendish mockery. But the cadet has his full share of the family pride, and the hot border blood is in both the brothers. More sluggish in the veins of Henry, it simmers slowly till it boils; but then the long and painful concealment makes the calculated outbreak of his wrath more terrible. There is nothing unnatural in the longsuffering husband, who in different circumstances might have been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Communion, retaining a gang of desperate ruffians for a deliberate fratricide. His meditated crime was only a modern counterpart of the feudal tragedies

associated with so many of the border strongholds, where a burning sense of injury and unsatisfied hatred seized the long-deferred opportunity of glutting itself with vengeance. Admitting that, the closing scenes in the gloomy American wilderness are fittingly dramatic. To the last the haughty Master, struggling like Milton's arch-fiend with adverse circumstances and irresistible fate, keeps his coolness and declines to succumb. To the hirelings charged with the murder his case seems desperate, yet they have reason to be suspicious of his serene demeanour and to mistrust his fertility of resource. He has prepared himself for the worst eventuality, and holds a winning card in reserve. The cynic and sceptic can still absolutely confide in the unselfish attachment of the Hindu follower that has been tested by time and trials. And were it not for one of the chances with which it is impossible to count, the Master would have risen from beneath the sod to walk the earth again and to make matter for a more terrible epilogue to the melancholy tragedy of the Duries. Some writers would have resuscitated him for future chapters of thrilling incident. Stevenson knew well that anything further would have been fantastically unnatural as an anti-climax. He breathes more freely when he has given the finishing touches to his horrors, and, in the words of 'Wandering Willie's Tale,' dismissed the unquiet spirit to its place whither the imagination dare not follow it.

'The Master of Ballintrae' is a tale of two continents, and suggests previous episodes in Stevenson's biography which were to bring about a change in the inception of his later novels. The memory of the old country was always with him. In 'The Wreckers' there is an interlude, when the cosmopolitan Mr. Dodd pays a visit to his 'sneek-drawing' relatives in Auld Reekie. The heart of man knows its own bitterness, and the popular author was heavily handicapped by bodily infirmities. The Scottish climate, of which he speaks so resentfully, had done him irreparable injury, and it influenced all his future life. It was ill-health that sent him an alien to the Antipodes, where he naturalised himself in Samoa, immersing himself in the grotesque politics of his adopted country, finding new themes in its legends and wild oral traditions, and for his misfortune, perhaps, seeking sensations in the hazardous lives of God-abandoned beach-combers and very commonplace villains. Meantime he had been beginning to bridge the gulf between two very different phases of his activity by voyages across



the Atlantic and sojourns in the Western States of the Union. Later he could indulge himself with the luxuries of a yacht. At first, partly from economical motives, but chiefly from the enthusiasm of the author of the 'Tour in the Cevennes' for the study of character, he took a passage from Liverpool to New York in the steerage of a liner. The story of the trip reads something like the memorable 'Experiences of the Amateur Casual' in the workhouse; but Stevenson, with his genially satirical vein, found excellent material for 'copy' in his companions. He was still storing the experiences he was to turn to his literary profit when he went on the vociferous Stock Exchange at San Francisco, and where he settled for a summer, Crusoe-like, as a squatter in Silverado. To those recollections we are indebted for some of the most telling scenes in his 'Wreckers'—for the auction, for example, when the ship stranded on the coral reefs is knocked down at fancy figures to the rash speculator who is bidding in the dark. In the Silverado ranche he shows his rare gift of inviting confidence by engaging sympathy. He saw a good deal of the Scot abroad, when his struggling countrymen unbosomed themselves to him, and sometimes much to their disadvantage. Yet there is a delightfully homelike touch when he says they always came to him in a waft of the peat-reek; for there is nothing like a once familiar but half-forgotten scent for softening the heart by awakening the memory.

In estimating the South-Sea romances we ought in fairness to take into account the author's failing health and the influences of an enervating climate. As to those which were written in collaboration with his stepson, we cannot speak positively, though we may shrewdly surmise, as to the actual workmanship of the one man or the other. But, although sensational description came easily to the author of 'Treasure Island,' we must regret that Stevenson thought it not unworthy of his talents to seek his chief sensations in vulgar acts of crime, and to make pseudo heroes of the off-scourings of civilisation. Nevertheless, both 'The Wreckers' and 'The Ebb Tide' are far more than mere novels of sensation. We do not suggest that there was any real identity between the cases; but it was evidently with sympathy deepening his compassion that Stevenson loved to present a weak but not ill-disposed man abandoning himself to the drift of fancied fatality. Thus the prodigal aristocrat in 'The Wreckers' is the victim of his own follies and excesses; and, once launched on the incline, we can well

understand that he wants resolution to put on the drag, though terrified by the swift acceleration of the pace. Once committed to a reckless fellowship, he must stand or fall with his associates, even if their ways point to the gibbet. In all these novels a perverted sense of honour either extenuates or is supposed to explain complicity with detestable crime. The weaker will and the feeble nerves are dominated and braced by the contact with a strong but brutalised nature which should naturally have been healthy and vigorous. Had Herrick, of 'The Ebb Tide,' been left to himself, although he proved afterwards that he had not the courage for suicide, he might have died respectably of starvation in the calaboose of Papeete. As it is, for his misfortune, he falls in with the American captain, who is a man with a heart, although a drunken reprobate. The captain seizes the opportunity for perpetrating a remunerative crime, but he is helpless without Herrick's assistance. Arguments and sophistry would have failed, but he wins his cause and has his way by his passionate and pathetic appeals as a father pleading for his children. With unintentional deception, carried back to the memories of a more tranquil past, Davis even uses the possible fall of the daughter he had buried long before, with decisive effect. Throughout the cruise which brings the three conspirators to signal sorrow it is Herrick alone who in any measure retains his respect. The drifting and weak-minded waif with shattered nerves, in dire extremity, becomes a man again. He navigates the craft and holds aloof from the debauched carousals of his comrades. It is he who recalls the drunken Davis to a sense of his responsibilities, when the storm-stricken schooner is on the verge of 'turning turtle.' Yet nothing is more natural than that when both should have a last chance of being saved, the stronger American should be purged of his sins in agonising throes of penitence, whereas the more decent Herrick, always halting between two opinions, is probably doomed beyond hope of regeneration.

The muscular mystic of the mysteriously unknown isle is another of the fanciful types where Stevenson imagines and idealises at pleasure. The conception may have been borrowed from the actuality of the late Laurence Oliphant. Attwater is at once a religious enthusiast and an extraordinarily shrewd man of the world; while seeking to convert benighted heathen to an appreciation of the pearl of great price, he treasures up the marine pearls of his private fishing with the intention of realising a second fortune. Of course,

the gigantic and gentlemanly hermit, with his cruel heart, his gospel fanaticism, his shooting 'plum-centre,' in the language of American mountain men, and his preternatural or supernatural sagacity in anticipating evil intentions, is as much matter for another chapter of 'Arabian Nights' as his isle which, in a halo of enchantments, has escaped the notice of navigators. But the plot is ingeniously devised for developing the degradation of disreputable characters. The three rascals steal a schooner laden with champagne, and when they have once broken bulk and broached the bottles the temptation tells on the evil natures which unblushingly unveil themselves in repulsive deformity. Then disappointment turns to disgust and despair, when, as the vilest of the three neatly expresses it, they find they have run away with a cargo of spring water; for the victimisers had been victimised by a trick of the South Sea trade. So they have been wrought up to the commission of any enormity, when they happen upon the settlement or hermitage of Falesa, and stumble into the trap that has been baited with the pearls.

It only remains to speak of that morbidly remarkable *tour d'esprit* 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' We believe, as we should naturally have suspected, that it was the birth of a prolonged nightmare. The writer rose from restless slumbers to throw it off in a sustained burst which must have been terribly severe and exhausting. For once the morbid tendencies which are frequently discernible found free and unfettered course. In the psychological extravagancy the contending principles of good and evil which wage a continual warfare in every man are dissolved by chemical action and materialised into dual personalities. The respective proportions of the conflicting ingredients are physically preserved. Dr. Jekyll is still beaming and rubicund. Hyde is small, shrunk, and singularly repulsive. It is suggested that had Jekyll taken the right and sensible course when his fearfully audacious experiment succeeded, he might have shaken himself clear of his compromising double, and so logically he might have become a phenomenon of stainless humanity. We know not how that might have been, but as it is, this strange story is made strangely realistic. In a succession of wonderfully dexterous strokes of art, Stevenson almost triumphantly contends with the incredible. It is difficult to continue sceptical, in spite of prepossessions in favour of experience and the evidence of the senses, when Utterson, the matter-of-fact lawyer, is reluctantly convinced, and

when a learned physician dies of Jekyll's confession, confirmed by the transformation scene he has witnessed himself. We see that the essential malignity of Hyde has all the encouragement of absolute impunity, for he knows he is to disappear in a bodily disguise which no detective can penetrate. Yet his eminently respectable counterpart must endure vicarious punishment, and we cannot but pity Jekyll for the penalties he has to pay for his rash venture into forbidden spheres of knowledge. The swift changes of the antagonistic individualities are made marvellously impressive and pathetic. Hyde has committed a brutal and meaningless murder on the venerable baronet, and intends to disappear. 'He had a song upon his lips as he com-pounded the draught, and as he drank it, pledged the dead man. The pangs of transformation had not done tearing him before Henry Jekyll, with streaming tears of gratitude and remorse, had fallen upon his knees and lifted his clasped hands to God.' The revulsion is excessive when, as the benevolent Jekyll, he is reminded that a man must reap as he has sown, and that it is not a saline draught which will dissolve that infernal partnership. In the closing scenes of the ill-fated doctor's life there is many a creepy and an eerie touch. The fruitless search for the missing drug when he is imprisoned in the personality of the outlawed murderer; the growing terror of his servants in the haunted house; the nervous listening for the foot-falls of the mysterious presence of which nothing is known save that it must be something supernatural and evil; and the irruption into the privacy of the sinister tenant which leads at last to the elucidation of the mystery. We cannot envy the state of mind which could conceive such a romance and elaborate the conception. But it is the most distinctly original of all the author's fancies, and had Stevenson written nothing else, that wild freak of a sickly imagination would have sufficed to establish his reputation.

We have endeavoured, as we said, to study the author in his works. Some of the essays on men and books we have passed over in silence, as they are merely supplementary or casually illustrative. Deliberate analysis confirms us in the belief that Stevenson owed much of his fame to the personal liking of his contemporaries; nor can we discover either novelty or profundity in his social philosophy. It should satisfy the ambition of any author to have a multitude of readers for his mourners.

- ART. VI.—1. *Problems of the Far East. Japan—Korea—China.* By the Hon. GEORGE N. CURZON, M.P. London: 1894.
2. *The Peoples and Politics of the Far East.* By HENRY NORMAN. London: 1895.
3. *Society in China.* By ROBERT K. DOUGLAS. London: 184.
4. *On Short Leave to Japan.* By Captain G. J. YOUNG-HUSBAND. London: 1894.
5. *The Real Chinaman.* By CHESTER HOLCOMBE. London: 1895.

MARCO POLO is nowadays left nowhere by every globe-trotter who, with a few months and a couple of hundred pounds to spare, takes a ticket 'from London to 'London' round our steam-spanned planet. The vague and wonderful 'Cipango,' vainly steered for by Columbus and Cabot, has become vulgarised by glib descriptions. As likely as not the first man in a club has sailed through the Inland Sea, has stared at the sun-descended Mikado, and brought sham curios from the crewhile capital of the Tycoon. He, no doubt, called in besides at a couple of seaports of the Middle Kingdom, and thus gathered contrasted impressions of the two countries, easily anticipated beforehand. With Japan he was delighted and amused. He found himself in a land of flowers and smiles and neatly picturesque landscapes. The newest things out, in the line of 'Caucasian' progress, surrounded him. Everything was strictly up to date. Telegraph-boys on bicycles raced past the mostly demolished city fortresses of the daimios; English-speaking policemen, in immaculate white uniforms, stood at every street-corner; a 'scale-mailed' Armstrong cruiser probably rode at anchor in Tokio Bay; newspaper-vendors emulously hawked their daily wares. Nay, if the visitor was a poet, a baronet, or a journalist, he had to undergo, on behalf of the native press, an interview with 'a dapper little gentleman, in appearance about nineteen, 'dressed in faultless foreign fashion—tennis shoes, flannel 'trousers, white waistcoat, blue coat, flowing necktie, 'spectacles, and pith helmet—speaking English with the 'accuracy and impressiveness of a copy-book,' and asking questions 'with the directness of a census-taker.'\*

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\* Norman, 'The Real Japan,' p. 38.

The transition from Japan to China is regarded by most travellers—to use Mr. Curzon's words—'as one from sweetness to squalor, from beauty to ugliness, from civilisation to barbarism, from warmth of welcome to cheerless repulsion.' They are no long favoured guests, but 'foreign devils;' they are followed by lowering glances, if not met with open insults; they are smothered with dust or plunged in reeking mud, deafened by dissonant sounds, and disgusted by loathsome sights. Garbage and vermin on sale as food tempt Celestial appetites; 'cat and dog' restaurants invite custom within rifle-range of the stately Bund of Shanghai; while dead rats occupy an honoured place in poulterers' shops. The attendant odours are best left to the imagination. They are strong enough, it has been suggested, to kill the very microbes, and so mitigate the ravages of epidemics! They belong to the mysteries of the East. Even in spick-and-span Tokio and Yokohama, European olfactories learn to 'suffer and be still.' For to all Oriental cleanliness there is a *dessous des cartes*. Japanese dwellings, fresh and spotless in what meets the eye, are too often whited sepulchres.

Our annual literary harvest includes, as a matter of course, a crop, by no means inconsiderable, of books relating to these parts of the world. Most are of an ephemeral character, and we have named as one of the best specimens of this class Captain Younghusband's 'On Short Leave to Japan.' Its pages brim over with good-humour and high spirits; there are not too many of them, and they convey, in an unpretending manner, some authentic and important information about military matters.

The first three works of which the titles form the heading of this article belong to a different category. Each of them forms a permanent contribution to knowledge; each is the outcome, not of personal experience alone, but of personal experience fructified by diligent inquiry and serious thought. Their publication within a short interval is, at the present juncture, a particularly fortunate circumstance, of which we gladly avail ourselves to attempt an estimate of the actual situation in the Far East.

The sudden apparition of Young Japan 'all furnished, all in arms,' and her striking deeds of prowess, have set Europe agape. Few gave the Japanese credit for more than a doll's-house civilisation. They seemed to the Western public like vivacious children, clapping their hands delightedly at having secured real furniture for miniature

apartments where nobody lived, and real pots and saucepans for miniature kitchens where nothing was cooked. Their marvellous facility in appropriation naturally won applause, since 'imitation is the sincerest flattery.' But it was a patronising applause, the kind of aptitude involved not being suggestive, on the face of it, of underlying strength. We have learned within the last few months to think differently. Japan has emphatically vindicated her right to be treated as a Power of no mean order. She has, in Mr. Norman's words, 'at length come into her inheritance. The "child of "the world's old age" has proved to be its most remarkable offspring.'

An offspring owing its existence to a Minerva birth—a product of thought rather than of growth, modern Japan is a standing protest against 'evolutionary' laws. She has been modelled in all her parts, and set on foot as a going concern, by individual efforts; and so recently that her makers are still her rulers. It is to be hoped that they may escape the destiny of Frankenstein. But they are not altogether secure from it. For the clay shaped by them has life in it—life so energetic that it may prove explosive. And the Japanese Demos has 'the passions of its kind.'

The present inhabitants of the archipelago are not aboriginal there. They came, a nation of rude warriors, in ships from the south, exterminated a more primitive race, and gradually took full possession of their island abodes. Their first arrival may be referred to about 600 B.C., when the symmetrical cone of Fuji-yama had not yet, if tradition is to be believed, been thrown up to form the most distinctive feature of Japanese scenery. The military organisation which had made them irresistible hardened, as their conquests became assured, into an unmitigated feudal system. 'Home Rule all round' was enjoyed with a vengeance. Each of the great vassals, or daimios, exercised sovereign rights within his province, and levied war at his discretion outside it. He was also head of a clan, and thus claimed by a double title the allegiance of retainers nominally, at least, of the same lineage as himself. A shadowy supremacy belonged to the Mikado,\* a personage of solar origin, who led a life of mystic seclusion in the sacred city of Kioto. But he was no more emperor of Japan than Dagobert was king of France. His edicts were, most likely, at no time

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\* A title equivalent in meaning to the 'Sublime Porte.' It has now fallen into desuetude.

promulgated from shore to shore of so much as one of the three thousand islands owning his ineffectual sway. And his original authority, such as it was, slid away from him in the course of centuries to a lieutenant called the Shogun, or Tycoon. The office became hereditary in the thirteenth century, and was grasped in 1603 by the strong hand of Ieyasu, the first of the Tokugawa dynasty. By him was initiated the appalling persecution by which the flourishing Christian Church founded by St. Francis Xavier was extirpated, the peasantry being simultaneously reduced to a state of quasi-serfdom. He brought the daimios under subjection, abrogated the right of private war, and established a peace which remained unbroken for two and a half centuries. An unexampled state of society subsisted during that time. Foreigners were expelled in 1624; commerce almost ceased; Japan closed its gates and lived on its own resources. The land was divided between the Shogun and two hundred and sixty-five daimios, of whom eighteen were formidable potentates. They enjoyed large revenues, and maintained at their courts bodies of hereditary clansmen at their entire devotion. These 'samurai,' amounting to one-tenth of the entire population, constituted an aristocratic caste privileged to commit the happy despatch in emergencies, and to carry two swords. Presumably, then, they were ambidextrous, like the son of Pelegon, who hurled a pair of ineffectual spears against Achilles on the banks of Scamander. One of M. de Hérédia's finely wrought sonnets gives a vivid picture of an old Japanese gentleman-at-arms. The following translation has been placed at the disposal of the writer of the present article:—

‘THE TWO-SWORD MAN.

‘With fingers o’er the strings that lightly glance,  
Through bamboo-lattices of fabric slight,  
She sees approach o’er sandy levels white  
The conqueror of her dreams of love’s romance.  
Two-sworded, fan upraised, doth he advance.  
Red girdle, scarlet acorn, take the light  
Thwart the dark mail; and on his shoulder, bright,  
Hiizen’s or Tokugawa’s cognisance.  
This warrior, brave with swords and plates ashine,  
Seems in his bronze, his silk and lacquer fine,  
Some great crustacean mailed in black and red.  
He sees her. Smiling ’neath his visor’s mask,  
He makes the sunlight flash, with quickened tread,  
From gold antennæ quivering on his casque.’



It is curious to reflect that a species which has only become extinct within the last twenty years should already appear antediluvian. The samurai belonged to an order of things not only dead and buried, but wellnigh forgotten. The Japanese have no antiquarian attachments, and next to no historical memories. They take no pleasure in harping on the 'mouldered strings' of the past. They look before, not after. Since the rapid 'spin' of the last couple of decades 'down the ringing grooves of change,' they are less disposed than ever to halt and survey what has been left behind.

Art flourished at the courts and through the patronage of the daimios. The princes and popes of the house of Medici scarcely outdid them in liberal appreciation of genius. Philosophy, too, although a mere barren outgrowth of Confucianism, was cultivated; and histories of a subversive tendency were written. The entire literary movement of Japan throughout the eighteenth century was, in fact, like that of France, towards revolution. Impatience with existing arrangements thus crept in; discontents became rife; and the country grew to be full of restless spirits on the watch for opportunities of innovation.

These were afforded by insistent foreigners. Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, hewed the first gap in the isolating briar-fence in 1854; and the trading concessions extorted by him could not be denied to the English, Russians, and Dutch. Then, four years later, the Tycoon (as the Shogun was now entitled) signed formal treaties with the Powers. He could do no less; yet the act sealed the doom of the old social fabric. Widespread agitation set in. The daimios procured warships, introduced European artillery, armed forts, unfurled a national flag showing on a white ground the red ball of the rising sun. Their preparations being at length complete, they took the field, dismissed the vanquished Tycoon, seized in 1868 the inviolable person of the Mikado, installed him at Yedo (renamed Tokio), and converted his titular into a *de facto* sovereignty.

An extraordinary event then took place. Feudalism committed 'happy despatch.' With virtual unanimity, the daimios surrendered their fiefs to the suzerain they had just enthroned, accepting instead 10 per cent. of their former revenues. They did not, however, relinquish power. The foremost clansmen\* became Ministers of the Crown, and

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\* The daimios, themselves usually nonentities, delegated their powers to the strongest-headed of their relatives or retainers. The latter Shoguns were in the same plight.

carried out unflinchingly their plan of reorganisation. They were singularly able and enlightened men, imbued with European ideas, and they accomplished in a few years, swiftly and silently, by the sheer force of individual initiative, what in other countries has come about through the irresistible, subterranean power of slow social upheavals. The cultivators of the soil became its owners, subject only to a land-tax of 3 per cent.; the clans ceased to exist, and, with them, the system of local self-government instituted and worked by them; unimpeachable financial arrangements replaced monetary chaos; Shintoism, the antique form of native worship, overshadowed during fourteen centuries by the popularity of Buddhism, was erected into the official religion; finally, the proud samurai were degraded to impotence and poverty by the deprivation of their cherished sabres and the commutation of their pensions. This last measure filled the cup; upon its adoption, in 1876, ensued the terrible Satsuma Rebellion—the death-struggle of Old Japan. It was led by the great Marshal Saigo, who, having ardently promoted the ‘Restoration,’ revolted nevertheless from its inevitable consequences. He was slain, with a band of devoted followers, on Citadel Hill, near Kagoshima, and the reactionary impulse perished in his company. As a popular hero he has been assigned a residence in Mars; and when that planet is in the ascendant, a phantom ‘in his fair ‘and warlike form’ may be seen to traverse ‘with martial ‘stalk’ the scene of his tragic ending.

All the elements of its early culture came to Japan from China. The stream of communication set in prehistorically, and brought tea, silk, cotton, rice, and hemp. Buddhism was transmitted through Corea in the sixth century A.D. and quickly came to terms with Shintoism. Arts, letters, inventions, the drama, a system of medicine, the current stock of folk-lore, accompanied its ingress. Japanese sages fed their thoughts with a kind of Confucian scholasticism which they neither developed nor improved. Japanese potters, on the other hand, far surpassed their masters, and wrought the unlovely designs imparted to them into forms of grace and beauty.

But with the events of 1868 the ‘cycle of Cathay’ came at last to an end, and the time seemed propitious for trying ‘fifty years of Europe.’ Japan’s ‘men of light and leading’ turned their eyes to the Far West: they travelled, studied, inquired; imported models and teachers; and set themselves, fired with a new enthusiasm for progress, to abolish orien-

talism, and place their country, for good or ill, in 'the foremost files of time.' Its regeneration proceeded at a headlong pace. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, institutions of an ultra-medieval type were completely modernised. An aristocracy transformed itself spontaneously into a bureaucracy—a bureaucracy heedless of red-tape, and animated by the 'Right-ahead, full-speed' temper. Few such political reformers as its members are known to history. With astonishing intuition, they grasped in its integrity the idea of a State on the European plan, and created it out of the most unpromising materials. Immemorial habits and inclinations were discarded at the word of command; local independence lost its charm; a centralised organisation spread its meshes over the archipelago.

The old order has vanished like a dissolving view. In the Museum at Tokio, however, some relics of it are still to be seen—among others, the 'trampling boards,' graven with scenes from the Passion, upon which suspected Christians were obliged to tread as a sign of recantation. Thousands perished in frightful tortures rather than comply; but it is said that the Dutch had no objection to the ceremony. The same repository contains the bullock-cart in which the Mikado, closely curtained off from profane scrutiny, used to be drawn in state through the narrow streets of Kioto. Its former inmate now commonly drives in a landau, clad in a French uniform, from the palace at Tokio to the parade-ground, and is distinguished from Western Emperors only by his trust in appeals to the spirits of his ancestors as a means of terminating parliamentary crises. Yet the individual who has bridged the huge gap between the bullock-cart and the landau is only forty-two. He enjoys private battues, reviews his troops, and attends races; the Empress visits the hospitals; and both together hold receptions in the Imperial grounds when the cherry-trees are white with spring bloom. Their prestige no longer depends upon seclusion. All the ministers, too, give French dinners, followed by French plays; at their garden-parties, bands discourse airs from the newest European operas, and the ladies, so bewitching in their native *kimonos*, look plain and vulgar in costumes from Paris. Japanese young men of fashion, moreover, are sportsmen and equestrians, although by no means 'to the manner born;' polo is not neglected; and in winter wild-duck hunts are celebrated in the grand parks once attached to the strongholds of the daimios. For in Tokio, which affords about half the area of London for the

accommodation of one-quarter as many inhabitants, there is room to spare for sylvan scenery. Its aspect has been strangely modified.

'Tramcars clatter along the streets,' Mr. Curzon relates, 'gas flames in some of the principal highways, and the electric light is uniformly employed in the public buildings, in many of the residences of ministers and nobles, in the tea-houses which figure so largely in the holiday life of the Japanese gentleman, and in quite a number of stores, and even small shops. Telephones and telegraphs stretch a web of wires overhead. The long, picturesque lines of *yashikis*, or fortified city residences of the feudal lords and their sworded retainers, that covered so great an area within the moats, have almost all disappeared, and have been replaced by public offices of showy European architecture and imposing dimensions. An immense pile of scaffolding, surrounding a space much larger than the Law Courts in the Strand in London, conceals what will presently be known as the new Ministry and Courts of Justice, where will be dispensed a jurisprudence that has been borrowed, with a truly Japanese eclecticism, from the codes of half the nations of Europe. The perpetual bugle-note and the sight of neat figures in white cotton uniforms and black boots are indicative of a national army whose mobilised strength in time of peace is 50,000, and whose discipline, physique, and weapons are the admiration of European critics. Out in Tokio Bay the smart white hulls of gunboats lying at anchor represent a navy whose creation has forcibly stirred the national ardour, and which is destined in the future to be no mean factor in the politics of the Pacific. Finally, after a twenty years' travail, Japan has given birth to a Parliamentary Constitution; and an unpretentious but roomy temporary structure built of wood, like its predecessor, which was burnt down in 1891, and with no trace of native art or architecture about it, accommodates the nominees of royalty or the representatives of the people who, in the two Chambers created by the Constitution of February 1889, and respectively entitled the House of Peers and the House of Representatives, constitute the Imperial Diet of Japan, and are swiftly introducing her people to the amenities of parliamentary existence—obstruction within the Chamber, platform oratory out of doors—to the phenomena of Radical and Progressive parties, and to the time-honoured *palestra* of begging and refusing supplies.'

The short history of representative institutions in Japan is already marked by ominous features. The first elections took place in 1890. They 'passed off as if the Japanese had been electing M.P.'s since the days when the Emperor's 'ancestors laid the foundations of the earth.'\* Corrupt influences were, indeed, brought to bear, and one successful candidate fell a victim to an assassin's knife. But things have since grown steadily worse. The ensuing four years

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\* Norman, 'The Real Japan,' p. 351.

gave time for six sessions of the Diet, each more turbulent than the last, and for three general elections, testifying to the continually growing influence of professional rowdyism. Twice during the early part of 1894 the Lower House was dissolved, and the electors recorded their votes amid scenes of violence—sometimes of bloodshed—with no result, except that of aggravating the parliamentary situation. It was relieved only by the outbreak of foreign war.

Government by party, with all its attendant evils, would be preferable to the state of affairs in Japan. The Lower House at Tokio includes very few responsible politicians: it is divided into a multitude of jarring sections, uniting in the ordinary course of affairs only for the purposes of faction. Their one common aim seems to be that of rendering the government of the country impossible. Ministers are ineligible for election to it. They have seats but no votes. Powerless to guide procedure or influence debate, they are expected to attend merely to answer questions or defend their respective departments. They are responsible to the Emperor alone, and are, accordingly, inaccessible to votes of censure. Indeed, no Cabinet could maintain itself for a week if placed at the mercy of an assembly more disorderly than a pack of hounds without a whipper-in.

The actual Premier, Count Ito, author of the Constitution which looked so well on paper and works so uneasily in practice, is one of those most deeply concerned in the sudden uprising of his country. His career began, in the dim feudal period, with a clandestine trip to England. Accompanied by his early friend and present colleague, Count Inouye, he was smuggled in disguise on board an English ship, and studied among ourselves that trick of progress caught by Western barbarians, but so far unknown in the venerable East. The two have since played conspicuous parts in shaping Japanese destinies. Like the whole official retinue of their native land, they belong to the old aristocracy, a class non-existent elsewhere in Asia. To the qualities of its members Japan owes its high status. Their disinterested labours renovated the nation. They have shown in the course of them extraordinary sagacity and enterprise, combined with moderation and self-control, brilliant versatility, and organising powers of no common order. Japan is ruled by an oligarchy 'of all the talents.' The clans of Satsuma, Choshu, and Tosa still lead the van. But their position at the head of affairs is unstable. Their fall is the work aimed at by the forces now in activity, and its pro-

spect darkens the outlook. Japan, we have seen, had the unique possession of a real aristocracy, otherwise unknown in the East, and we believe that this aristocratic element, now transformed, was the source of the strength of this amazing revolution, which no democracy could have accomplished.

The victors in the struggle against feudalism have, under 'a Western exterior' (we again quote from Mr. Curzon's able work),

'clung tightly to the traditional methods, and have retained an almost unchallenged supremacy, alike in the formation of Cabinets and in the distribution of patronage. In the old days, no doubt, this was due to the importance of powerful princes or nobles, backed by formidable aggregations of armed men. It is now the triumph, not of territorial influence, but of a civil and military hierarchy largely organised upon the privilege of birth. The army, and still more the navy, which in the background play a very important part in the politics of modern Japan, and which are the real mainstay of the Government against the subversive tendencies of Parliamentary majorities or demagogic Radicalism, are principally officered by men belonging to the chief clans. The present Cabinet is mainly recruited from the same sources, and the cry of the Opposition is to a large extent well founded—that to be a clansman is to possess the key to the doors of official promotion.

'In reality the conflict is only a Japanese version of the familiar duel between a powerful and disciplined oligarchy and an ambitious, but as yet imperfectly organised, democracy. It is essentially the same historical phenomenon that was presented by the contest of the Gracchi with the Senate in the expiring century of the Roman Republic, and that was reproduced in our own country in the popular struggle against what is commonly called Whig ascendancy in the first quarter of the present century. The Cabinet of Count Ito is, in English political terminology, a Whig Cabinet, composed of members of the great Whig families—the Cavendishes and Russells of modern Japan—and sustained by the patronage which the Japanese equivalents to rotten boroughs afford. The system possesses that desperate tenacity which is the result of inherited ability and conscious worth. It has the authority which prescription and possession unite to confer, and it is undoubtedly in conformity with the history and most cherished traditions of the people. A long time may yet elapse before it disappears; but ultimately, in face of an opposition which complains, with some truth, that it is being deluded by the mere semblance of liberty and outward form of change, it seems destined to perish, as did the influence of the Whig oligarchy in England.'

It remains to be seen how much will perish along with it. English institutions are rooted in the centuries; those of Japan are transplanted, and not too hardy growths. They cannot be expected to survive any rude shocks. The acces-

sion to power, for instance, of rash and ignorant demagogues should infallibly lead to their overthrow. The Constitution of 1889 is, in any case, doomed. After five years' actual trial, it has come to appear hopelessly old-fashioned, and will probably before long be thrown away with no more ceremony than if it were an old coat. A formidable agitation for the repeal of some of its most important provisions was only temporarily checked by the warlike passion which last autumn absorbed every other.

'Journalism in Japan,' Mr. Norman remarks, 'has come 'with a rush.' The seventeen daily papers published at Tokio have a combined circulation of some four millions, and the 'fourth estate' is represented altogether by nearly 800 periodicals of various kinds and complexions. The information supplied by them is, often enough, founded rather on fancy than on fact; yet they serve their turn. There are also English and American organs; above all, there is the 'Japan Daily Mail,' raised by its present editor and proprietor, Captain Brinkley, to be a power in the State. His start in life gave no hint of such an upshot. He reached Yokohama in 1867, in command of the British artillery stationed there; became, in 1869, Instructor in Strategy to the troops of the Prince of Echizen, a great daimio; then entered the service of the Mikado, first as head of the new Marine School, later as Professor of Mathematics in the Engineering College. According to the customary oriental mode of dealing with foreigners, however, he was turned adrift when he ceased to be indispensable, and, purchasing the 'Mail' in 1881, he started on a journalistic career, with what success everybody knows.

The Japanese press laws are very stringent. Incarceration for months at a time is an ordinary penalty for publishing an article disapproved of by the censors. Most papers, in fact, keep on their staff a 'prison editor,' whose only function is to go to gaol when required. It should be added that Japanese gaols are model places of retirement for those out of sorts with society. Nor can it be said, as it is too truly in China, that the wrong people get into them. Justice is fairly administered, punishments are of a humane type, the judges are irremovable and, apparently, incorrupt. Trials are conducted on the French method; the newly adopted codes are essentially French, while police espionage is of Russian efficacy. The distribution of foreign languages in Japan serves as a sort of index to the sources from which particular loans have been derived. Thus,

French is the legal and military tongue; German is spoken almost exclusively in the university and hospitals; English is heard in the navy, in the public offices, in the streets and shops, and is taught in all save the elementary schools. It is, in fact, a sort of Western mother tongue to the subjects of the Mikado. Captain Younghusband, surprised to hear 'Ye Banks and Braes' resounding across the waters of Lake Hakoni, found on inquiry that the familiar strains proceeded from a boatful of Japanese soldiers out for a holiday.

'Je prends mon bien partout où je le trouve,' young Japan might say with Molière. In 1872 the Emperor announced his desire that there should thenceforward exist within his realm 'not a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with 'an ignorant member.' For the realisation of this ideal a heterogeneous scheme of universal education was devised. It comprises the universally familiar Kindergarten, Board schools on the English model, American high schools, French normal schools, and a German university. The results of its working are striking, although not altogether admirable. Two million pupils attend the classes; illiteracy has become rare, 'advanced thinkers' abound. Mill and Herbert Spencer have ousted Chinese scholasticism, and their tenets are accepted with far less qualification than in Europe. The 'classes' have, indeed, settled down into virtual atheism; the 'masses' tend to become more and more indifferent to the amalgam of Shintoism and Buddhism offered for their acceptance. Their interest is arrested by the novelty of material progress, and the religious life of the country is concentrated among close upon 100,000 Christians of all denominations. By the hot-headed Nationalist party, however, Christianity is regarded with aversion, as being 'anti-Japanese,' and the seeds of former intolerance, kept alive by the native press, are ready, under easily imaginable circumstances, to spring up and bear again the old bitter fruit.

Japanese education is secular and compulsory, though not gratuitous. Its most marked result has been the development of a dangerous class of idle graduates, too learned to dig, too unsettled to trade, and hence always at hand for inflammatory purposes. They have inherited the recklessness, without the chivalry, of the 'ronins,' or masterless men, who figure in Mr. Mitford's 'Tales of Old Japan.' Patriotic to the point of fury, puffed up with national vanity, they are uncompromising in their detestation of foreigners, the expulsion of whom, regardless of



consequences, would meet their hearty approval. The time has, in their opinion, come for pulling down the scaffolding by the aid of which a still insecure edifice of civilisation was reared. 'Japan for the Japanese' is their watchword, and they have, unfortunately, power on critical occasions to raise whirlwinds of popular passion. They stop at nothing that may enforce a defective argument: dynamite and cold steel come equally handy; and the mutilated figure of Count Okuma, struck by a bomb in revenge for presumed concessions in the matter of treaty revision, bears living witness to the atrocious effects of their resentment.

The ridiculous excitement raised at Tokio in 1893 by a judicial decision at Shanghai respecting a collision between a British and a Japanese ship gave vent more harmlessly to volcanic nationalism; and another of its manifestations, Mr. Curzon tells us,

'is the boycotting of foreign manufactures, even when the corresponding native articles are of greatly inferior quality. In 1892,' he continues, 'an attempt was actually made upon the life of a well-known native merchant, because he had advocated the use of foreign pipes for the Tokio waterworks. Perhaps the most innocent form is the continuous dismissal of foreigners from posts in the public service, or in the employ of business firms, their places being filled by Japanese specially educated, though not uniformly fitted, for the purpose. A collateral illustration of the same thoughtless, and sometimes foolish, patriotism, is the passionate excitement displayed by the Japanese at any assertion, however extravagant or ridiculous, of the national spirit. In this respect they may be termed the Frenchmen of the Far East. The military parade which Japan, taking advantage of the recent disorder in Corea, is making in that country as these pages go to press, and which threatens to involve her in serious dispute, if not in actual conflict, with China, is a later outcome of the same impetuous Chauvinism.'

The 'military parade' was, however, no casual outburst, but the result of long forecast and preparation. Japanese statesmen had been for many years aware of the looming of a Chinese question; they anticipated, as an inevitable incident in the national development, a struggle with the Celestial Empire over the semi-animate body of Corea. It was, no doubt, precipitated by the parliamentary dead-lock. An aggressive policy abroad offered the most obvious means of escape from oppressive entanglements at home. Besides, things were ready 'to the last button on a gaiter.' It is curious that none of the diplomatic agents or travellers, on the spot, were cognisant of these vast preparations for a

campaign which took the world by surprise; yet they must have been long in progress.

The Japanese army is raised by conscription. Its strength in time of peace is 56,000 men; but 229,000 can be summoned to the standards in emergencies. Colonel E. G. Barrow was 'fairly astonished' in 1893 'by the marvellous 'picture which military Japan presents.' Captain Young-husband's laudations are more measured, yet not less convincing. The soldiers paraded at Tokio reminded him of the Goorkhas—the 'little men in green,' whose fighting fury Mr. Kipling has so graphically described. They are drilled and disciplined on the Prussian system, and went through their evolutions in first-rate style. They are armed with 'Muratta' rifles, sighted up to 1,400 mètres, of Japanese invention and manufacture. The ordnance is likewise Japanese, and the practice made with it leaves little to be desired. Only the cavalry is deficient. There is little of it, and that little is bad. Japan is, in fact, no better suited to equestrianism than Ithaca was in the candid opinion of Telemachus. The horses are under-sized and ill-made; they can scarcely walk without stumbling. And their riders were evidently not intended by nature to sit upon their backs.

Mr. Norman found Tokio in 1892 'almost as full of 'soldiers as Metz.' Of the army he could say nothing, except that it was completely European. The copy was as good as the original. The War Department was even then in a position to put into the field, at the shortest notice, fully 100,000 men fit to contend with any Western force. 'Yet 'twenty-five years ago,' he comments, 'Japanese soldiers 'wore huge grotesque iron masks to frighten the enemy, 'chain and lacquer armour to turn his blows, their great 'shoulder-cannon would have been antiquated in England in 'the time of the Armada, and they were led by a man with 'a fan!'

The developement of the sister service has been equally rapid. Notwithstanding the seafaring instincts of the Japanese, they had no navy until after the Restoration. Now they are a maritime Power not lightly to be reckoned with, possessing ironclads, torpedoes, dockyards, arsenals; above all, first-class coaling facilities.

'About their navy,' we learn from Mr. Curzon, 'the patriotism of the Japanese is as easily aroused as is our own in Great Britain; and although the administration of the Naval Department is the subject of acrimonious party conflict, there is no disagreement upon the broad

Imperial policy of a largely increased naval outlay. When, in 1893, the strength of the Japanese navy amounted to 40 vessels and 50,000 tons, and the Government laid down the standard of national requirement as 120,000 tons, there were some among the extreme Radical party who would have preferred to see this figure raised to 150,000. It is largely by the offer of the alliance of her navy that Japan hopes in the future to control the balance of power in the Far East. Simultaneously, the maritime defences of the country, which have been executed under the superintendence of a distinguished Italian engineer, have reached a formidable state of efficiency.'

At the mouth of the Yalu River, September 17, 1894, the newly created fleet gave proof of its quality, and perfected its triumph by compelling the surrender of a far stronger Chinese squadron at Wei-hai-wei, February 16, 1895. Through no incompetence, nevertheless, in its commander. Admiral Ting was one of the few fighting men whom modern China has produced. Yet he reached eminence by following the usual literary routine. His first successes were in the examination halls. He had thus 'no education 'whatever as a seaman,' and was, in fact, according to Mr. Norman, 'previously a cavalry general, a branch of the service in which he would be equally unprejudiced by any 'information.' Ting is stated by the same authority to have been no other than the famous 'Chinese admiral who was 'found one day playing pitch and toss, or what corresponds 'to it in China, with the sentry at his door, both of them 'seated on the floor of the admiral's cabin.' But the story has been circulated so widely that the identification of its hero may be somewhat uncertain.

However this be, poor old Ting behaved at the crisis of his destiny with loyalty and courage. While affairs were still pending at Wei-hai-wei, the Japanese Admiral Ito, his intimate friend, sent him a letter, accompanied by cases of champagne and other wines, begging him to throw up the desperate game and retire in safety to Japan. But the presents were returned without a word of acknowledgement or reply. Ting would have thought himself dishonoured by so much as saying 'No' to such an invitation. He wrote to his former comrade only when the arrant cowardice of the land forces in abandoning the forts without disabling their armament had made further resistance impossible; and then it was to ask the lives of his men. For himself he sought only to die with due decorum. His request having been granted, he retired to the shades, in approved Chinese fashion, under the safe-conduct of a dose of opium.

This was his third alternative from desertion on the one hand, disgrace, and perhaps decapitation, on the other; for suicide forms the habitual means of exit from every *cul-de-sac* in Chinese life. Admiral Ito then restored one of the captured ships to convey his body home in state; and as it steamed with drooping banner out of the harbour of Wei-hai-wei, every Japanese vessel manned its yards, and fired a salute as a parting tribute of respect to an honourable foe.

The collapse of China in the recent war was a foregone conclusion, and though the Japanese owe much to their own prowess, they owe more to the absolute stupidity and cowardice of their enemy. It is remarkable how much less able to defend herself China had become since the Anglo-French campaign of 1862. Administrative corruption has eaten away its vitality. Its inhabitants are sunk in superstitions, some of them merely enslaving and inept, others hideous and cruel. Incompetence and dishonesty go hand in hand in the public service. In the face of a confederacy of vested interests, no fundamental reforms are likely to be either originated or adopted. Indeed, the country has almost, if not completely, lost the power of accommodation to environment; and that loss, by a familiar scientific definition, means death. The improvements attempted from time to time are only hollow shams. They are undermined while they are being started. In no other part of the world is it so true that 'things are not what they seem.'

'Every institution, every custom, and every idea,' Mr. Douglas remarks in the work of which the title appears in our heading, 'has its foundation in the distant ages, and draws its inspiration from the sages of antiquity. Immutability in all that is essential is written on the face of the empire.'

And again:—

'One of the most remarkable spectacles in the world's history is that of this strange empire, which, having been thrown time after time into the crucible of political unrest, has always reappeared identical in its main features and institutions, and absorbing, rather than being absorbed by, the foreign elements which have occasionally thrown themselves into the body politic.'

One of its leading shams is the counterfeit European organisation of its military and naval forces.

'The actual condition of the Chinese army and navy cannot,' Mr. Norman affirms, 'be understood from any descriptions in general terms. Let me, therefore, give a few scattered facts which came to my

knowledge. I was once being shown by a Chinese naval officer over one of their two biggest ironclads, which was on a cruise at the time, and therefore presumably in first-class condition. I noticed a gun carefully protected in a canvas cover. As we passed it I asked casually what it was. The officer explained, with pride, that it was a new quick-firing gun, and called a quartermaster to remove the covering. The order was obeyed with evident reluctance, and when the gun was at length exposed it proved to be used by one of the watches as a receptacle for their "chow," and was filled with chopsticks and littered with rice and pickles. Of course I promptly looked the other way, but it required no knowledge of Chinese to interpret the remarks of the officer to the quartermaster. No doubt the whole watch went through the process of "eating bamboo" the moment I was off the ship; but the Chinese are incorrigible.'

He adds that 'there is nothing inherently improbable in the story repeated by the correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette," that a Chinese warship went to the Yalu without one of its guns, the commander having pawned it, and not being able to redeem it in time;' and relates this further example of administrative methods:—

'Some years ago the Chinese Government ordered a magnificent set of Hotchkiss cartridge-making machinery. In due time this arrived, but two mandarins claimed it for their respective districts, and, failing to agree, each seized such portions of the machinery as he could secure, and carried them off to his own place. When I was there, half the machinery was in one arsenal and half in another several hundred miles away.'

Again:—

'The superintendent of one of the largest arsenals in China receives an allowance to buy steel; he buys iron, and pockets the difference. It is, therefore, fair to presume that the rifle barrels he is turning out are made of iron. With my own eyes I saw at an important arsenal the machinery for making rifle barrels standing idle, while hundreds of men in the workshop were making them by hand.'

One more anecdote:—

'I had a very interesting conversation with a foreigner acting as torpedo-instructor in the Chinese navy. He told me that Chinese officers receive pay for a certain number of men, and that they are in the habit of making up the total by putting all their relations and servants in uniform on inspection days, and drawing their pay all the rest of the time. When an admiral is appointed to a ship, he makes his brother-in-law the boatswain and his cousin the cook. I asked this torpedo-instructor whether his pupils really acquired any comprehension of the art of torpedo warfare. He assured me that a considerable proportion of them really did. I asked him whether they would actually fight. He hesitated, and I added: "Would they

not probably discharge all their torpedoes at once, and then run away?" "I think they would," he answered.'

At Wei-hai-wei the Chinese shells found in the abandoned forts 'went wild' when the Japanese gunners tried to fire them. They were, indeed, most innocuous projectiles, being filled with a mixture of sawdust and gunpowder. We may be sure that a goodly share of the taels paid for them out of the Imperial treasury had made its way, as the result of successive 'squeezes,' into the pockets of coral- or sapphire-buttoned mandarins.

In Mr. Curzon's forcible words:—

'The institution of which China is most proud, viz. a lettered bureaucracy, is the source of her greatest weakness. Educated upon a system which has not varied for ages, stuffed with senseless and impracticable precepts, discharging the ceremonial duties of his office with a mechanical and servile accuracy, the victim of incredible superstitions and sorceries, but arrogant with a pride beyond human conception, furnished with an insufficient salary, and therefore compelled to peculate and plunder, the Chinese mandarin is China's worst enemy. All private enterprise is killed by official strangulation; all public spirit is extinguished by official greed. Nor, as it is the ambition, and is within the scope of everybody, whatever his class, to become an official himself, is there any order to which we can look for successful protest. The entire governing class, itself recruited from the mass of the people, is interested in the preservation of the *status quo*. The forces ordinarily enlisted on the side of change—those of the *literati*, or student class—are more reactionary in China than any other, seeing that they already, by virtue of their degrees, hold the keys of power. Neither can it be supposed that, with a people so obstinate and vain, there is the smallest inclination among the lower strata of society to move where their leaders decline to advance. Both find an equal charm in stagnation.'

Touched by the Ithuriel spear of a disastrous campaign, China at last shows for what she is. The vital spark is at a low ebb in the huge bulk which lies 'floating many a 'rood' on the troubled sea of politics. It holds together rather through the contact of its separate parts than by their cohesion. The nineteen provinces into which it is divided form no organic whole. Each is a virtually independent principality, with its own army and navy (provided there be a seaboard), its own revenue, its own local expenditure. The several governors discharge their entire responsibility towards the 'solitary man at Peking' by transmitting thither the apportioned tribute, and keeping their 'troublesome realms in awe,' for insubordination among the

people is, by a not unfair presumption, laid to the charge of their rulers.

It will scarcely be disputed that attempts to rebuild the loose structure of the Celestial Empire on the European plan are foredoomed to failure.

'What the foreigner realises only dimly and by slow degrees'—to recur to our last-quoted authority—'is that the Chinaman has not the slightest desire to be reformed by him; that he disputes *in toto* that reform is reform; and that no demonstration will convince him of the existence of a flaw in his own theory of national perfection. . . . Reform, it is true, cannot altogether be hustled out of the door. Doubtless in time, as from different quarters foreign railways touch the confines of China, native railways will be made to meet them. A day will come when mines will be exploited, a decent currency adopted, and rivers navigated by steam. Neither, though China may be overrun, and may even, as she has often done before, accept a change of masters, is she likely to be submerged. She is for ever proof against such a fate by reason of her moral character, her swarming millions, and her territorial extent. The continued national existence of the Yellow Race may be regarded as assured.'

'The future of China,' he continues further on, 'is a problem the very inverse of that involved in the future of Japan. The one is a country intoxicated with the modern spirit, and requiring, above all things, the stamina to understand the shock of too sudden an upheaval of ancient ideas and plunge into the unknown. The other is a country stupefied with the pride of the past, and standing in need of the very impulse to which its neighbour too incontinently yields. Japan is eager to bury the past; China worships its embalmed and still lifelike corpse. Japan wants to be reformed out of all likeness to herself; China declines to be reformed at all. She is a monstrous but mighty anachronism, defiantly planted on the fringe of a world to whose contact she is indifferent and whose influence she abhors—much as the stones of Solomon's Temple look down upon an alley in modern Jerusalem, or as the Column of Trajan rears its head in the heart of nineteenth-century Rome.'

Her mobile rival reminds us of the winged steeds that used to race down the Corso on the last day of Carnival. But they are gone, and the Column of Trajan remains. Japan is not safe because she has been successful. A sudden rise may presage a sudden fall. Her political system rests upon an inclined plane; it is visibly in motion, and its motion is perhaps towards an abyss. A constitutional struggle is impending, and its progress must be fraught with peril.

'There are still in modern Japan,' Mr. Norman says, 'all the elements for civil explosion, and serious economic and political difficulties would undoubtedly bring these into action. The situation,' he

proceeds, 'is a very difficult, and even dangerous, one, for representative government almost necessarily involves government by party; yet, in the present fluid state of Japanese political thought, under a party system there would be no guarantee whatever of stability or continuity. Nor does Japan seem to have produced, as yet, any great party leaders. Moreover, her politics show an unfortunate tendency to violence. There is a class of unemployed rowdies, called *soshi*, descendants by practice of the old *ronins*, and corresponding roughly to the "heelers" of Tammany, who hire themselves out regularly, especially at election times, to the highest bidder, for any disreputable purpose, from breaking up meetings to bludgeoning candidates, or even assassinating political opponents. When to all this is added the further fact that the great clan jealousies of ante-Restoration times are still smouldering, and that Satsuma and Choshu live in harmony chiefly because they divide political power between them, it will be seen that in her new-found politics Japan may find many a danger to her national welfare.'

It may safely be predicted that the greatness of Japan will not long survive the ejection from power of the sagacious aristocrats who have made her what she is. But for their resolute moderation, the country would even now be at war with Russia. Maddened by the deference shown to the wishes of the Great Powers, it needs to be sternly held back from self-destructive outbursts. The lives of ministers are threatened; the clamours of the democratic press can only be stifled by an impartial gag. In the excitement of the present crisis the reckless leaders of the war party are capable of doing irreparable mischief. Japan can be saved only at the cost of their being silenced. To them the higher range of political thought is entirely inaccessible. They cannot understand the dangers attending continental acquisitions by an insular power. They can as little understand the advantages of aloofness from continental entanglements afforded by an insular situation. Were they for a single day at the helm of affairs, they would unquestionably incur the first, and forfeit the second, and that without a moment's consideration. Fortunately, they are as yet impotent in the field of practical politics; but they may not long remain so. They must, should parliamentary institutions survive the difficulties they create, eventually come in for their share of ministerial authority. Then indeed the ship of state will find itself among breakers.

The transformation of Japan from an agricultural into a manufacturing country meanwhile proceeds apace. It goes deep down into the habits of the people, and cannot be accomplished without very considerable shiftings of the bases



of social life; but the problems connected with it have not yet begun to press for solution. Its consequences, however, very closely affect ourselves. Japanese cotton goods are rapidly running those of British make off the Eastern market. They are cleverly designed and serviceable, and are produced at extraordinarily small cost. A Kagoshima male 'hand' works ten and a half hours a day for fourpence halfpenny, a female for *three halfpence*. Taking its fine quality into account, there is no such cheap labour in the world. The depreciation of silver, too, lays a severe handicap upon British manufactures, so that it is not surprising that those from Japan are sold in continually widening markets. They have this year reached India, transported at small cost by a subsidised line of steamers running to Bombay; and their entry forms a grave threat to the prosperity of rising native industries.

Nevertheless, the interests of England and Japan are by no means opposed. Both desire, and must eventually profit by, increased freedom of trade. In the spacious East there is custom enough and to spare for both, if the customers can only be reached. By the augmented trading facilities with China which will assuredly result from the war just brought to a termination, British interests cannot fail to be promoted. They are of enormous importance, far outweighing those of all other European nations taken together. It is difficult to exaggerate the extent to which British prosperity depends upon the state of affairs in the Pacific. The United States of America, the Australian colonies, and Great Britain are the three Powers most interested in the navigation and independence of that Eastern ocean.

There can be no doubt that the cardinal principle of our policy there should be the maintenance of friendly relations with Japan. The value of England's cordial support is fully recognised by her forecasting statesmen; and even the jealousy of irresponsible politicians has been in a measure disarmed by England's forwardness to settle the long-pending question of treaty revision. The Treaty of Commerce signed at London, July 16, 1894, fully satisfies the demands of Japan. She obtains by its terms of more than equality, British subjects in Japan being at certain disadvantages from which Japanese subjects in Great Britain are exempt. Thus, they cannot own real property or engage in the coasting trade; while it remains entirely at the option of the Emperor of Japan whether or not the said treaty comes

into operation at the end of the prescribed term of five years. An import tariff annexed to it permits the levying of what may well be called prohibitive duties on British goods. This is now nominally in force, but cannot actually take effect without the consent of the remaining fifteen Treaty Powers, which may long be delayed. The example of Great Britain, however, counts for a great deal.

Both Mr. Curzon and Mr. Norman attempt to forecast the destinies of the Far East. They prophesy, however, with due reserve, making ample allowance for *l'imprévu*. Their views are tolerably accordant, and contain little from which we feel obliged to dissent. The spectacle presented to us at this moment is sufficiently striking. It is that of a highly organised nation of forty millions standing, as it were, over the prostrate body of a thoroughly disorganised nation of four hundred millions. The colossus cannot of itself rise from its prone position, but with external help it may once more become formidable. That help can proceed only from Russia. This is evidently recognised at St. Petersburg. It is highly significant that the Russian Government at once demanded the abandonment by Japan of her territorial conquest, and agreed to guarantee the Chinese loan at a low rate of interest. These are essential services to China, and will not be forgotten, and we think they were wise and politic measures. Russia is strong through her material resources, yet still more through her possession of an anticipatory policy. Her plans for the future are perfectly defined, and she allows nothing to stand in the way of their realisation. They include the occupation of an open harbour on the North Pacific coast, and probably a certain amount of influence in Corea. The construction of a costly line of communication debouching at a harbour like that of Vladivostock, choked with ice during four months of each year, would be an ineptitude of which Russia is assuredly incapable. But at this point her interests conflict with those of Japan. This aspiring Power seeks to dominate Corea. By its energy the resources of the peninsula are to be developed, the abuses of government remedied, commerce stimulated and controlled. Corea is a cotton-growing country, and can supply, when waste lands are brought into cultivation and means of transport afforded, ample materials for Japanese manufactures. Japan even now depends largely upon Corean rice and beans for the support of her population, and will require more and more of them as silk-culture replaces at home the growth of cereals; while the surmised mineral

riches of Corea offer still further inducements to enterprise in a land inviting by supposed advantages. Its occupation by a foreign Power would, besides, constitute a standing threat to Japanese independence. Hence a Russian Corea would appear intolerable at Tokio ; while a Japanese Corea will certainly not be regarded as admissible at St. Petersburg. Here lies the coming danger. Japan is confronted by the huge latent forces of China on the one side, of Russia on the other. To a small State, either of these empires may prove a dangerous neighbour. Her position is, accordingly, critical. The crisis may be slow in coming ; but it can hardly be averted, and she must not, under peril of her national existence, relax in her preparations to meet it.

The strength of Japan *lies in her insular position*, in which she resembles the islands of our own United Kingdom. It is probable that her military and naval forces, when concentrated, would suffice to defend and protect her from any direct aggression, because she is mistress of her own resources on the spot, and any hostile European Power would find itself at an enormous distance from the base of operations. Even the troops and supplies of Vladivostock are conveyed thither by sea. But Japan will enfeeble herself by every attempt to establish her authority on the mainland of Asia, since it would compel her to scatter her forces and encounter various enemies. No greater service has been rendered to Japan than when she was induced by the Continental Powers and the advice of England to restore to China the position she had occupied on the Manchurian territory and Port Arthur. To Japan herself that acquisition would have been a highly injurious and mischievous gift. The position she aspires to hold in Corea is open to similar objections, and cannot be maintained without a large military force in the Corean Peninsula. The true interest of all the neighbouring Powers is that the independence of Corea should, if possible, be maintained, to which the corruption of the Government and the apathy of the people are grave obstacles.

The annexation of the island of Formosa is a legitimate prize of war, although the Japanese had not conquered or even attacked the island. To China the loss is not great, for she had done nothing to civilise or even subdue the barbarous natives. To Japan it is important that Formosa should not fall under the dominion of any other Power, since it completes her own insular empire. But even Formosa will not be held without a considerable effort. It

must be subdued by military forces, requiring very possibly six thousand men and ships of war to exorcise the phantom of a Chinese republic which has appeared on those inhospitable shores, and subdue the interior. Japan has won great conquests by a spirited and ambitious policy ; but, the war being over, the real burden of the future begins—which is to defend and keep them. She will long have to maintain her forces on the footing of a war establishment, and, with the exception of the large pecuniary indemnity she is bound to receive, no immediate results can be profitable enough to the exchequer of the ‘Rising Sun’ to repay the sacrifices she has made. In fact, this peace with China leaves the Japanese with two wars on her hands more formidable than the scattered armies of the Celestial Empire. In Corea their authority is contested by a barbarous and corrupt Court and a hostile population ; it can only be supported by a large military force and occupation, which may lead to other difficulties. In Formosa they encounter the hostility of the Chinese upon the coast, and they take possession by force of arms ; whilst the interior of the island, into which they propose to introduce law and order, is peopled by tribes of savages absolutely unsubdued. These are great and difficult tasks, demanding large supplies of troops and money ; and the best advice the friends of Japan can give that interesting nation is to concentrate their resources at home, and shun the treacherous lure of foreign territorial conquests.

ART. VII.—*The Life and Correspondence of Sir Bartle Frere, Bart., G.C.B.* By JOHN MARTINEAU. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1895.

THE generation of notable Anglo-Indian administrators to which Sir Bartle Frere belonged has now almost entirely passed away. Their active service extended over one of the most eventful periods in the history of British India—the period that includes the first invasion of Affghanistan in 1838, the fierce and dangerous wars in the Punjab, the great expansion of our dominion under Lord Dalhousie's government beyond the Indus on the north-west and the Irrawaddie on the south-east, and the terrible mutiny of the sepoy in 1857. When that tumultuous outbreak had been finally quelled the land had internal rest; but the rapid conquest of Central Asia by the Russians soon revived the same alarms that had led to the premature occupation of Kabul and Kandahar by Lord Auckland, and the second Affghan war came exactly forty years after the beginning of the first.

Among the men whom these stirring times brought forward the place of Frere is, if not the first, in the very first line; for whether we reckon by official honours, by the importance of the appointments he held, or by general reputation, the only civilian who ranks indisputably above him is Lord Lawrence. It is, therefore, quite fitting and appropriate to his merits that his life and acts should receive that kind of commemorative recognition which is provided by an ample biography; and Mr. Martineau deserves all the credit that is due to a writer whose work displays literary skill and unsparing industry in the arrangement of his materials, while it is suffused with the glow of sympathetic admiration for a distinguished and amiable man, whose fine qualities receive their full meed of appreciation in many pages of this interesting book. If we cannot assent to some of the views put forward, or to some of the judgements pronounced by the biographer upon Frere's handling of the questions of the day, we may readily admit that he has spared no pains in the study of subjects with which, whether they be Indian or African, it may be guessed that he had not been practically conversant. And although the prevailing bias on Frere's side in all controversial passages of his career needs occasional rectification, we may make full and liberal allowance for the conditions under which this work was necessarily prepared.

It is characteristic of Frere's energetic temperament that his adventures began with his first departure from England, on his way to India. Instead of taking the ordinary leisurely route, he and a companion made a rough and rather perilous journey across Egypt to Kosseir, on the Red Sea, whence they chartered a fishing boat to Aden; and there Frere got a passage across the Indian Ocean in an Arab dhow, landing at Bombay, nearly five months after leaving Falmouth, in September 1834. The earlier chapters of the book contain many and interesting particulars regarding the earlier years of his service, the state of the country, the ways of Anglo-Indian society, and the favourable notice which Frere almost immediately attracted from his superiors. But the first important stage in his career was his appointment in 1847 to be Resident at Sattâra, the native State that had been replaced in 1818 by the English under the rulership of a great Maratha family, and which in 1848 Lord Dalhousie annexed in default of heirs. This somewhat arbitrary assertion of the right to acquisition by lapse raised the famous issue, of vital importance to all Indian princes, whether a childless ruler might adopt a successor; and Frere agreed with all the best Anglo-Indian authorities in dissenting, personally, from the Governor-General's decision to disallow an adoption made by the Rajah on his deathbed, and to incorporate his territory with the British dominion. He nevertheless carried out loyally the orders for the execution of this sentence, and remained for some time in superintendence of the requisite administrative changes.

Mr. Martineau tells us that 'Frere's conception of the 'Imperial authority, of its extension and its bearing on 'native States and on races of inferior civilisation, is well 'exemplified by the position he took on the question of 'Sattâra.' As to this we do not see our way quite clearly, for the point raised in the Sattâra affair was rather special than general, so that Frere's delivery upon it hardly bears so wide and imposing an interpretation. But however this may be, the description given of Frere's political ideas is so remarkable, and furnishes so continuous a clue to many of his subsequent acts and opinions, that we may be excused for quoting it at some length:—

'Frere's ideal of empire was a pervading influence rather than a system of administration—a power which, though inevitably spreading, aimed at no extension of the red line on the map which marked the limits of British territory, and which would rather be indicated by a

colour gradually paling and shaded off indefinitely far beyond it. Full of quick, sympathetic appreciation of all that was good and venerable in the habits, institutions, and traditions of the various peoples and races with whom he came in contact, he shrank from imposing on them the rigid forms and the dead-level of a foreign and alien administration, and paid scrupulous respect to native susceptibilities and native traditions of rank and precedence, supporting and utilising for the government of the country existing institutions and the chiefs whom he found in authority. But he insisted that in any territory, annexed or unannexed, over which the British protectorate extended there must be no uncertainty whether the European or the native power is the strongest. A civilised and a comparatively uncivilised power cannot, he held, exist peaceably side by side—as two European nations can—unless the uncivilised power distinctly recognises that it is the weaker of the two, and that it must in essentials conform to the civic standard of right and wrong of the other. The “*Pax Britannica*” must be assured; the loyal and law-abiding man, white or coloured, civilised or savage, must be protected, effectually, by the moral force of the Imperial name.’

‘This conception of empire,’ it is added, ‘is the keynote of Frere’s administration from first to last,’ from Sattara to South Africa. We believe Mr. Martineau to be right, and we think that he has given a true and vivid rendering of the ideas which dominated in that enterprising mind. Nevertheless, we are not so much astonished as Mr. Martineau seems to be when he laments that the pursuit of his conception, though it sometimes brought Frere honour, yet latterly earned him misunderstanding and abuse. It is natural that a writer who does not profess to be an expert in Oriental or colonial affairs should not very readily perceive the practical consequences that are inseparable from unswerving attachment to a lofty political ideal that insists on the duty of displaying our strength and enforcing our ascendancy whenever we find ourselves in contact with uncivilised powers. Yet the truth is that, under these sonorous phrases about the *Pax Britannica*, the demand that the weaker people shall conform to the civic standard of the stronger, the moral force of the imperial name, and so forth, lie all the germs of active interference, peremptory assertions of superiority, high-handed control upon conscientious principles, impatient dealing with barbarous folk, and other fruits of a policy that has been supposed to have done some mischief from time to time in the outlying parts of our empire. Frere himself had a genuine sense of justice and humanity, and an excellent administrative capacity that largely counterbalanced tendencies of this sort; but we fear

that his adversaries would have too readily seized upon this passage as accounting for much of what seemed to them open to criticism in the general direction of his later political aims or prepossessions.

In 1843 came the annexation of Sind, a measure for which Lord Ellenborough and Sir Charles Napier were responsible, which met with Frere's disapprobation, and which is now generally admitted to have been unjust; although Frere, writing long afterwards, admits that war with the Ameers may have been the only solution of the 'hopeless tangle' into which that business had fallen. That his estimate of the character and governing ability of Napier is much above the level at which this vigorous but rather vain-glorious general has been commonly placed is a fact worth noticing, for the double reason that Frere was a good judge of men, and that soon after Napier's departure he succeeded to the administration of the conquered province. In this charge, which was unusually high and responsible for a civilian of his standing, Frere showed signal ability and great aptitude for arduous command. It may be fairly said that the difficulties of managing a new territory upon a wild frontier, among a people quite unaccustomed to European ways, were never more successfully surmounted. Here, indeed, it was that Frere built up, in good style and solidity, the first story of his very eminent reputation as an administrator; for we have to recollect that in 1851, when he took up this appointment, the Punjab had only just been annexed, and that the occupation of Sind had for the first time brought us into actual contact with the geographical frontier which separates India from Western Asia. Hitherto the dealings of the English had been exclusively with Indian races and principalities; but they had now crossed the Indus westward to the confines of Affghanistan and Beluchistan, and thus found themselves confronted by totally different tribes inhabiting countries quite unlike India. The novel situation at once raised fresh problems of a kind little known beforehand, whose solution required originality and resource; the altered circumstances produced a demand for men of that special quality which does not rely upon precedent and routine. From that time forward the work of managing the borders of our empire entered upon a new phase, the range of our trans-frontier politics became wider and more important, and the military element in our Asiatic diplomacy became necessarily more prominent.



Out of these peculiar needs and varied experiences, out of the constant discussions and clashing of opinion over failures and successes, out of differences of sentiment and situation, were rapidly formed the two leading schools of frontier politics which have so long prevailed in India. The two main points on which opinions differed were, first, in regard to the proper system of controlling the unruly independent tribes immediately across our border line; and, secondly, as to the closely connected subject of our relations with two large States in the background—Kelât and Affghanistan. As it is impossible at this moment to explain precisely the many points at issue, we must be content with the broad distinction that while in the Punjab it was thought best to act on the defensive, to keep within our borders, and to avoid connexions with untrustworthy or unstable neighbours, in Sindé a more enterprising and expansive system was preferred. Of this latter school, which took latterly a wide developement, Frere was throughout his official life the leading exponent; the other had its pre-eminent representative in John Lawrence. We find no fault with Mr. Martineau's thoroughgoing loyalty in assuming that the system adopted on the Sindé border was sound and successful, while that to which Punjab officers obstinately clung was irrational and ineffective. In such a case the position of a biographer must inevitably resemble that of an advocate who studies the question from a brief without personal or previous knowledge of the facts or localities. Yet the unflinching confidence with which one side of the case is presented suggests doubt rather than certitude, and his unqualified eulogies of Frere, Jacob, and other distinguished Sindé officials sometimes overpass the limits within which a biographer's judgement is entitled to respectful deference.

'Neither Sir John Lawrence,' he writes, 'nor any other of the high functionaries in India seems to have recognised and appreciated the fact that Jacob's genius and persistence, supported and encouraged by Frere, had in their own province solved a problem which Englishmen, not only in India, but in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere, had hitherto failed to solve—the problem how to contrive that contact between the civilised race and the predatory or savage tribes should bring about not hatred, bloodshed, and extermination, but peace, civilisation, and mutual benefit.'

It is, at any rate, a lamentable fact, attested by the present state of affairs in various outlying quarters of the world, and particularly by the latest operations on the north-west frontier of India, that no such inestimable solution of

an ever-recurring problem has ever yet been invented for general application. So that the impartial critic will incline to the conclusion that the Sind officers could only see one aspect of a many-sided difficulty, and that the fact of their system being excellently suited to local needs and circumstances gave them no real ground whatever for lecturing other people who could not be persuaded to adopt it. Frere was a first-class administrator of the remote and backward province committed to his charge: he knew so well how to obtain willing co-operation from military commanders and trustful respect from the natives, that under his vigilant and clear-headed supervision the marches were well kept, and a region of immemorial turbulence settled down into comparative tranquillity. Nevertheless it was never easy for him to realise fully the widely divergent local conditions that rendered his system inapplicable to the northern borderlands, and his conviction that what had answered so well in Sind could not fail elsewhere was, for a man of his superior calibre, singularly inflexible. Nor can it be doubted that his remarkable success on that frontier gave a certain fixity to all his subsequent views, with regard not only to the pacification of unruly tribes but also to the larger question of establishing British influence in Affghanistan.

To this subject, however, we shall recur hereafter. When the Bengal army mutinied in northern India, the Sind Commissionership suddenly became a post of the utmost importance, for during the summer of 1857 the only open line of communication between the Punjab and the seaports lay along the Indus Valley. It was, therefore, most fortunate that the province was in that emergency held by a man of Frere's firm and energetic character; and it is beyond question that, although he was not in the foremost fighting line, he rendered services of the highest value in that great struggle for the salvage of the British power that was upheld against great odds until reinforcements arrived from England. His country was kept steadily in hand, his police did their work loyally, and the mutinous outbreaks of certain regiments in Sind were suppressed by prompt measures, of which this book gives some striking particulars. Mr. Martineau gives a series of extracts from letters in which Frere dilated with some asperity and, we think, exaggeration on the errors, shortcomings, and blindness of those to whom he attributed this tremendous disaster; but a biography is no place for passing judgement on such complicated questions, and the only extract that is

now of interest contains Frere's opinion on Lord Dalhousie.

'In your account of the Indian estimate of Lord Dalhousie you have, I think, been led into the very natural mistake of accepting the estimate formed of him in the Bengal Presidency for the estimate of all India. You have correctly described him as he appeared to the great majority of leaders of opinion in the civil and military services of the vast Bengal Presidency, from Peshawur to Singapoore; but a very different opinion of him prevailed throughout the other half of India, including the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, where every justice was done to his vast ability as an administrator, but where there was a very extensive and profound distrust of him as a statesman. . . . His farewell Minute was admired in what you will, perhaps, call these benighted regions, rather for its magnificent composition than for any other quality as a State paper.'

It is well known that when the siege of Delhi was straining our weak military resources to the uttermost, Lawrence proposed, for the purpose of concentrating all our forces on the vital points of attack and defence, the extreme and almost desperate measure of withdrawing the British troops from Peshawur, and assigning our Trans-Indus districts to the Ameer of Kabul. Of this project Frere was, rightly, as events proved, a determined adversary, and he wrote against it both to Lawrence and to Lord Elphinstone, then Governor of Bombay. In the end

'Lord Canning decided against surrendering Peshawur in any event. Although no direct communication on the question passed between Frere and him, it is believed that the former's strongly expressed opinion being passed on to him by Lord Elphinstone had much to do with his decision, and it was a great support to Herbert Edwardes and those who agreed with him. Long afterwards Frere was asked if he had ever doubted during the Mutiny about the final result of the struggle. He said, "Never, except once, and that was when it was proposed to abandon Peshawur."'

The taking of Delhi set at rest this controversy, and though all northern India still rocked with the groundswell of the subsiding tempest, the crisis was virtually overpast. The Punjab had remained quiet, the English and the Sikhs had stormed the imperial city, and out of the nettle danger Lawrence had plucked the flower safety. It was in 1858, when Frere had betaken himself with his usual energy to the business of quelling disorders on his own frontier, that he proposed the occupation of Quetta, on the plateau of Beluchistan, commanding access to South Affghanistan, a proposal which he repeated in 1866, and which was

finally carried out, under very different circumstances, just twenty years after it had been first made.

The spark that actually produced the explosion of mutiny among our Hindu sepoys had been lighted by their superstitious horror of the greased cartridges; and it also set fire to the contagious fanaticism, of Mahomedans as well as Hindus, that is always ready to break out in a sporadic way among the Indian population. One can hardly be surprised that in such a heated atmosphere a touch of the old Puritan wrath and burning zeal against heathendom should have been felt by some of those fervent Englishmen to whom the active propagation of the Gospel in India had always appeared an imperative duty.

‘We were a Christian nation, it was truly said, bound as a first duty to be true to our religion. If we were not true to it, God would surely punish us. And in some way or other, doubtless, this very mutiny had been a punishment, a judgement on us for doing wrong. But how? Wherein had we, as a nation and as a Government, gone astray and been unfaithful to our principles? What attitude ought our countrymen as Christians, and our Government as a Christian Government, to maintain towards the overwhelming multitudes belonging to other religions?’

To this question Colonel Edwardes, a distinguished soldier who mixed up theology with his politics, replied by a memorandum on the elimination of all non-Christian principles from the government of India, wherein he protested, among other things, against the exclusion of our Bible and of Christian teaching from Government schools, the endowment of native religions from the revenue, the recognition of caste, and the administration of Hindu or Mahomedan law. With these views Sir John Lawrence had, as Mr. Martineau remarks, a good deal of sympathy, at least in theory; and we agree that his famous State paper on the subject leaned rather perilously towards that side, though it stops far short of the absurdly impolitic demands made by Edwardes with a recklessness that threw considerable doubt upon his sincerity. Frere, who had the great advantage of being in cooler and clearer air, apart from the gusts of violent passion and religious enthusiasm that had swept over northern India, took upon this question a statesmanlike and moderate tone which does much credit to a man in whom piety and a strong interest in Christian missions had always been prominent. It is true that he went so far as to write, in a letter to Lord Goderich (1859): ‘If India were converted the gain would be cheaply purchased by the loss of our empire in India,’ which

is a hard saying for the unregenerate ; but he distinctly combated Lawrence's principles, and showed where his reasoning was unsound. The whole controversy is now dead, buried, and never likely to rise again, unless the natives some day turn the tables by adopting an intolerant attitude towards Christianity. It is still worth a passing notice, because it shows that Frere could be firm upon a point where shiftiness has sometimes been unjustly imputed to him ; and also because whereas, on this particular subject at any rate, one would have expected him and Lawrence to agree, we nevertheless find even here that remarkable incompatibility of opinions which seems almost invariably to have divided these two illustrious Anglo-Indians. Only in times of imminent danger could each mutually appreciate the other's excellence as a trusty and indefatigable fighter in the common cause. Frere readily acknowledged that Lawrence had saved the Punjab by 'almost superhuman efforts,' and Lawrence, in acknowledging his great obligations to Frere for assistance rendered to the Punjab, wrote :—

'From first to last, from the commencement of the Mutiny to the final triumph, he has rendered assistance to the Punjab Administration, just as if he had been one of its own Commissioners. . . . The Chief Commissioner believes that there is probably no civil officer in India who for eminent exertions deserves better of his Government than Mr. H. B. Frere.'

In 1859 Frere left Sind on his promotion to a sphere of higher and more extensive duties, 'the first Bombay civilian 'who had ever been appointed to the Supreme Council' of the Governor-General. Mr. Martineau takes this occasion of assuring us, on what authority we know not, that whereas at Calcutta 'the Civil Servants had hitherto been a class 'apart socially, having little intercourse with non-official 'Europeans, and none at all with natives,' Sir Bartle Frere's manners and habits set them a salutary model in these respects. As no one ever doubted Frere's good-manners or courtesy, it is very questionable whether he himself would have regarded as ornamental or in good taste these incessant side-strokes at his colleagues and brother-officers which are gratuitously distributed throughout his biography. His services in Calcutta needed no such ambiguous exaltation. The question of finance was then, as at the present moment, the absorbing anxiety of the day, and Mr. James Wilson proposed, as one remedy for the Treasury's depletion, to impose an income-tax upon all India. On the wisdom of this measure opinions differed widely, for, indeed, there was

much to be said on both sides; but Frere's vote was in favour of it as a disagreeable necessity, and he expostulated very sensibly with Sir Charles Trevelyan, who had published against the tax a most indiscreet manifesto, that was answered by his recall from the Governorship of Madras. It was a period of laborious reconstruction after the dilapidation caused by the Mutiny, which had so shaken the old administrative edifice that several parts had to be entirely rebuilt on a new plan, and which had swept away with the institutions of the ancient Indian *régime* many of its ideas and prejudices. At such a time Frere's untiring power of work, his rapid grasp of details, and his faculty of impressing his views upon others by lucid and forcible statements, were of the greatest use. Large reductions of military expenditure, complete reorganisation of the police, reforms and retrenchments everywhere, were pushed on vigorously; while in the region of higher politics, in the passing of an Arms Act, and particularly in the reconstitution of the Legislative Council, his share was very prominent. There was then in India but one Council for making laws, which met at Calcutta, and had originally been an almost exclusively official body. Subsequently Lord Dalhousie had given it a character never contemplated by the Home Government, when he added two judges of the Supreme Court and made its discussions public; for the judges assumed an independent and oratorical attitude, the non-official Europeans encouraged parliamentary debating, and the improved machine was thus becoming unmanageable.

Frere's remedy, given in a Minute written about this time, was that

'it was necessary either to go backwards, and restrict it to its original functions, or forwards, so as to develop its representative character. Frere advocated on all accounts the latter course; and, moreover, public opinion, both in England and India, would, he contended, render it impossible to lessen the independence of the Council, or to do away with the publicity which had been given to its debates. It was necessary, therefore, boldly to face the second alternative, and to endeavour to make it as far as possible a representative body. But in any case, he insisted it was necessary to take out of its control all local matters, the management of which should be committed to a local Council in each Presidency and Lieutenant-Governorship.'

Such a system of local Councils would, he believed,

'contribute, more than anything we could do, to unite governors and governed, both European and native; to restore a healthy tone to the Administration; to turn the thoughts of the discontented from

Imperial measures, which they can neither understand nor amend, to local wants which they can supply; and, above all, to strengthen the Executive in every province, and thereby strengthen the Imperial Government also.'

These quotations prove that to Frere is due the credit of having pointed out the true policy, which has been too slowly followed ever since, of gradually strengthening the representative (not electoral) element in the Governor-General's Legislative Council, and, above all, of decentralising the work by attaching local legislatures to the subordinate governments. His provincial experience, which now and then warped his judgement upon other things, served him in this matter so well that he may be counted as one of the founders of India's legislative institutions upon a basis that will support many future stages of cautious and solid development.

His spirit of entire confidence in the men on the spot, in those who are handling the facts and know the ground, comes out in the remonstrances sent by Frere to Sir Charles Wood against interference by the Secretary of State with the Government of India. The question is perennially interesting, because the constitutional system whereby India is administered is in this part of it peculiarly delicate. But Lawrence was at that time a very influential member of the Secretary of State's Council, and it is evident that this fact had much to do with Frere's restiveness at the unpalatable instructions which were more than once received in Calcutta from the India Office. 'If,' wrote Frere, 'the views embodied in your despatch are those of Sir John Lawrence, the result must be disastrous;' and when Sir C. Wood replied that if on that particular matter (police organisation) the Council were not to be consulted, he did not know of what use the Council could be, Frere promptly replied that the Council was, in effect, a useless and mischievous encumbrance to the Secretary of State, who could do much better with a few well-informed under-secretaries. He was clear-sighted enough to perceive that such a change would operate to the great advantage of the Indian Government, in any dispute, by taking all local knowledge and experience out of the India Office. This, however, is only one side of the question, and on the whole one is disappointed at the very moderate equanimity displayed by Frere in his correspondence upon a subject which required from him a weighty and dispassionate opinion. In men overwhelmed with toil and responsibilities under the burden and heat of

an Indian sun, one can easily make allowance for some impatience of cool criticisms from Whitehall. Yet it must be confessed that Frere's utterances at this period are now and then tinctured with a kind of extravagance, especially when anything revived the old disputes over rival frontier policies. The Bombay system, he firmly believes, would settle everything.

'From all I have seen,' he writes to Major Green, 'since I came here, I am quite convinced that if you two and Merewether were moved north, and left to your own devices, we should in three years have every tribe from the Indus to Ghazni and Kabul, and probably the old Dost himself, wanting us to call them our subjects, and ready to do whatever we ask them. Rely on it, all this will appear some day as clear to others as it does to you and me.'

Nevertheless, these are only specks upon the brilliant reputation that Frere earned in the Governor-General's Council. 'No man,' said Lord Canning of him, 'ever had 'a better adviser;' and in 1862 his appointment to the Bombay Governorship marked the zenith of his rapidly mounting career in India. In this office, for which he was incomparably well fitted by training and capacity, he was destined to prove by a shining example 'how much one 'man can do that doth both act and know.' He explored all parts of his territory, made himself acquainted with all sorts and conditions of men, inquired into needs and grievances, enforced reforms, expedited local improvements, made roads, planned railways and canals, introduced new kinds of cotton, founded schools, and energetically promoted the moral as well as the material progress of the country. But all these rapid operations necessarily cost money, and Frere, like many great men of action, loved to spend boldly and to have his own way. The inevitable consequences were much straining of financial formulas and considerable disputing between his Government and the superior controlling authorities at Calcutta. It was not precisely fortunate for the Governor of Bombay that in 1864 Lawrence had been placed above him as Viceroy, since two men of equal ability and reputation who find themselves at difference, however amicably and honourably, regarding momentous administrative questions are not likely to agree well upon minor points which may arise as between superior and subordinate. We are much disposed to regret that the controversies between Frere as Governor and Lawrence as Governor-General were not judiciously passed over in his biography with a few impartial observations, for they



merely represent some temporary friction about departmental matters with which the public has little or no concern. They occupy, nevertheless, many pages of this book, where the facts and the conclusions drawn are naturally so arranged as to run in a direction wholly favourable to a triumphant verdict for Frere upon all the issues.

The result is that this part of Mr. Martineau's work abounds with quotations, assertions, strictures, and accusations that might lead the ordinary reader to suppose that common-sense and superiority to routine were all one side; whereas the merits of the case as between Calcutta and Bombay were at least very evenly balanced, and a majority of experts would almost certainly vote for Lawrence. That Mr. Martineau himself could not possess the experience necessary for arbitrating in these matters between two such chiefs would have been obvious *à priori*, even if it could not be inferred from his treatment of the dispute. If, for example, he supposes that he has strengthened Frere's cause by quoting a long letter from his successor in the governorship, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, sympathising most heartily with Frere's impatience of the strict control maintained by the supreme Government over his expenditure of public money, Mr. Martineau must know very little about the financial reputation of that genial Irishman, whose contempt for narrow-minded economies was unbounded. These old quarrels were forgotten in Frere's lifetime, nor could they ever affect, one way or another, his posthumous reputation, so that to rip them up again was by no means to his interest. But as the book undertakes both to defend Frere's financial policy at all points, and also to condemn all who impugned it, we must observe that the weakness of such a position is disclosed by the very indulgent treatment of the question whether, and how far, he was responsible for negligence in the matter of the Bank of Bombay, which lost all its capital by reckless mismanagement in the years 1866-68. It is to be remembered that a strict inquiry into the bank's transactions had been unsuccessfully pressed upon the Bombay Government, and that the result entirely justified the presentiments of Lord Lawrence. There is no need, however, to rake up the particulars of an unfortunate business which was thoroughly investigated and reported on by a Special Commission in 1869; and we need only remark that while Frere's personal honour remained, as ever, beyond the slightest cavil, the affair undoubtedly gave him considerable vexation.

Frere's relinquishment of the Bombay governorship in March, 1867, terminated an exceptionally distinguished Indian career. He had gained admiration and respect from both Europeans and natives, by whom his departure was universally regretted; nor can he himself have departed without emotion from a country whose civilisation he had done much to advance. In writing to thank Merivale for a copy of his 'admirable sketch of the conversion of the 'Roman Empire,' he says:—

'The subject has a special interest for us just now in India, where the various forms of Indian belief are undergoing the same process which you so well describe; but it seems to me that in our modern case the process is going on much more rapidly than of old, for I do not suppose that any one generation of Romans ever witnessed such extensive and important changes of belief in the mass of the people as I have witnessed during my thirty years in India. I think this is only what might be expected from the superior temporal advantages of the proselytising nations of modern days. Of the fact I think there can be no doubt, though it is at variance with the generally received opinions regarding the results of modern missionary effort.'

To most people this estimate of the rate at which the evangelisation of India has been spreading will appear much too sanguine. Yet Frere's comparison is so far just and striking, that the extent to which changes of belief have been taking place and the ancient superstitions are being modified under the influence of a higher morality throughout British India, can find no better historic parallel than in the immense transformation of religious ideas that the Western world underwent in the first two centuries of the Christian era.

On his return to England Frere was appointed as a matter of course to the Council of the Secretary of State, where he made himself very useful in an office of which he had denounced the mischievous inutility. He was consulted by the English ministers on various important subjects, principally concerning the army and finance, that lay outside the ordinary range of his duties; and Lord Mayo, before leaving England for the Indian Viceroyalty, had long and frequent conversations with him. The situation in Afghanistan occupied his mind continuously; for *there* lay, and indeed still lies, the knot of all the complicated difficulties that encompass the safeguarding of our frontier at the point where it is most sensitive. One chapter in this part of Mr. Martineau's narrative is headed 'Masterly Inactivity,' a phrase that had been used to denote Lawrence's attitude,

as Governor-General, towards the Affghan question, and by which the writer introduces his account of Frere's views thereupon. The subject reappears frequently, but biographical exigencies have necessarily scattered the discussion over several chapters. It may, therefore, be conveniently summarised by taking a survey in outline of this all-important question, which in the lapse of years has lost none of its interest, and of which a clear understanding is essential to due appreciation of the eager controversies that it has at intervals provoked.

Up to the era of the Napoleonic wars, and so long as India was only accessible from Europe by sea, the continental politics of Asia gave the English in India very little concern. The limits of our possessions were still far distant from the natural or geographical boundaries of the country over which our dominion was gradually expanding. But from the beginning of this century, when it became known that Napoleon was seriously entertaining the project of an expedition by land against British India, the project of fortifying ourselves against any such invasion from the north-west by a system of alliances with the Asiatic powers beyond the Indus and the Affghan mountains occupied successive Governors-General. The first Affghan war was a rash and premature attempt to carry out this system. Its disastrous result cooled for many years the ardour of the party who insisted on the paramount necessity of establishing, by friendly means if possible, otherwise by the display of armed superiority, our influence over the rough, recalcitrant, and liberty-loving people of Affghanistan. Ten years later, when the English had crossed the Indus and the Russians were hovering about the Oxus, the prospect of a rapid approximation of the two rival empires grew much more distinct. But within India we had then much on our hands. Nor was it until the country had been finally pacified after the sepoy mutiny that the question of barring the further advance of Russia again took shape and prominence. The policy of setting up barriers against a powerful neighbour is well known in Europe; it consists in establishing a preponderant diplomatic influence over intervening kingdoms, and in placing the weaker States or petty princes under a protectorate, or admitting them to an arrangement for the common defence. That this system is sound, and peculiarly applicable to Affghanistan and the minor chiefships beyond our north-western frontier, has never been seriously disputed; and the long controversy (which is

at this moment in full vigour) has always turned entirely upon ways and means of pursuing objects that are generally admitted to be desirable. One party has declared confidently in favour of active overtures to the tribes and rulers beyond our borders; of pressing upon them friendly intercourse; of securing the control of their external relations; of inducing them to receive missions, to enter into co-operative alliances, to acknowledge our protection, and to admit resident British agents. No time is to be lost, and no efforts spared, in the resolute employment of all those devices whereby civilised powers have, since the days of the Romans, gradually imposed their supremacy upon barbarous neighbours.

The other party has never denied the expediency or possible necessity of these measures. But whereas on the one side there has been a constant demand for the speedy execution of the policy, for distinct steps forward to be taken without delay, for urgent overtures to Affghan Ameer, for operating by pressure where persuasion seemed to work too slowly, and for intimating to suspicious chiefs that where fair and friendly offers were rejected there might be force in reserve, on the other side these demands were opposed by politicians of the more cautious school as hasty and undeniably hazardous. 'Your conciliatory advances,' they argued, 'must be expected to fail among jealous and intractable folk who only wish to be left alone, and who know as well as you do that protection means supremacy in disguise, and that intercourse with the English spells intervention. So that the rejection of your friendly overtures will most probably become merely the formalities preliminary to some masterful action which will damage your popularity, and will entangle you in new responsibilities, military and political, still further beyond your ever-moving frontiers. If we really desire so to gain the confidence of the Affghans that they may in an emergency stand by us and against our enemies, we must abstain from forcing our friendship upon them, though our relations with them ought to be civil and neighbourly. And the surest way of preventing any misunderstanding of our intentions is to keep within our own borders until we have just and necessary cause for a movement across them, or until the force of circumstances leads an Affghan ruler to seek or willingly accept our assistance.'

Such an attitude was, of course, open to criticism as inert and short-sighted. Mr. Martineau tells us that—

'According to this school of Indian statesmanship, the ideal British

empire in India should have a sharply defined boundary, enclosing annexed territory, within which the Government should be administered with the utmost attainable uniformity, and with the countries beyond which all intercourse was to be as much restricted as possible. An imaginary frontier wall was to separate British territory from that of the outer barbarian, the highlander or central Asiatic, in whose friendships, quarrels, commerce, and behaviour generally we were to abstain as far as possible from taking part or concerning ourselves.'

The stiff line-drawing of this description, and a certain want of precision in detail, betray an unpractised hand; yet it serves very fairly to explain the conception formed of masterly inactivity by those able men whose patience was sorely tried by a waiting policy. Frere's 'intense belief in the power for good of British influence and authority and civilisation led him to repudiate any attempt to assign hard-and-fast limits to their scope and exercise.' To this it was replied that such doctrines might be misused to justify any degree of interference, on the highest motives, with the affairs of half-civilised people; and so the discussions went on. When Dost Mahomed was besieging Herat in 1863, Frere's voice was raised in favour of pressing upon the old Ameer our advice that he should desist; and when after Dost Mahomed's death his sons engaged in a furious war for the succession, Frere argued strenuously with Lawrence that we ought to spare no pains to be on the best terms with the next ruler, whoever he might be.

'I quite agree with you,' he wrote, 'that we ought not to interfere in any way. But I hold it quite possible to have very intimate relations with such neighbours as the Affghans, and yet to give them the fullest assurance that we do not intend to meddle in any way in their affairs. Why should that which is perfectly easy in our dealings with France and with every European power be impossible with the Affghans? I mean that they should feel we take the liveliest interest in their affairs, while they are assured that nothing can be further from our intentions than interfering in their domestic affairs, or attempting to influence their home politics.'

No one, of course, has ever denied that the friendship of the Affghan sovereign must always be of the greatest value to England. But the reciprocal relations of European powers furnish no kind of analogy with the case in point, which turns on the question whether it was, or is, possible to show the liveliest interest in Affghan affairs without exciting some uneasiness as to our intentions.

In this intermittent fashion went on the disputation between two opposite political schools until, in 1874, Frere

drew up a full statement of his views on frontier policy, in the form of a letter addressed to the Political Secretary at the India Office. This letter

'was printed for circulation amongst the members of the Indian Council, upon whom it seems to have made a considerable impression at the time; but it was not made public till October, 1878, when, to the surprise of Frere, who was then in South Africa, it was printed nearly at length in the "Times," and was most incorrectly taken as recommending the course of action which was then being carried out by Lord Lytton in Affghanistan.'

It did indeed contain a true and effective exposition of the great disadvantages and positive dangers that must be anticipated if we allowed Affghanistan to be 'Russianised,' or if we sat still while a Russian envoy established himself at Kabul, with the mission of bringing the ruler and people under an ascendancy that would directly menace our peace and tranquillity. The warning note was well and clearly sounded at the right time, and all whose eyes were open agreed thus far with Frere; but here again the dangers were abundantly manifest, and the only real question was how to meet them, since a wrong remedy might easily complicate the disease. The active measures proposed by Frere were, among others, first, to place an advanced post of our frontier army at Quetta, in Beluchistan, and, secondly, to place well-selected English agents at Kabul, Herat, and Kandahar. This scheme involved

'the establishment of a perfect Intelligence Department of European officers in Affghanistan, and, if possible, a preponderating influence there. But I would not attempt the subjugation of the country, nor its military occupation, because I believe that we can effectually keep out all rivals by supporting a national Government. Hence I would not attempt to hold Herat by a force of our own troops—at least not until we had tried the effect of such measures as Todd and Pottinger and Rawlinson proved could be so effectual in like cases. I would not attempt to enforce union of the Affghan States under a single ruler. I would not oppose such union if the ruler seemed capable of effecting it; I would give him the best advice I could on the subject, but avoid committing myself to support an unpopular or imbecile candidate for a united Affghan Empire.'

When this letter was published in 1878 we were upon the brink of declaring war against the Ameer, on the just ground that, although he had admitted and was actually negotiating with a Russian mission, he had refused to receive or listen to an English envoy. There is certainly not much cause for surprise that the general impression produced

by the letter was that the course of action then (1878) being carried out by Lord Lytton had been recommended by Frere. That the particular steps taken by Lord Lytton in execution of the design were not approved by Frere is quite possible, but the public at large make no fine distinctions. Nor does it appear necessary that Frere's friends should seek to diminish his share in a policy which at any rate had the merits of boldness, consistency, and thoroughness, and must, therefore, have been congenial to the ardent temper of a statesman who was always disposed rather to cut political knots than to hold his hands until the slow action of circumstance should loosen them. Moreover, Frere's visit to India in the winter of 1875-76, as guide and mentor to the Prince of Wales, afforded him a fresh opportunity for traversing the field of Indian politics, and for personally examining the management of the trans-frontier negotiations of the Indian Government, which were just then in a critical and unpromising condition. He reported home that 'the disposition of Sher Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, was now one of more bitter hostility than he had supposed,' and in writing to Lord Salisbury upon the changes of system to be made and the course to be adopted he adheres unmistakably to the line that runs through all his plans from first to last. No exertions were to be remitted, no method left untried, to reclaim the Ameer's lost confidence and to engage him in a friendly alliance for the joint benefit of the two States. But if diplomatic skill and reasoning should be exhausted in vainly endeavouring to induce Sher Ali to give audience to an English envoy, what then?

'If the Amir showed obvious signs of disinclination to improve his relations with us, I would take it as a clear proof that hostile influence had worked more effectually than we now suppose, that it was useless to attempt to coax or cajole him into a better frame of mind, and that we must look for alliances and influences elsewhere than at Cabul—must seek them at Kelat, at Candahar, Herat, and in Persia—and I would lose no time in looking out for them.'

Such a policy showed a mind made up to attain the objects desired and a determination not to be baffled. That it would have led to an open breach with the Ameer is plain enough to those who recall the pertinacity with which Sher Ali rejected all propositions or friendly advances; and the very serious measure of resorting to Kandahar and Herat—the headquarters of disaffection within his own kingdom—for alliances that he had rejected could hardly have failed to drive him into the open arms of Russia. It is just possible that, if

the conduct of the whole negotiations from the beginning could have been made over to Frere, his consummate experience and address in Oriental statecraft might have enabled him, with patience and good luck, to soothe the Ameer into a less suspicious and resentful temper, and to convince him that, since a choice between England and Russia was inevitable, he would imperil his throne if he did not cast in his lot with England. Yet the problem would have taxed all Frere's capacity, for on the subject of receiving an English envoy Sher Ali was immovable; he was in no humour to be cajoled or intimidated; and when the Russians came upon the scene in 1878 the appeal to arms must, upon Frere's own view of the case, have become inevitable. When, therefore, Mr. Martineau tells us that 'had Frere gone to India as Viceroy 'in 1876' he would in all human probability have converted Sher Ali to the English alliance, and would thus have prevented war, we are much disposed to doubt whether he had adequately mastered all the bearings of an intricate and critical situation. In all human probability he would have failed. We therefore consider that scant justice is done to Lord Lytton by the somewhat unworthy suggestions that Frere's programme broke down through bad handling in the attempt to work upon it. And we are much of opinion that Frere himself would have disdained to publish the letter appended as a note to pages 156, 157 of this book's second volume, because he was not the man to seek protection for his own reputation or political infallibility under the shelter of a correspondent's unprovoked attack upon a Viceroy who, whatever may have been his errors, was never ungenerous, and whose defence, like Frere's, is now left to surviving friends. The attempt to elevate a man by depreciating others is a sure sign that there is something unsound about the main argument.

The letter to which we have just alluded was written to Frere, not by him. There are, however, scattered through this book, quotations from Frere's own correspondence, carried on in the stress and haste of daily labour, which form, so to speak, a *catena* of texts in support of Frere's doctrines, and purport to expose the almost comical shortcomings of other folk. Such letters are of course written privately by all politicians who have strong notions and fight hard for them; but it seems hard on Frere to produce them in his biography. For we incline to the view that this method, instead of bringing out Frere's fine character and breadth of mind, rather tends to his disadvantage with



general readers, who are apt to distrust advocacy that is triumphantly in the right, and would like to hear something on the other side. Frere's advice and actions, however one may differ from them, were from beginning to end quite honourable, consistent, and straightforward; but when they are set out as if their infallibility were so certain that he could barely speak with tolerance of a different view, the effect is to throw the self-reliant and slightly censorious qualities of a strong character into excessive relief.

Moreover, all these ephemeral polemics are but the 'idle foam' upon the tide of Time. In reality, the course of events and transactions, the vicissitudes of war and policy upon and beyond the north-western frontier of India, have never been decisively influenced by the views or acts of Lawrence, of Frere, or any of those able men who have alternately endeavoured to press forward or restrain the expansion of our ascendancy in those regions. The history of our relations with Affghanistan during the last twenty-five years (to go back no further) illustrates the powerful influence of determinism upon politics—the extent, that is to say, to which general causes and consequences are continually modifying a political situation, changing its aspect, and marking out the only practicable channel to be followed with any real chance of success. The gradual closing up of the interspace between the dominions of Russia and India, which is obliterating the old political map of Asia, has been an irresistible movement that threatened to crush the life out of Affghanistan, and that all English statesmen have for fifty years been labouring to arrest, or at least retard. For the purpose of securing the integrity of that country we have been constantly offering, and indeed pressing upon, Affghan rulers, our protectorate in one form or another. But it is certain that nothing but clear and urgent necessity would ever have induced an able and powerful Ameer to accept any terms that affected his independence; while to deal with a weak and unpopular ruler would have been, as all experience proves, an embarrassing if not a ruinous investment. For a long time the Ameer steadily eschewed an alliance that has never been of good augury to Oriental princes; the whole temper of their people was fanatically against admitting English Residents, and it was very doubtful whether the Affghan government could answer for the lives of such unwelcome intruders. In 1838–40, when the Russians were far distant, there were no circumstances to justify, or even explain, our attempt to impose a protectorate

over Affghanistan, and it accordingly ended in calamitous discomfiture. Up to 1868 the civil war that raged in that country for five years presented special difficulties. But after the war had ceased Russia's ominous approach and the consolidation of the whole territory under Sher Ali's sceptre encouraged the sanguine anticipations of Frere and others, who believed not unreasonably that a vigorous and well-directed effort could secure our preponderance in the Ameer's councils. Nevertheless, since we may be sure that nothing but the peremptory dictation of necessity would ever have extracted from the Affghans their consent to an arrangement which was superlatively unpalatable to them, it must always remain very doubtful whether even then the conditions of the problem had so matured as to render it soluble by the most persuasive diplomacy. What brought matters at last to a head was the Russian mission to Kabul, a fair back stroke against England in retaliation for her interference to save Constantinople, which furnished a *casus belli* against the Affghan Ameer.

Mr. Martineau tells us that 'since that time, and within ' the last ten years, gradually and imperceptibly, the leading ' features of the policy of Jacob and Frere on the north- ' west frontier have been adopted; and the views which as ' a hopelessly small minority they steadily advocated are ' now silently and without question, albeit without acknow- ' ledgement, more or less completely accepted by all schools ' and parties.' To this statement, as a whole, we must demur, and where it is exact the real explanation is that what was premature twenty years ago has since become possible under altered needs and circumstances. Because Quetta was easily occupied in 1878, it does not in the least follow that Lawrence was wrong in refusing to seize it in 1867, or that advanced posts which are defensible in 1895 ought to have been taken up many years earlier. Moreover, it is inaccurate to say \* that Quetta, which had been occupied as a military post, was abandoned after the last Affghan war, and † that it is now one of the most important military stations in all India, for it was never abandoned and is certainly not in India. And the present Ameer, who is particularly jealous about Kafiristan, would be as much perturbed by reading ‡ that 'Kafiristan with Chitral has been received ' under British protection,' as the Russians would be at the statement that the British protectorate has been acknow-

\* P. 157.

† P. 158.

‡ P. 158.

ledged 'up to the foot of the precipices of the Pamir.' These, however, are but slight blemishes on the brilliant picture which the author draws of the fair and prosperous condition at this moment of our north-western frontier—a reflexion, as he maintains, of the far-sighted wisdom of Frere and those who thought with him. To some of us the colours may appear too bright, for the end is not yet; and the credit claimed for Frere may be thought too large, since the ablest statesman can do little more than watch the drift of events and wait for slow-coming opportunities. To others it may seem as if Frere had missed the cardinal point, that the only durable settlement of the Central Asian question is to be sought in an understanding, not with Afghanistan, but with Russia. Yet, while we cannot accept the assertion that Frere's views were invariably right, and that subsequent events have merely fulfilled his plans, we may still recognise their vigour and intrepidity. Nor are we at all disposed to be slack in admiring the patriotic spirit with which he looked forward to a wide outspread of our influence and a bold advance of our political outposts, as the surest system of checking the approach of Russia and securing the north-west frontiers of India.

We must now take leave of Indian scenes and politics, in which Frere played so long a distinguished part, and we must follow the narrative to another continent. Yet the transition is not strange or unnatural, for all the coast of East Africa has for ages been connected by commerce and colonisation with Western Asia, and particularly with India.

In 1870–71 the letters of Livingstone had aroused in the English nation and forced upon the English Government the determination to take active measures for checking the slave trade on the East African coast, which was carried on with impunity and great cruelty. It belonged especially to England, as Mr. Martineau observes, to take the lead in this matter, 'because the Zanzibar territory, whence nearly all the slaves were shipped, was, or might be at will, almost as much under British influence as a native State of India; and the East African merchants who profited by the traffic were most of them British subjects from India.' After two parliamentary committees had reported on the subject, Lord Granville wrote in September 1872 to Frere, 'asking him to undertake a mission to Zanzibar for the purpose of negotiating a new treaty with the Sultan and of organising a more efficient mode of dealing with the slave trade.'

Frere accepted, and departed with full powers from his own Government, while five other European States gave approval to the objects of his mission and assurances of consular support. An interesting narrative of this expedition, with some picturesque extracts from Frere's letters and reports, is given in this book. In Italy he was received by the King and his ministers; in Egypt he had long conversations with the Khedive, Ismael Pasha; and at Zanzibar he tendered to the Sultan a treaty which, after some hesitation, his Highness 'civilly, but flatly,' refused to sign. Frere gave the Sultan a month for reflexion, visiting in the interval Mozambique and Madagascar; but on his return he found the Sultan's mind unchanged, so it was time for the next move. Upon his personal responsibility Frere issued orders directing our naval officers to cut off all transport of slaves by sea to the island of Zanzibar; and he would have proceeded to take possession of the Sultan's custom-houses if His Highness, acting under Dr. Kirk's very able advice, had not consented to sign the treaty. There can be no doubt that Frere managed this business with remarkable skill and decision. 'The Zanzibar mission and the treaty with the Sultan gave the deathblow to the slave traffic by sea. At the end of the first year the number exported, which had been from 16,000 to 23,000, had fallen to 1,400, of whom 217 were taken, though subsequently it increased again to a certain extent.' Nevertheless

'the Arab slave dealers, when the sea was now closed to them, were not long in setting to work to transport the slaves by land. These were taken down the Nile, driven through the towns on the Somali and Red Sea coasts, and by other routes. This could not be put an end to by a stroke of the sword or of the pen. But much could be done to check the traffic in its worst forms by the action of the English Government and people; and during the years that Frere remained in England he took a leading part in endeavouring to arouse and keep alive public interest in the question, in pressing on the Government to support the Sultan of Zanzibar and the Khedive in following the right path, in urging the establishment of free settlements in East and Central Africa, and in other ways seeking to promote the opening up and civilisation of dark places in Africa.'

In October 1876 Lord Carnarvon, then Colonial Secretary, wrote to Frere that he was considering a Bill for the confederation of the South African Colonies and States. He went on to say:—

'My hope is to induce you to accept the difficult and responsible, but as I believe the most important, task of undertaking the govern-

ment of the Cape, which becomes vacant on December 31, nominally as governor, but really as the statesman who seems to me most capable of carrying my scheme of confederation into effect, and whose long administrative experience and personal character give me the best chances of success.'

Frere replied that though he would not have cared for the ordinary current duties of the governorship, he would be well pleased to be associated with a great policy in South Africa; so the appointment was made, and on March 31, 1877, he landed at Capetown. Twelve days later was issued at Kimberley the Proclamation of Annexation of the Transvaal, an act for which Frere was in no way responsible, although it led to serious complications of the problem with which it was his special mission to deal. The question of confederation involved not only the relations of the colonies *inter se*, but also the much more intricate affairs of the native tribes on the frontier and of the half-settled tracts, such as Namaqualand and Damaraland, beyond the old colonial territory. Frere found the colony entangled in a desultory, straggling Kaffir war, which was being conducted by the Capetown ministers without the authority either of the Governor or of the general commanding the English troops. As they stiffly maintained that the colonial forces were independent of these imperial authorities, Frere resorted to the very bold step of dismissing the ministers—'an act without precedent in colonial constitutional government,' and which proved in operation popular and entirely successful.

But a year's residence in the country had impressed him with the conviction which shaped and coloured all his future frontier policy.

'I do not think,' he wrote to Mr. Herbert in March 1878, 'I ever expressed to you my conviction, which has been gradually and unwillingly growing, that Shepstone, and others of experience in the country, were right as to the existence of a wish among the great chiefs to make this war a general and simultaneous rising of Kaffirdom against white civilisation. . . .

'But the conviction has been forced on me by a hundred little bits of evidence from different quarters, that though they are incapable of combination and compact in our fashion of leagues and treaties for a common object, there was a widespread feeling among them, from Secocoeni to Sandilli, that the time was come for them all to join to resist the flood of new ideas and ways which threatened to sweep away the idle, sensuous elysium of Kaffirdom.'

Now of these tribes by far the most powerful was the Zulu tribe. And just as one may make an alteration in a house without at first perceiving that it has loosened the

whole building, so the Transvaal had been annexed without foreseeing what effects it might produce on the general frontier system. As a matter of fact it made a considerable change in the English position towards the native races living to the north of Natal. Before the annexation the power of England had been regarded as more friendly and more just than the rough Dutch community; the natives had looked up to us as protectors against the Boers, and it had been the policy of the Zulu chief in particular to play off one European power against the other after a fashion that tended to preserve the peace of the frontier. But the incorporation of the Transvaal into British territory substituted one power for two powers, one government for two governments, in all that portion of South Africa; it brought us into direct contact with the native races; it transferred to England the old quarrels of the Boers with the Zulus, and fixed on us the responsibility for settling them. The Zulus undoubtedly regarded this new state of things with suspicion and disquietude.

With this aspect of affairs confronting him Frere found himself called upon in July 1878 to pronounce his award, as High Commissioner, upon a report submitted by a Commission that had been appointed from Natal to report on a boundary dispute between the Zulus and the Boers. Their report was in favour of the Zulus, and Natal sympathy ran also that way; but to Frere it seemed one-sided and unfair to the Boers. Moreover, 'all that he could learn' after his arrival in Natal 'tended to confirm and intensify his previously formed conviction as to the extent and imminence of the danger to be apprehended' from the native tribes, and the necessity of putting an end to the 'essentially threatening and aggressive features of the Zulu military system.' He therefore determined to utilise the occasion of announcing the award in order to make such demands upon Cetewayo, the Zulu chief ' . . . as would once for all, 'either peaceably or by stress of arms, rid South Africa of 'the long-standing menace to its tranquillity and union.' Accordingly Frere, while he accepted without alteration the verdict of the Boundary Commissioners, added to his award, besides certain demands for compensation and reparation for certain border offences, the following material stipulations:—

'The existing military system was to be reformed, and all men allowed to marry as they came to man's estate; and while the universal obligation to serve in war was not interfered with, the regiments

were not to be called up without permission of the great Council of the Zulu Nation assembled, and the consent of the British Government. In order that all these provisions should be carried out, a British Resident in Zululand, or on its immediate border, would be appointed, who would be "the eyes, ears, and mouth" of the British Governor towards the Zulu King and the great Council of the Nation. The missionaries who had settled in the country were to be left unmolested, as in Panda's time. A period of thirty days was allowed for an answer to these demands.'

To the majority of those who understood the temper of Cetewayo and his fighting-men this ultimatum meant war; and we are told that Frere himself had little hope of their yielding without a struggle. In September and October he had written to the Colonial Office urgently pressing for reinforcements, because his hopes for peace were fainter than ever; but instead of troops her Majesty's Government only sent replies enjoining prudence, forbearance, and the spirit of reasonable compromise. The moment was, indeed, unpropitious for placing a colonial war upon the political market, since the Conservative ministry had their hands already full enough of such hazardous investments. Our relations with Russia had been severely strained, and Lord Lytton's ultimatum to the Ameer of Kabul, in which that potentate also had been required to receive a Resident who would be 'the eyes, ears, and mouth' of the British Viceroy, had immediately launched India into hostilities. The event soon proved that Cetewayo had no better relish than Sher Ali for the prospect of British eyes and ears watching him at home, nor even for the admonitory British voice at his elbow; nor indeed was it possible to suppose that he would disband his army without first trying its strength against those who sent him this haughty summons. The Zulu chief returned no answer except by preparations for battle; the British troops under Lord Chelmsford entered Zululand on January 10, 1879, when the thirty days' grace had expired; and on January 22 the bloody disaster at Isandhlwana threw the whole frontier into confusion and created a panic round Frere in Natal.

'Between six and seven o'clock on the morning of Friday the 24th Littleton brought a message to Frere's bedside that there were two men arrived from the camp speaking, but not very intelligibly, of a disaster having happened to the general and the army. Their uniform showed them to belong to the Natal Volunteers. A suggestion was made that they ought to be arrested for spreading false reports. One was quite off his head. The other could only repeat incoherently that Colonel Pulleine was killed. Presently some one

perceived the condition they were in, and ordered breakfast to be given them before they were further questioned. They were escaped fugitives from Isandhlwana, with minds confused and tongues tied by want of food and rest, and were the bearers of a written message to the High Commissioner, countersigned at all the stations along the line of communication. Food revived them, and they told the terrible story as far as they knew it. During the day it was from time to time confirmed by other fugitives, accounts differing as to whether Lord Chelmsford was killed or not, till the worst was known.'

It would be unprofitable and invidious to revive the discussion as to whether, or to what extent, any blame rests upon Frere for this most unlucky catastrophe. He himself, with his usual courage and self-possession, accepted beforehand the responsibility for his policy, though he had not counted all the manifold chances of war.

"When shall wars cease on this poor earth?" were his first words in a conversation with Stegmann—which, impressed by later events on Stegmann's memory, the latter never forgot—as the two rode together out of Pietermaritzburg on the afternoon of the day when the ultimatum had been finished, and lay sealed on his table ready to be despatched. And with deep feeling he confided to Stegmann his sense of the gravity of the step he had taken, of the duty before God and man which lay upon him not to shrink from it, adding, with an emphatic "Mark my words," that if anything went wrong he foresaw it would lead to his recall, and that he would be the scapegoat on whom the blame would be laid.'

That Frere, who had staked his reputation on a bold stroke, and had taken a strong initiative in anticipation of formal orders, would be held accountable for failure by the Ministers at home, was indeed patent enough; the more so as the Indian Viceroy had just forced their hand in a similar fashion on the Affghan frontier. It was a moment when some ministerial nervousness in regard to the doings of energetic governors in distant provinces was at least intelligible. Frere, who was at Maritzburg when news came of the lost battle, behaved with his usual fortitude. 'His calm, unruffled face was conspicuous in the general dismay, and, as in Sindh in 1857, every one looked to him for encouragement and guidance,' while the town was being placed in a state of defence and telegrams were despatched for reinforcements. His letter to Sir M. Hicks-Beach, written a few days afterwards, bears no sign of flurry or despondency, though he says that when he last telegraphed he 'had not realised the utter prostration and demoralisation of every colonial resource caused by the reverse of January 22.' His experience of the ways of



savage warfare convinced him that the Zulus, who had suffered heavily and had got much booty, would not follow up their success; and though every one else expected a fierce raid into Natal, the event proved Frere to be right, for the victorious Cetewayo did not cross the border.

In the meantime the Boers, instead of rallying to the aid of England, were betraying an ungrateful disposition to make what they might out of her difficulties. Whatever might be the result of the fighting, whether to crush the Zulus or exhaust the resources of the English colony, it would enable disaffected Dutchmen to lift up their heads again and to raise their tone, and the malcontents were assembling in large numbers to discuss their grievances. When Frere went up to meet their committee near Pretoria, he found them clamouring for a restoration of their independence, and almost as much inclined to side with the Zulus as with us. It was a useful lesson in colonial politics, showing that long and patient study of the situation is essential before even the ablest administrator can venture upon activity in a field that is new to him; for now the whole balance of forces and interests upon the frontier was awkwardly dislocated, and the grand Confederation project was by no means prospering. Whereas England had formerly stood between Boers and Zulus in the position of arbitrator and peacemaker, now the Transvaal annexation had led, among other causes, to the Zulu war; and the war was relieving the Boers from their fear of the Zulus, which had been one of the reasons why they acquiesced at first in the annexation. Frere did his best to pacify the Dutchmen; but the current of ill-luck and adverse circumstances was becoming too strong for him; and in April a Reuter's telegram made it known throughout South Africa that the Government had censured his conduct in a public despatch.

'The decision of the Cabinet was that he ought not, without first obtaining the sanction of the British Government, to have insisted on the disbandment of Cetewayo's army, on his receiving a Resident, or on the fulfilment of his promises of better government. For this he would be censured; but the Colonial Secretary earnestly appealed to him not to take the despatch in the light of a recall, or of such a censure as would justify his resignation.'

Frere was now exposed to attacks, many of them bitter and unfair, from those both within and without Parliament who condemned the whole policy that had brought South African affairs to this predicament. Nor was his defence taken up with any kind of sincerity by the ministry, upon

whom the course of events in Affghanistan was just then bringing accusations of rashness and high-handed aggressiveness, so that they were under the stigma of having begun unprovoked hostilities upon two continents, and their popularity was manifestly wavering. Mr. Martineau observes truly that Frere's authorship of the Affghan letter to Kaye, which had been published three months before the Zulu war broke out, gave his adversaries a handle for connecting him with the forward policy in India as well as in South Africa. Nevertheless he did not resign office, yielding to the earnest advice of Lord Carnarvon and other English friends, and to the urgent solicitations of Mr. Gordon Sprigg, the Cape Colony's prime minister. On his journey back from Pretoria to Capetown he received numerous addresses expressing confidence in him and strong approbation of his conduct. At Kimberley there were triumphal arches, and from thence to Capetown Mr. Martineau says that his journey 'was like a triumphal progress, the population at each place receiving him in flag-decorated streets with escorts, triumphal arches, illuminations, addresses, and banquets.'

But although the Government had placed on record, in the despatch passing censure on Frere, their desire not to withdraw in the present crisis of affairs the confidence hitherto reposed in him, he had not been a week in Capetown before he learned by telegraph that Sir Garnet Wolseley was on his way 'to replace Frere as High Commissioner of the Transvaal, Natal, and all the adjoining eastern portion of South Africa.' This not only touched Frere's reputation and curtailed his authority: it complicated the combination of measures for a general Confederation by dividing the duties and responsibilities of such an undertaking between two persons who were in no necessary official relations with each other, and who in fact did not co-operate. Frere might well have resigned then—perhaps he ought to have done so—but he remained at his post, and the settlement of Zululand went on independently of or against his advice, not without some misunderstandings and cross-purposes. When Sir Garnet Wolseley was about to leave, Frere again represented that if there was to be a united South Africa under British supremacy, the building up of such an edifice could be accomplished only by again entrusting the work to one High Commissioner. Yet instead of restoring to the Cape Governor his former authority over the Transvaal and the

Zulus, the Home Government replaced Wolseley by Sir George Colley. Still Frere held on, in the self-denying hope of promoting the policy which had originally been entrusted to him. But Mr. Gladstone had now opened his Midlothian campaign, had been thundering against Transvaal annexation and the Zulu war, and by April 1880 he came into power with a large majority. Frere telegraphed to ask the new Colonial Secretary whether any change of policy was contemplated in regard either to the Transvaal or confederation. The answer was substantially in the negative; but other men usually mean other measures, and various influences were at work to produce a shift of public opinion.

‘The Boer emissaries, by way of embarrassing the Cape ministers, set themselves to raise opposition to the Government proposals for a confederation conference. In the course of the past year fresh obstacles had arisen. The unsatisfactory settlement of Zululand, the condition of the Transvaal, the unrest of the natives in Pondoland, Basutoland and elsewhere, the unscrupulous virulence of a section of the British Parliament who were in communication with the Boer leaders and with the Capetown Opposition, the severance of the High Commissionership, and the want of any warm and judicious support from the British Government, made the mischievous ends of the malcontent emissaries only too easy of attainment.’

Mr. Gladstone had attacked Frere personally and pointedly in his Midlothian speeches, and when Parliament met one section of his supporters pressed for the Governor’s recall. So when the Cape ministry found themselves unable to carry their confederation proposals, Lord Kimberley telegraphed to him to the effect that he had only been detained at the Cape for the special reason that he might be able materially to forward the policy of confederation.

‘This special reason has now disappeared, not through any want of earnestness and ability on your part, but through the recent action of the Cape Parliament in refusing to take even the preliminary step of a conference, and her Majesty’s Government have therefore, with regret, come to the conclusion that her Majesty should be advised to replace you by another Governor.’

At the news of his recall there arose ‘a burst of sympathy’ from town, village, and farm throughout the country, in ‘terms of mingled indignation and sorrow,’ while addresses and resolutions came pouring in. We must refer our readers to the book itself for a description of the many and striking proofs of Frere’s popularity, which justify Mr. Martineau in affirming that ‘for intensity of feeling and

‘unanimity it would be hard in our time to find a parallel to this demonstration of enthusiasm for a public servant.’ And the reflections suggested to the writer by the scene of Frere’s departure from the Cape are expressed in the following passage :—

‘Those who, on that fateful evening, watched the hull of the “Pretoria” slowly dipping below the western horizon felt that if, as seemed only too probable, dismemberment of the British Empire in South Africa were sooner or later to follow, the fault did not lie with the colonists. It was not they or their ministers who were disloyal; it was the mother-country, which was looking on in apathy while its Government sacrificed the welfare of South Africa and endangered the integrity of the Empire, in order to conciliate an ignorant and fanatical clique, and to maintain a party majority in the House of Commons.’

It is, we think, possible to combine very sincere admiration and respect for Frere’s high qualities with much hesitation about giving an unreserved assent to the drawing of this moral from his South African career. After his departure matters did, indeed, go from bad to worse; the Confederation scheme was utterly abandoned, and the Transvaal was restored to the Boers under circumstances profoundly humiliating to the British flag and to the reputation of Mr. Gladstone’s ministry. Nevertheless the question will always remain open whether the annexation of the Transvaal had not been the original false step (made by the Conservative Government) which set things wrong, and whether the Zulu war, in which the stars in their courses fought against Frere, might not have been avoided, or adjourned until its necessity should have become absolutely indisputable. Not long before quitting the Cape Frere wrote to a friend: ‘I have seen no reason to doubt the soundness of any one principle upon which I have acted, nor the truth and soundness of any advice I have given.’ These words express the conscientious self-reliance and firmness of purpose that characterised a man for whom enterprises of great pith and moment had a strong attraction; but they also indicate the sanguine temperament that is prone to overlook local and latent obstacles in the pursuit of some grand objective. In every situation or incident there are many particulars and apparently minute circumstances which a man of the greatest talent is apt to disregard, though on them the justness of his conclusions and, consequently, the prudence of his action, may entirely depend. He should be especially on his guard against

some oversight of this kind whenever he takes high ground, fixes his eye upon wide views, lays down broad maxims of State policy, rests his argument upon first principles of national right or morality, and defends particular cases by specious generalisations. The following passage, taken from one of Frere's published despatches written just before the Zulu war, may serve to exemplify our meaning :—

‘It is, however, clear to my mind that our right to interfere with Cetewayo's proceedings rests on a different and, I think, a higher ground than that of any prescriptive dependence of the Zulu sovereign on us. It is simply our own right of self-preservation.

‘I would not for an instant question our responsibility for putting an end to a system which locks up all the manhood of the country in a compulsory celibacy, considered by the despot necessary to the efficiency of his army, that army having no possible use but to threaten us or other friendly people who surround him; a system which massacres by hundreds the young women who refuse at his bidding to become the wives of the elderly soldiers to whom they are told off; a system which destroys all private property and industry, which forbids all improvement by civilisation or education, and relies solely on a regular course of murder and plunder by armed bands of the king's soldiers for the replenishment of the royal exchequer.

‘I will not attempt to measure our national guilt or innocence for allowing such a state of things to continue under a virtual, if not avowed, protection, supplying the despot with arms to keep his people down, and preventing all natural remedies by foreign conquest as well as by internal resistance to his tyranny.

‘But our right to interfere with him, and compel him to govern as a good and peaceable native ruler can govern, rests on the first law of nature, the instinct of self-preservation.’

There is much force and truth in this vivid presentation of a grave political difficulty. Nevertheless, it would not greatly surprise us to be told that the despatch was perused in the Colonial Office with a certain sense of misgiving as to the practical inferences which an energetic governor might feel himself warranted in drawing from such ample premises. For in our time statesmanship as a fine art consists, like war, in discerning the precise moment when the moral and material advantages are strongest on the side of a forward movement, and when a vigorous stroke can be justified before all men on grounds approximating to manifest necessity. It is not enough to be able to say, as Mr. Martineau tells us, that ‘as in India, so in Africa, time has amply vindicated Frere's policy and prescience;’ because no one denies that sooner or later the Zulu power must have been broken and the Affghans brought under an effective

protectorate. The real question is only whether the hour had come and the road ahead was clear. It is true that in 1887 'the remnant of the Zulus . . . were silently, and 'without a protest from any English politician, made British 'subjects;' and that whereas in 1880 the extension of the British protectorate to the Zambesi had been condemned in Midlothian speeches as an aggressive and dangerous policy, 'in 1893 Mr. Gladstone accepted the same policy at the 'hands of Mr. Rhodes.' But this proves little more than that Mr. Gladstone is a better opportunist than was Frere, that the current of events and opinions has a strong ebb and flow, and that an astute political navigator must know how to catch the top of the tide.

Such astuteness was foreign to Frere's earnest and masterful character; and moreover he became entangled in the meshes of party strife at home. When Lord Beaconsfield, a magnificent and enterprising leader, raised the standard of imperialism, he was at first followed willingly by the British nation, which is always proud of an adventurous foreign policy. But with reverses came reaction, and while he was contending with various adverse circumstances Mr. Gladstone charged home upon his wavering ranks, overthrew him, and produced one of the most remarkable reversals of policy that this generation has witnessed. What had previously been rated as far-sighted courageous statesmanship became rank jingoism; and men who a few years earlier might have conveyed (as the wise call it) to their dominion a province, could now barely venture to look at it across the border. We are by no means concerned to defend the acts of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, but to replace him by Mr. Gladstone was such an abrupt and extreme change of leadership as to throw all active operations into a confusion that inevitably resulted in one or two signal disasters. It may be possible to plead excuses on the grounds of expediency or necessity for the surrender of the Transvaal after Majuba Hill, and for the desertion of Gordon at Khartoum, yet the manner of doing these things has left upon that page of British history a stain of ignominy. And this sudden turn of the political tide swept down Frere, who, like Sir George Colley, had been unfortunate in war, and, like Gordon, was left clinging to an abandoned enterprise. The whirligig of time has now brought us round to a different humour, and on more than one frontier the onward march seems likely to begin again. But when Mr. Martineau dwells upon these things as evidence of the tardy fulfil-

ment of Frere's projects and prophecies, he should understand them to signify only that we are now again on a rising flood of expansion and ascendancy in Asia and Africa.

We may well believe that to Frere, 'who for forty-five years had served his country with the single-minded devotion of a knight of romance,' the period between 1880 and 1883 seemed one of national degradation. There was, indeed, in him a romantic element that tallied ill with the temper of the times, insomuch that when he judged things to be wrong he was roused to grief and indignation where others would have looked on with cool disapproval; and Mr. Martineau observes that 'his burden lay the heavier upon him because he was a man who clung to his opinions with the utmost tenacity, for they were formed with the greatest care and deliberation.' It is certain that upon the questions which most interested him he never changed his mind. In 1881 he wrote a letter in the 'Times' opposing the evacuation of Kandahar; he was against the Ilbert Bill; and his views on the proper methods for stamping out crime in Ireland were naturally most antipathetic to Mr. Gladstone's sentiments. It would be hard indeed to compare two men of high repute in administration whose practice of that difficult art presents a wider contrast, even after making due allowance for the differences between Ireland and India; so that the feelings with which Frere watched the mismanagement of affairs in Ireland, Egypt, and South Africa between 1881 and 1884 may well be imagined. Yet Mr. Gladstone, though he was sometimes unjust to Frere, always treated him personally with respect; and it was the Liberal press that unfairly traduced a man who combined earnestness and a lofty sense of public duty with a kind of nobility of character in private life.

'The attacks upon him by a section of the press continued to be virulent to a degree which, in default of any personal feeling on his part—for he was no man's enemy—and which, in the absence of any act or word which could be pointed to or quoted as unworthy of his reputation or inconsistent with his declared principles, is almost unaccountable. It seemed as if the very simplicity of his character, the plainness and candour with which he spoke and wrote, and the very impossibility of finding a solid basis for a charge, stimulated the ingenuity and recklessness of his assailants into inventing such as were not only not true, but were the very opposite of the truth. Frere was the last man on earth to be moved one iota in his conduct by attacks or misstatements; but he was also overflowing with kindness and goodwill to all men, and genuinely humble, and it could not but be painful to him to be the subject of suspicion and attack, however unjust and unreasonable.'

The foregoing quotation seems to us, on the whole, a true description of the unmerited misconceptions by which Frere was encompassed for some time after his return from the Cape. For the pain which they caused him some antidote must have been found in the cordial reception accorded to him by the Queen, and in the open sympathy and support given him by numerous friends, and by such a competent and impartial judge of the situation as Baron Hübner, the Austrian diplomatist and traveller, who had visited all our colonies. It is distressing to learn from the biography that his sense of unjust treatment hastened the decline of his health. The last time he appeared in public was on January 15, 1884, when he took the chair at a meeting of the Universities' Mission, and spoke, we are told, with even more than his usual vigour. The next day he caught a bad chill in London, and after an illness of sixteen weeks he passed away.

The position of all men, whatever be their nationality, who go out to high and responsible posts in distant provinces of a great empire, has ever been, and ever will be, precarious. They are expected, as has often been said, to keep the time of two different meridians; they have to face the double risk of acting promptly on their own judgement abroad and of condemnation at home by a people whose ideas and demands are constantly varying, and who are continually swayed to and fro between the pride and profits of extended dominion on the one hand, and an uneasiness about the morality of the process on the other hand. This latter feeling shows itself in great jealousy of their own foreign agents; and whenever these agents are not defended by an influential parliamentary backing, all history, from the days of Clive and Hastings downward, proves that scant justice will be dealt out to them, particularly if they are unsuccessful. For awakening the conscience of a great nation there is nothing like disappointment. Frere's biography supplies a recent example of this ruling tendency; and to all who read Mr. Martineau's work it must seem lamentable that a man who was an honour to his country should have been left to the depression and sense of unmerited disparagement with which, according to the closing pages of this book, he terminated a career of unusual distinction.



ART. VIII.—*The Foundations of Belief: being Notes introductory to the Study of Theology.* By the Right Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR. 8vo. London: 1895.

IN some preliminary remarks to his interesting and suggestive book, 'The Foundations of Belief,' Mr. Balfour seems to feel the necessity of a definite and constructive system with which his own philosophical views can be contrasted and compared. In Germany, he suggests, a man who is anxious to recommend a new point of view could take the philosophical system of Kant, or at all events that system completed and perfected by his successors, as representing a given body of thought with ascertained premises and definite conclusions. In English speculation there is more difficulty, and, if we do not misjudge him, Mr. Balfour takes the doctrine of empiricism, or, as he chooses to call it, naturalism, rather as a *pis aller* than because in every respect it answers to his requirements. As a matter of fact, naturalism does not afford a very good contrast to the philosophic attitude of Mr. Balfour. It contains, in his judgement, certain dogmatic presuppositions which are not wholly verified by the evidence which it is able to supply, and the edifice which it rears on these insufficient foundations is one which is in every sense too narrow to contain the many mansions of modern thought. No justification, for instance, of our ordinary theories of beauty and art, of conscience and of morality, can be found in that somewhat barren system which tells us that we ought to be content with the relations of phenomena to one another, while the existence of these phenomena, as independent from the work of the human mind, remains, at the most, a dubious and not wholly trustworthy hypothesis. We are quite aware that all that the author attempts to do is to give us certain suggestions towards a theological system. He calls his book a collection of prefatory notes preliminary to the possibility of a definite creed. Nevertheless, the general attitude can be as easily ascertained from notes as it can from a reasoned body of doctrines; and one of the first things we discover in any study of 'The Foundations of Belief' is the absolute incompatibility of Mr. Balfour's position with that particular system of naturalism with which he chooses to contrast it. Comparisons are only valuable if, with many points of divergence, there are yet to be found certain elements of similarity. In the present case

there are few, or rather no links to connect Mr. Balfour's creed with empiricism, and the contrast becomes, in consequence, of almost infinitesimal use.

From another point of view also some fault might be found with the method in which Mr. Balfour has chosen to work out his thesis. Long ago it was said of him, in connection with the earlier work of his entitled 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' that he was in nature and intention a sceptic. The criticism was untrue in the spirit in which it was made, for it was based on a wholly wrong estimate of the exact meaning of the work in question. Mr. Balfour was, and is still, sceptical of the metaphysical foundations of science, but he is by no means an agnostic in the sense in which Professor Huxley has made the term familiar. Possibly much the same mistaken estimate could be formed of his latest work, for the word 'scepticism' is a dangerous one, and can be applied in many different senses. Two preliminary investigations are absolutely necessary before we can even attempt to comprehend Mr. Balfour's position. In the first place, we have to understand what scepticism in philosophy means; and, in the next place, the only just comparison which will throw light on 'The Foundations of Belief' is not the naturalistic system, on which the author spends so many brilliant pages of analysis and criticism, but the doctrine of Kant, which alternately repels and attracts him, which at one time he seems to understand, and at another time to mistrust and misjudge.

In truth, all modern philosophy rests on Kant, whether in antagonism or in sympathy, and it is no more possible for a thinker to ignore the philosopher of Königsberg than it would be for a modern scientific thinker to put on one side the great Darwinian hypothesis of evolution. Perhaps a few explanatory words may not be amiss on this point, because in Kant's own home the reaction against his doctrines tends in many ways to obscure their fundamental and undeniable truth. Inasmuch as a French critic has declared that Kant has spread through the whole of Europe the spirit of doubt, the relation of the Kantian system to that which is known as philosophical scepticism is one which demands a certain amount of patient elucidation. Kant said of himself, in his 'Prolegomena to any Future Metaphysic,' that he had made a revolution in the mental world similar to that which was made in the astronomical world by the demolition of the old Ptolemaic methods and

the substitution of the Copernican system. The reason is clear. He suggested a new standpoint, which altered the essential conditions of the problem of knowledge. In earlier times the assumption was that the earth lay at rest in the centre of the universe, and that the sun and the stars were the satellites, the appanages, so to speak, of the abode of man. Suddenly the point of view is changed: the earth is not at rest, it is found to revolve round the central sun. If we desire to get at the main feature in our planetary system, we are henceforth bound to discover it in that object, in relation to which every satellite is at once attracted and repelled, held in its elliptical course by centripetal and centrifugal forces. A similar revolution occurred in philosophy. Starting from Bacon onwards, there was a concatenation of systems which, in whatever fashion, attempted to decide what matter is, and what the qualities of matter might be interpreted to be; a great series of natural and physical philosophers who, sometimes dogmatically and sometimes sceptically, tried to resolve the insistent questions always pressing upon the human spirit. And in this line of thought, just as much as in the purely scientific line, a sudden change was inaugurated in the point of view. Instead of attempting to determine the characteristics of the cosmos, we find that the preliminary question deals with the conditions of human knowledge. Our future effort is to erect our observatories, not in the world, but within ourselves, under the assurance that it is human thought which is the measure of the universe, not the universe which is at once the explanation and the fountain-source of thought. Such, if we leave out the unessential details, is the meaning of the Kantian revolution, presenting an obvious antithesis to the ordinary scientific attitude, and suggesting a standpoint which may or may not prove of ultimate value, but which possesses so peculiar a significance and importance of its own that it makes philosophy henceforth base itself on logic, and issue in what Mr. Balfour would call notes towards the construction of ethical and religious beliefs.

The ultimate value of a man's work is not always that which it appears at first sight. To many of Kant's contemporaries it seemed as though he were delivering a formal attack on the office and functions of reason in man, and it is, of course, tolerably obvious that the Kantian analysis does produce a kind of scepticism. And this explains why it is useful to compare Mr. Balfour's creed with that of Kant, rather than with the naturalistic system. Kant is a

sceptic; Mr. Balfour is also a sceptic; but the measure of the scepticism is different, and its ultimate result wholly dissimilar. Let us first determine what we mean by the word, for, like many of the current terms in contemporary arguments, it is used in a variety of different senses. Scepticism means, in the first place, a protest against dogmatism. Such a protest may be made from different motives. It may be that we desire to confine ourselves entirely within the range of phenomena, abjuring once and for all any consideration of ultimate verities—or, as Kant called them, noumena; and, in this case, we are adopting principles which may be conveniently termed Positivism. Or our sceptical motive may be a protest against dogmatism on the ground of the illimitability of the human spirit. In illustration of the second sense, which demands some further interpretation, we have to observe the apparent tendency of mankind to cramp themselves continually by the conceptions of an age into which they were not themselves born. We accept our doctrines from our forefathers, and then attempt to pour into the old bottles the new wine of modern discoveries. We ought, however, from the point of view we are at present considering, to protest against any narrowing impulse of this kind. All conceptions which have upon them the stamp of human handiwork necessarily fail in corresponding to every aspect or element of the subjects and contents with which they are supposed to deal. The sceptical position, then, is that such generalised conceptions as we have inherited in the evolution of thought ought not to be held in a rigid and immobile fashion, but should be kept fluid, as it were—capable of more than one interpretation, and with potentialities of future developement. Mr. Balfour is a sceptic in the first sense of the word, as already explained, while Kant is a sceptic in the second sense. Both are forms of philosophical scepticism, and require to be carefully distinguished from that interpretation of the word in which it is often used in current language. Scepticism is often—perhaps generally—taken to mean a blank denial of the possibility of knowledge, and when we contrast it with philosophy, we usually mean that the latter bids us hope that something can be attained of lasting and permanent value, which will throw light upon the vexed problems that have beset the mind of man throughout the whole course of his turbid career; while the former erects, as an absolute dogma, that, however we may strive, or whatever we may think we attain, certain knowledge eludes our grasp—that

we are, in fact, the playthings of our own powers of infinite self-deception.

In order still better to comprehend the relation in which scepticism stands to philosophy, let us put down a series of propositions which the first impugns, and the second tries to establish. There is, first, the freedom of man; there is, second, the law of duty; there is, third, the distinction between good and evil; there is, fourth, virtue as an end in itself; there is, fifth, the immortality of the soul; and there is, sixth, the existence of a moral order of the universe, a Divine providence—or, in simple language, the reality of God. These it is the business of philosophy to establish on a clear and reasonable basis. Possibly not all of them may be equally patent to human understanding, nor yet would a wise philosophy bind itself to lay down definitions and distinctions which should remain always and identically the same for every age of human progress. With their establishment, however, in some fashion or other, philosophy is intimately concerned, and with nearly all of them we find ourselves in the domain of logic, psychology, and ethics, sciences which Socrates asserted to be preliminary to all further investigations, and which, in the modern world, are included in that region of metaphysics that often figures as the *bête noire* of the man of science. One more distinction, and we have practically exhausted all that it is necessary to premise in the attempt to realise Mr. Balfour's position. We may accept these ultimate verities which have already been detailed, as matters of faith, and not of reason. We may believe them to be necessary for the human spirit, but assert that it is just because we cannot know them that we have to attribute them to some other source than our reason. This, too, is scepticism, although it is not, of course, the scepticism which holds that there is nothing new and nothing true, and that it does not much matter. But, unless we are much mistaken, it is not the real meaning of the scepticism of Kant, which should, perhaps, be rather termed criticism. A sceptical attitude is one thing, a critical attitude is another. To deny the possibility of reasoned knowledge, even of such large verities as the immortality of the soul, the moral order of the world, and the divine providence of God, is to be, in essence, as dogmatic as those dogmatists whom scepticism so much dislikes. But criticism has throughout been the friend of philosophy; an inconvenient friend, no doubt, who is always referring to uncomfortable facts, but still a friend, on whom

Kant, at all events, though not always Mr. Balfour, will implicitly rely. To clear the ground in order to discover the real foundations of the ultimate verities of our thought is by no means the same thing as to throw overboard reason altogether in order to erect on its ruins the domain of authority and faith.

It may be well, perhaps, before we go further, to refer to one or two passages in Mr. Balfour's book in support of what has been advanced. Here, then, is a sentence which seems to betoken an underlying and most characteristic scepticism, such as would for ever, probably, preclude the formation of any constructive system. 'I have always,' says Mr. Balfour,\* 'found it easier to satisfy myself of the insufficiency of naturalism than of the absolute sufficiency of any of the schemes by which it has been sought to modify or to complete it.' Here is the true critical attitude, strong to destroy, but powerless to build up; quick to discover defects, but incapable of providing their cure; profoundly distrusting ordinary human intuitions, while at the same time equally sure that the corrective work of reason is equally valueless. But there is also a stronger passage further on.† Mr. Balfour is occupied with the direct question as to the usefulness of metaphysics.

'In the matter of providing us with a philosophy—with a reasoned system of knowledge—has this advance (the advance in the modern world as compared with the ancient) been as yet substantial? If the ancients fail us, do we, indeed, fare much better with the moderns? Are the metaphysics of Descartes more living than his physics? Do his two substances or kinds of substance or the single substance of Spinoza, or the innumerable substances of Leibnitz, satisfy the searcher after truth? From the modern English form of the empiricism which dominated the eighteenth century, and the idealism which disputes its supremacy in the nineteenth, I have already ventured to express a reasoned dissent. Are we, then, to look to such schemes as Schopenhauer's philosophy of Will, and Hartmann's philosophy of the Unconscious, to supply us with the philosophical metaphysics of which we are in need? . . . I am not convinced myself,' he further adds, 'that, among the just titles to our consideration sometimes put forward on behalf of metaphysics we may count her claim to rank as a powerful instrument of progress.'

Now, such sentences as these may form an admirable exposition of what is sometimes called common-sense; they may prove Mr. Balfour's claims to figure as a critic or as a sceptic of no little acumen and ability; but it is quite clear

\* *Foundations of Belief*, p. 92.

† *Ibid.* p. 158.

that they could only have been written by a man who either did not understand, or had resolutely put away from himself, any conception of the *evolution* of thought. It is curious to note how little touched Mr. Balfour is by the general idea of development; in the history of the intellect, at all events, he seems to disbelieve its reality. He may or may not be right in the general judgement he passes on Hegelian metaphysics; but it does not seem to have occurred to him that truth progresses at all. No one would, of course, for a moment assert that the progress of truth is rectilinearly direct—it proceeds by a series of reactions, or, as Hegel might say, negations. Perhaps its advance should be called spiral, like that of the corkscrew; but, in the long run, we get to a position infinitely fuller and richer in spiritual and intellectual content than we started with. For instance, the modern philosophical notion of cause is much fuller than that with which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries started; and the philosophical conception of God—although this, probably, theologians would not allow—differs from that barren and mechanical idea of the arbitrary worker of a machine (which is sometimes found in Locke) by an interval much greater than that which can be measured by the mere record of the years.

The point is not an unimportant one, because it explains why all the earlier portion of Mr. Balfour's work is so much more satisfactory than the later. So long as he is dealing with the system which he chooses to call naturalism—a system that is sometimes called scientific empiricism—all his best gifts are illustrated in the pungency of his attack and the acuteness of his analysis. Mr. Balfour would probably be the first to allow that in this portion of the book he is not original, and that the same kind of inquiry has been carried on by many able thinkers in recent times. It will be enough to mention the masterly introduction to David Hume's treatise on human nature which was written by the late Professor T. H. Green. Since Locke and Berkeley it is impossible to maintain that we have a direct acquaintance with the objects of the external world, and yet such a direct acquaintance seems necessary as a presupposition for that interpretation of the world that science gives us. But we must be under no doubt as to the exact meaning and pertinency of the kind of analysis which metaphysics has applied to scientific pretensions. It does not mean that we ought to disbelieve in all the magnificent discoveries which have marked the progress of modern ages;

it only desires to suggest that their basis is not found exactly where the scientific man thinks to find it. If scientific discovery depends on experience, then it is our first impulse to assume that where we get that experience in its simplest and most primitive form—that is to say, in our sensations—we are nearest to reality. It is in consequence of some such view that naturalism has ethics and æsthetics of its own, based on sensation, to which Mr. Balfour applies well-deserved castigation. The real meaning of the metaphysical analysis is that our knowledge of the natural world is not based absolutely on the sensory intimations of our nervous system, but requires the distinct co-operation of constructive thought. It is no paradox to say that nature arises for us in the human understanding, that the world is the creation, not of any single or individual thought, but of thought itself. No man who understands this can possibly suppose, with Mr. Balfour, that reason is an infirm or vacillating guide to that which we call truth. If reason can construct for us the world as we know it, then also it can construct for us a morality adequate to our needs and aspirations, and a doctrine also of æsthetics which does not vacillate with the changing intimations of fleeting senses. So far as our author is concerned, however, the analysis is stopped half-way. He will allow it to destroy the pretensions of empiricism; he will not allow it to suggest the foundations of rationalism. Not for the first or the only time he appears to lay himself open to the rebuke which Parmenides, in the dialogue called after his name, applied to the youthful Socrates: ‘Philosophy has not yet got hold of you, as it ultimately will, when you will call none of these things common or unclean.’ Philosophy has not yet got hold of Mr. Balfour, for the destruction of the claims of sense can only rightly lead on to the justification of the claims of reason—that constructive and absolute reason which not only gives us a world for science to deal with, but supplies us with the loftiest of our ethical and æsthetical ideas.

Putting aside this point, however, there is much in all this earlier section of Mr. Balfour’s work which is exceedingly well done. Nothing in its way has been written in more trenchant fashion than the so-called catechism of the future, to be found on pp. 83 to 86 of ‘*The Foundations of Belief.*’ It is so neat and so admirably expressed a summary of the kind of contrast exhibited by current beliefs and the teaching of naturalism that it seems worth quoting.

‘I am not aware,’ says Mr. Balfour, ‘that anyone has as yet



endeavoured to construct the catechism of the future, purged of every element drawn from any other source than the naturalistic creed. It is greatly to be desired that this task should be undertaken in an impartial spirit; and as a small contribution to such an object, I offer the following pairs of contrasted propositions, the first members of each pair representing current teaching, the second representing the teaching which ought to be substituted for it if the naturalistic theory be accepted.

'A. The universe is the creation of Reason, and all things work together towards a reasonable end.

'B. So far as we are concerned, reason is to be found neither in the beginning of things nor in their end; and though everything is predetermined, nothing is fore-ordained.

'A. Creative reason is interfused with infinite love.

'B. As reason is absent, so also is love. The universal flux is ordered by blind causation alone.

'A. There is a moral law, immutable, eternal; in its governance all spirits find their true freedom and their most perfect realisation. Though it be adequate to infinite goodness and infinite intelligence, it may be understood, even by man, sufficiently for his guidance.

'B. Among the causes by which the course of organic and social development has been blindly determined are pains, pleasures, instincts, appetites, disgusts, religions, moralities, superstitions; the sentiment of what is noble and intrinsically worthy; the sentiment of what is ignoble and intrinsically worthless. From a purely scientific point of view these all stand on an equality; all are action-producing causes developed, not to improve, but simply to perpetuate, the species.

'A. In the possession of reason and in the enjoyment of beauty we in some remote way share the nature of that infinite Personality in Whom we live and move and have our being.

'B. Reason is but the psychological expression of certain physiological processes in the cerebral hemispheres; it is no more than an expedient among many expedients by which the individual and the race are preserved, just as beauty is no more than the name for such varying and accidental attributes of the material or moral worlds as may happen for the moment to stir our æsthetic feelings.

'A. Every human soul is of infinite value, eternal, free; no human being, therefore, is so placed as not to have within his reach, in himself and others, objects adequate to infinite endeavour.

'B. The individual perishes; the race itself does not endure. Few can flatter themselves that their conduct has any effect whatever upon its remoter destinies; and, of those few, none can say with reasonable assurance that the effect which they are destined to produce is the one which they desire. Even if we were free, therefore, our ignorance would make us helpless; and it may be almost a consolation to reflect that our conduct was determined for us by the distribution of unthinking forces in pre-solar æons, and that if we are impotent to foresee its consequences, we were not less impotent to arrange its causes.'

Here is Mr. Balfour at his best, reminding us of those

humorous pages which he wrote towards the end of his work, 'A Defence of Philosophic Doubt,' as a vindication of the theologian's position in his attack on science. Throughout the whole of 'The Foundations of Belief' the style is full of liveliness and spirit, and perhaps it is the author's greatest praise to have written so as to be understood of the people—to have composed, not only an acute philosophical treatise, but also a work of literature. In this respect Mr. Balfour worthily preserves the traditions of that English school which he so ruthlessly criticises. Like Locke, and Berkeley, and Hume, he writes a great deal more than mere notes for academic lectures; his pages are as intelligible as they are clever; nor can we for a moment imagine him assenting to the doctrine that the first condition of philosophic writing is that it should be abstruse, involved, and needlessly obscure.

The critical analysis of naturalism, however acute it may be, or however pertinent to Mr. Balfour's main object, is, nevertheless, not the characteristic portion of his work. There is the less necessity for referring to it in greater detail because Mr. Herbert Spencer—who is, perhaps, more than any contemporary English philosopher, affected by its results—has written a brief reply in the 'Fortnightly Review.'\* Nor yet need we for the moment consider the chapter which Mr. Balfour has devoted to idealistic systems. He prints it in smaller type; he is careful to tell us that it is not intended for ordinary people, but only for philosophers. Unfortunately, it is the philosophers who will be least satisfied with its treatment and spirit. Here and there the author seems unable to put himself into the proper sympathetic attitude for studying the German and English theories to which he alludes; nor yet does he always seem to distinguish with sufficient care what is technically called subjective idealism from the absolute idealism which was its lineal descendant. The point, however, may be dismissed with only a solitary remark. If we have already seen that Mr. Balfour accepts the metaphysical analysis of sensationalism and empiricism solely on its destructive side, and not on its constructive, we are not surprised to discover that he does not put himself at the right point of view to understand idealist systems,

\* 'Mr. Balfour's Dialectics,' by Herbert Spencer. 'Fortnightly Review' for June.

because the constructive metaphysic which follows on the overthrow of naturalism is based largely on an acceptance of the office and functions of that reason which Mr. Balfour is by no means inclined to eulogise.

Perhaps what the author calls 'mere notes, introductory 'to the study of theology,' can hardly be expected to have a constructive portion of their own, yet on the ruins of most philosophies there is erected a sort of doctrine which might be called constructive, at all events by some orthodox and conservative minds. The main outcome of 'The Foundations of Belief' is the glorification of authority at the expense of reason. The practical issue, therefore, is that, in the case of most of us, all that we believe in, all that makes life valuable, all that makes society possible, and gives to ethical law a constraining and categorical force of its own, is due, not to dialectical chains of argument, nor yet to intellectual perception of premises, but to what Mr. Balfour calls Authority with a capital letter—a vague hypothesised conception which, *mutatis mutandis*, is by no means unlike 'humanity,' the *grand être* of M. Auguste Comte and Positivism. What authority can do is explained to us in a rhetorical passage:—

'At every moment of our lives, as individuals, as members of a family, of a party, of a nation, of a church, of a universal brotherhood, the silent, continuous, unnoticed influence of authority moulds our feelings, our aspirations, and, what we are more immediately concerned with, our beliefs. It is from authority that reason itself draws its most important premises. It is in unloosing or directing the forces of authority that its most important conclusions find their principal function. And even in those cases where we may most truly say that our beliefs are the rational product of strictly intellectual processes, we have, in all probability, only got to trace back the thread of our inferences to its beginnings in order to perceive that it finally loses itself in some general principle which, describe it as we may, is in fact due to no more defensible origin than the influence of authority. (P. 228.)

Now, we must attempt to get rid of some of the rhetoric with which the enunciation of this principle is surrounded, because here, more than elsewhere, we have to attempt to understand an extremely important point in the theory of belief. Generally speaking, Mr. Balfour distinguishes the office of reason and authority, as though the first was a subordinate faculty, illegitimately posing as the main cause of our beliefs, and the latter a really sovereign principle, which has been too much neglected in the course of philosophical

investigation. Let us ask ourselves, then, to begin with, what reason is in Mr. Balfour's conception of the term. In the first place, it is constantly used as though it were identical with reasoning; that is to say, the work of the discursive understanding, which, accepting the validity of premises not discovered by itself, derives from them certain logical conclusions. Sometimes the word seems to stand merely for common-sense or practical judgement, which, observe, is by no means synonymous with the first meaning, because the main function of common-sense or practical judgement, as found, let us say, in business men or men of the world, is a more or less rapid intuition, not of the logical links of an argument, but of its general purpose and tendency—a generalisation rather than a syllogism. Sometimes, again, Mr. Balfour chooses to define his reason as that which inevitably issues in some form of naturalism; as, for instance, on page 172. This sense of the term may well be harmonised with the first sense, already noticed. Its chief merit is to give us consistency; its principal function, 'to smooth away contradictions, to knock off corners, and to fit, as far as may be, each separate belief into its proper place within the framework of one harmonious creed.'

'Naturalism,' says Mr. Balfour, 'is nothing more than the result of rationalising methods applied with pitiless consistency to the whole circuit of belief; it is the completed product of rationalism, the final outcome of using the "current methods of interpreting sense-perception" as the universal instrument for determining the nature and fixing the limits of human knowledge.' (P. 172.)

With such an interpretation as this, it is obvious that the main result of what Mr. Balfour calls reason is the destruction of a vast amount of our spiritual and ethical possessions. When Plato was devising his scheme of national education in his ideal State he uttered certain warnings as to the effects that would follow from allowing too early an exercise of reason as applied to ultimate metaphysical conceptions. 'The young,' he said, 'love to worry things, like puppies;' and, indeed, it may be added that one of the conspicuous tendencies of mere cleverness, as distinguished from ability, is always this desire to pick to pieces and to destroy. If reason be no more than the dialectical gift or the discursive understanding, or even common-sense, then by all means let us limit its pretensions and derogate from its authority, strip it of its borrowed plumes, and send it back to humbler offices in the

human economy. Of a wider meaning of the word 'reason' Mr. Balfour seems to be either ignorant or careless; he says, indeed, in a note on page 195, that he is not going to deal with reason in a transcendental sense, but it is not quite certain whether he does not also intend to suggest that such a transcendental sense is unreal and valueless. Nevertheless, here and again he appears to feel the need of a reason with more august tasks. On page 174, for instance, he asks that any system which is going to convince us and make us surrender some of our dearest possessions must show, 'not only that its various parts are consistent with 'each other, but that the whole is authenticated by reason.' Here, at all events, we get a glimpse of a higher function than any which can be discharged by the logical understanding. The reason whose chief merit is consistency could hardly 'authenticate the whole' unless it travelled beyond the mere inductive or deductive processes, and, in some way or other, apprehended first principles. As a rule, however, we have to remember that, in the antithesis which Mr. Balfour gives us between intellectual operations on the one hand, and the influence of authority on the other, we must accept reason as being merely equivalent to the understanding, and to be wholly devoid of any constructive or architectonic power. The reason, for instance, which, in the Kantian philosophy, is operative in ethics finds no place in Mr. Balfour's system. Observe, before we proceed, two consequences of this view.\*

\* The confusion of terms in the passages we have quoted from Mr. Balfour shows that he has not accepted or adopted the strict metaphysical language by which Kant and Coleridge defined the faculties of man and their object. The distinction between the Understanding and the Reason was to them the cardinal principle of psychology. The function of the *Understanding* (which is shared to some extent by many animals) applies to the impressions derived from the senses. It is the faculty of *Experience*, sensible and psychical. The function of the *Reason*, which is the exclusive appanage of Man, is to apprehend those supersensual truths which are the proper subjects of spiritual philosophy. It is unfortunate that Mr. Balfour evades or omits the metaphysical side of this great argument, which few men are more competent to deal with. For, though he discusses with subtlety the theory known under the portentous name of 'Transcendental Idealism,' the chapter in which he deals with it is the weakest and most incomplete portion of his work. This Pure Reason, on which Mr. Balfour looks so obliquely, is the Supreme Power which teaches man to attain the highest status of his intellectual and moral being. It enables him to sound the mystery of Cause, to hear the voice of Conscience, to con-

In the first place, unless we misjudge him, Mr. Balfour seems inclined to surrender altogether the historical evidences of Christianity. That would appear to be the natural interpretation of his chapter on 'rationalist orthodoxy,' although possibly some portions of it may be merely hypothetical argumentation as against some particular kind of adversary. Anyhow, it would be natural enough for a man who derides the work of reason, as compared with the influence of authority, to disparage also the value of merely historical evidence to prove any spiritual truths; the latter have nothing whatsoever to do with reasoning, and therefore have no business to rest themselves on arguments which involve the use of reasoning.

In the second place, we are, oddly enough, brought back to a position very much like that of Hume. At first sight there would appear to be a world of difference between the mental attitude of a Radical thinker like Hume and a Conservative apologist like Mr. Balfour. Nevertheless, the sceptical tendency—or, as it ought perhaps to be called, the critical spirit—leads to very similar results in the two cases. Hume, in his account of causation, destroyed at a blow the pretensions of empirical science as a storehouse or depository of objective truth. There is no causal nexus, according to Hume, but only an expectation of finding the consequent whenever we come across the antecedent, or *vice versa*—an expectation which is based on habit. The value of custom or habit is extended in other parts of Hume's writings, for instance to political science, and the view affords him one of his best grounds for dissenting from Rousseau. The French *philosophe* thought that social conventions could be swept aside, a *tabula rasa* effected of all existing order, and the work of society made to begin afresh. To Hume no such drastic process was possible, because social conventions depended on long accumulations of habit which could neither be lightly disregarded nor swiftly thrown aside.

And now compare a sentence which we find in Mr. Balfour. He is trying to discover the ground of certitude:—

'If faith be provisionally defined as conviction apart from or in excess of proof, then it is upon faith that the maxims of daily life, not less than the loftiest creeds and the most far-reaching discoveries, must ultimately lean. . . . Certitude is found to be the child, not of reason, but of custom.' (P. 164.)

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ceive the fundamental ideas of Truth, Duty, Justice, and Religion, and to discover in them the true 'Foundations of Belief.'

It is obvious that philosophical necessities, no less than adversity, make one acquainted with strange bedfellows.

The custom, which Hume declared to be 'the guide of life,' and which Mr. Balfour describes as the father of certitude, is equivalent to, or at all events is exhibited in, what is elsewhere called 'authority.' The real cause of our beliefs—now that reason has been dethroned from its assumed and wholly unjustifiable sovereignty—is variously stated to be either custom or authority, or a psychological climate or atmosphere; and the exact meaning of these phrases requires to be as carefully ascertained as that of reason. Custom is obviously the vaguest term, for Mr. Balfour only uses it, so far as we have been able to discover, once. Yet in the form of 'tradition' it frequently reappears—inasmuch as that which from a subjective standpoint we call habit may, if regarded as an objective element in the thoughts and convictions of mankind, be rightly considered as an impersonal and almost universal authority or tradition which, for instance, insures that the large majority of men are subject to much the same presuppositions, prejudices, and modes of judgement. 'The immense, the inevitable, and, on the whole, the beneficent part which authority plays in the production of belief' is a theme on which our author frequently dilates, and of which—possibly from the unconscious influences of Conservative statesmanship—he is proportionately fond.

'Psychological climates' are thus characterised:—

'The power of authority is never more subtle or more effective than when it produces a psychological "atmosphere" or "climate," favourable to the life of certain modes of belief, unfavourable and even fatal to the life of others. Such "climates" may be widely diffused or the reverse. Their range may cover a generation, an epoch, a whole civilisation, or it may be narrowed down to a sect, a family, even an individual. And as they may vary infinitely in respect to the extent of their influence, so also they may vary in respect to its intensity and quality. But whatever be their limits and whatever their character, their importance to the conduct of life, social and individual, cannot easily be overstated.' (P. 206.)

This is a 'psychological climate' in what may be called its fluid form. The conception is solidified later on, or rather it is rendered more abstract, more impersonal, and therefore more imposing. On a subsequent page authority, as a cause of belief, is carefully discriminated from 'authorities.' Authority is, as Mr. Balfour uses the term, the opposite or correlative of reason; from the nature of the case it is

'dumb in the presence of argument.' But sometimes it is wrongly converted into 'an authority' or into 'authorities,' and then becomes only 'a species of reason' (p. 221). This, Mr. Balfour evidently means, is an illegitimate sense. If we ask why, the answer clearly is that authority as the great, though to a large extent unconscious, cause of our beliefs, has nothing to do with the individual and the concrete, but with the impersonal and the abstract. It is something which overrides the individual judgement, being the atmosphere which the individual breathes, the climate into which he is born. But how, then, can it be said, as Mr. Balfour said in the passage quoted above, that a psychological climate can be 'narrowed down to a sect, a family, even an individual?' Of two things, one. Either authority is the sum of authorities, in which case, as each single item is a species of reasoning (p. 221), the whole becomes a species of reasoning; or else authority is not to be identified with authorities, and then it can never be narrowed down to an individual. Probably the second is Mr. Balfour's real view, which justifies our comparison of his august principle to that of the Positivists—the *grand être* Humanity, which is not you or I, but the abstract conception which does not include, but, as it were, precedes, the personal exemplification of it.

This is not mere idle hair-splitting, as we shall see after a moment's consideration. The whole point of Mr. Balfour's treatise is to support the claims of authority as against reason or reasoning, and to trace most of our spiritual and mental wealth to the first rather than the second. Directly, however, we examine authority we see how difficult such a task becomes. To most of us, whether philosophers or not, authority only means the authority of A, B, or C; sometimes it is, as Mr. Balfour once allowed himself to say, 'narrowed down' to the *ipse dixit* of a single individual. As such it becomes, as Mr. Balfour rightly sees, 'a species of reasoning,' and the whole antithesis disappears by the removal of one of its members. In order to avoid such a catastrophe, the only device is to spell authority with a capital letter, and to make it equivalent to a psychological climate, or, as M. Taine said, long before Mr. Balfour, '*le milieu*.' Now, how is such a climate or atmosphere formed? How comes it to pass that we are all born into the acceptance of certain formulæ, modes of thought, or 'categories,' as Kant, perhaps, would call them? *A priori* to us they certainly are; we did not make them for ourselves; we could not do so if we wished. But although they are *à priori* to us, are they the less the



work of reason? May they not be, in Mr. Spencer's phrase, *à posteriori* to the race, and thus, though not the work of our reason, yet none the less the total fossilised survival of the reasonable thoughts of men? Mr. Balfour seems aware that some such criticism may be passed, for in one passage he attempts to meet this suggested origin from reason. From what he says on p. 212 we gather that 'impulses 'towards belief or disbelief,' and psychological climates generally, although due, *among other causes*, to reason, are not on that account rational products; and although they produce belief, they are not on that account rational causes. This is an exceedingly obscure oracle, which, we confess, we find it very difficult to understand. How can a thing be due to reason and yet not be a rational product? What is the especial value of the interpolated clause, 'among other 'causes'—so that it may succeed in saving us from an inevitable conclusion? Possibly Mr. Balfour may not believe that a cause is the sum of conditions, or it may be that the distinction between *à priori* to the individual and *à priori* to the race has not been duly considered. But it is unnecessary to labour the point, because if, in any sense whatever, authority in the form of a psychological climate is due to reason, the whole of the antithesis between it and reason falls to the ground.

Here, more than anywhere else, we discover how little Mr. Balfour has appreciated the real value of evolution as applied to thought. The thoughts of one age becoming the stock-in-trade of another, the mind of man being enlarged in the process of the suns, the vast developement of race-conceptions owing to the infinitesimal labours of individuals—these form the real explanation of Mr. Balfour's 'psychological climates,' which he so pertinaciously opposes to reason. We are born into a heritage of wealth which we did not ourselves accumulate; we are the heirs of the ages, because, without moving a finger, we have entered into their labours. But because our reason did not form these conceptions, it does not follow that reason itself did not form them; nor yet, because rational progress moves by systole and diastole, must we think that progress is sterile and absurd. Movement there still is, even though it should be of the corkscrew kind; and reactions against prevalent ideas never lead us back to the original *status quo*. And the only other remark we shall allow ourselves to make on Mr. Balfour's discussion of authority and reason is that, so far as they are supposed to influence the individual thinker, we miss acutely

any theory of the Will. Among the causes of belief, the Will assuredly enters, nor is it possible even to begin to understand what conviction means without some discussion of volition. What if Kant were right, and the Will which enters so largely into morality were itself a practical reason—reason exercised in the sphere of practice?

The ultimate value of a man's work is not always that which it appears at first sight. Mr. Balfour's book was written to supply foundations for a creed, and no doubt it seems a plausible plan to guarantee the value of faith by the downfall of rationalism and science. But the question whether this forms either a salutary or a necessary way of defending the verities of religion is one which has been asked and answered many times before Mr. Balfour took up his pen. In one passage of 'The Foundations of Belief' \* the author seems extremely anxious to forestall the inevitable criticism that he is resting superstition upon scepticism. There are two grounds upon which such a charge might be made. It might be urged, in the first place, that any one who discredits the office and functions of reason is in reality suggesting to us an attitude of uncritical faith as an alternative of no greater significance and importance than a *pis aller*. Or else it might be urged that a philosopher who bases his system, as Mr. Balfour expressly does, upon our needs contentedly accepts mere desire as his guide. The author wishes to defend himself against both these charges, but we are not quite sure that his apology is as satisfactory as it appears.

Let us take the second point first. How far should a philosophical system be based upon human needs? The answer is plain. In the last resort all systems of rational metaphysic are unable to forego an ultimate appeal to man's nature and constitution. Or, in other words, framed as they are to satisfy the indomitable human instinct to know and to understand, their satisfactoriness or the reverse must depend on the adequacy of the psychology they involve and assume. Here, obviously, the whole problem turns upon the adequacy of Mr. Balfour's psychology, on which a good deal, had we the space, could be said. But inasmuch as the second point involves somewhat similar considerations, let us turn to the objection that Mr. Balfour exalts faith and discredits reason. Now, of course it is easy for a critic to apologise for some such consequence of his inquiry by the assertion that it is not his

\* P. 245 and following.

fault if reason has been found to be less operative in the construction of our knowledge than is ordinarily assumed. Such is Mr. Balfour's own defence in the chapter in the fourth section of his book which is entitled 'The Ground-work.' But when we discover that the reason of which he speaks is, in point of fact, a subordinate and dialectical faculty—when we find, as we have found in preceding pages, that reason is nothing more than common-sense, or discursive argumentation, or a series of syllogistic processes, then we naturally resent such a mode of settling a difficult and arduous problem as Mr. Balfour proposes. Having first taken it for granted that reason is reasoning, it is not difficult for him to point triumphantly to the small part it plays in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual worlds. It is not my fault, pleads Mr. Balfour, if reason turns out to be so insignificant. Nevertheless, it may be his fault, if he has failed to realise the true scope of that intellectual power which he disdains; if, in short, he bases his whole system on a deficient psychological analysis. We cannot, under such circumstances, reach the true issue unless we have thoroughly satisfied ourselves as to all the intellectual elements which combine, not only to make our knowledge what it is, but ourselves what we are. And, after all, is it not to all intents and purposes true to say that Mr. Balfour rests superstition upon scepticism? He is so anxious to lower the colours of science that he does not seem to be aware that, for some minds at all events, he has equally lowered the pretensions of theology. What are we to make of a sentence like this, for instance? 'All our beliefs—scientific, ethical, spiritual—rest upon non-rational foundations.' Or this: 'Most of the approximate causes of belief, and all its ultimate causes, are non-rational in their character.' If this be so, two courses are open to us. It may be possible for a certain form of intellect to say that, in such a case, our strength is to sit still, to accept mysteries we cannot explain, passively to receive archetypal ideas whose origin is involved in obscurity. But it is equally possible for another class of intellect to come to a very different conclusion. If everything in which we believe ends with a note of interrogation, why should we trouble ourselves about the matter? Why should we not give up the fruitless task of desiring to know? Why should we not acquiesce in the scepticism which affirms that there is nothing new and nothing true, and that it really does not matter? This is the peril to which all attempted justifications of the prin-

ciple *credo ut intelligam* are constantly exposed, because the imperativeness of belief is not patent to every mind, nor are there wanting many persons who are quite content to live in a melancholy twilight, instead of feeding themselves with false hopes of a brilliant and circumambient sunshine.

The ultimate value of a man's work, we have said more than once, is not always that which it appears at first sight. The assertion is as true of the Kantian system as it is of Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' One of the many reasons why it is useful to compare these 'Notes introductory to the 'Study of Theology' with the great and epoch-making system of the philosopher of Königsberg is that both thinkers seem to be fellow-travellers along much of the way, and to be inspired by similar aims. There was no part of the famous 'Critique of Pure Reason' which more pained and astonished its readers than what its author called the Dialectic, or, in other words, the 'illusion' of ultimate rational ideas. Perhaps it will be not altogether valueless if, in a purely informal fashion, we reconstruct in our own way the historical consequences of the Kantian philosophy. Every one knows that it led to two absolutely different lines of philosophical thought, according as its critics and students accepted the standpoint of the Critique of the Pure Reason or that of the Critique of the Practical Reason. The culmination of the one is to be found in Hegel, an admirable treatment of the other issue is to be found in Lange's 'History of Materialism.' As a matter of fact, however, Kant himself, in one passage, answers the historical doubt as to which of the two—the speculative reason or the practical reason—is to be preferred. It is as though he were endeavouring to determine which is to be the ultimate guide of a man in life, or which has more illuminating power in the relations to which man stands to the universe of things. His solution is perfectly frank and positive. The practical reason is allowed to have the supremacy over the speculative. The speculative is not to be allowed to carry out its destructive conclusions too far; it is, in point of fact, to adopt the attitude of suspense or disengagement, seeing the difficulties of the task which it has set itself, perfectly conscious of the objections which can be levelled against any and every ultimate idea, but also prepared to let the matter alone, to see whether, from any other source, greater illumination can be derived than from such intimations as it is itself able to offer. Whence is to be derived this further illumination? Here, too, the answer is plain: from the

practical reason, from reason as exercised in the sphere of morals, ethics being a matter of more intimate concern to a man than logic.

Let us look at the case from another point of view. In what aspect ought man to be considered? Purely as a thinking creature, or as an acting creature? Look at him in the first light. Look at him as he allows his intellect to play round the problems presented to him on every side. What do we find? We come across this remarkable conclusion, that the main result of the critical judgement of man is more largely destructive than constructive. There is nothing more isolating than the exercise of intelligence. On the ground of intellect man stands alone; if he uses it more or less than his fellows, in either sense, purely as a thinking being he is isolated from his fellows. Each on our strict line we move, as Matthew Arnold says. But now change the venue. Let us look at man as an acting creature, as one who has every kind of relation with his fellow-beings, and whose energies are constantly altering those relations. So far as he acts, man discovers that he is a part of a great social order, and that no definition of him which refuses to consider his place in that order can possibly be satisfactory. There is no such thing as a single human unit in the world of action; it is always man, *plus* his environment, *plus* his heredity. It is man given a task of making the world better than he finds it. It is man at every step deeply pledged to those around him, bearing other people's burdens, as part of the burden which is imposed on himself. How absurd, therefore, to let our views of the world and of its government depend purely on the results of thought, instead of the results of human action! Man is, of course, both a thinking and acting creature, but it is in his practical aspect, it is in all that sphere which is covered by ethics and morality, in which are to be found the real essence, the true definition, of his nature. It is thus that we may construe to ourselves the real lesson of Kant—a critic, possibly, but not a sceptic—fearlessly critical so far as the work of intelligence is concerned, but also fearlessly constructive, because he feels the necessity of supplementing intelligence by the practical reason, by reason as exercised in the sphere of morals.

From this standpoint, then, let us regard what Kant has to tell us in that sphere which he calls the dialectic of the Pure Reason. In the space at our disposal we cannot hope to cover the whole ground; let us proceed at once to

its most important feature, its criticism of the idea of God. How does he treat the proofs of God's existence?

Kant, as is well known, reviewed in his dialectic these proofs in order, and, one after another, showed their hollowness and insufficiency. How shall we prove God's existence? Shall we argue a *contingentiâ mundi*? Shall we say that because all things in this mortal sphere are mutually dependent, we must assume in the last resource some being who is independent? Shall we say that we—looking at the fact that we can only go back from effect to a cause which is in its turn an effect of some higher cause, and so on in infinite regress—must, for our own peace of mind, arrive at a cause which is uncaused, a first cause, a free cause? Perhaps this is the most ordinary, and to most minds a satisfactory, proof of God's existence. And yet the logic of the understanding must condemn such procedure as illogical. To say that, because we only know of a ceaseless chain of causation, we must assume that somewhere or other there is a first or last link, where the chain ceases, is as though, despite our conviction that the world is round, we should yet walk to the horizon to find its extremest edge. To say that because the world is contingent it must have an author who is absolute, is to deny that absoluteness we seek to prove, because at all events the world appears necessary to its author (inasmuch as it exists), and therefore sets limits to his independent and self-contained existence.

Shall we, then, fall back on the celebrated teleological argument, and say that because there are everywhere marks of design there must have been a Divine intelligence at work in the world's creation? Yet here again Kant tells us that our conclusion is too large for our premises. Our argument may prove the likelihood of an intelligence, but it is merely a human one, and not divine. The adaptation of means to end in the case of a machine proves the existence of the inventor, because with certain materials given ready to the hand—materials which possess original properties, and therefore the possibility of their own usefulness—some one must have adapted them so skilfully in their mutual relations that they work out the designed end we see. But to God, the materials with which He works are not given with certain original and unchangeable properties. He is supposed to have Himself given them, in the first instance, these natural forces and properties. Can we seriously conceive of God as having stamped certain things with qualities, often contrary and conflicting, in order that afterwards He

might show His skill in overcoming the difficulties of the material by skilful combination and adaptation? Or, again, can this line of argumentation ever prove the existence of absolute goodness in the artificer? By seeing the relation of means to end in the wing of a bird, we may say that the skill everywhere displayed implies the existence of an intelligence greater than ours, but not necessarily absolute. Or, once more, if I know a man to be good, I can then see how his actions are all designed to promote the triumph of goodness; but if I have only his actions to go by, shall I be likely in every case to see proofs of his goodness?

‘Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shrieks against his creed.’

There remains, then, the last of these arguments, the argument of Anselm and Descartes, which is termed the ontological proof. In its simpler form it asserts, with Descartes, that, since I know myself to be imperfect, I must have some standard of absolute perfection to measure by; to which logic answers that a belief in something more perfect than myself, not necessarily absolutely perfect, is all that my premise warrants. In its more philosophical form it asserts, with Anselm, that because the idea of God is absolute perfection, and absolute perfection necessarily includes existence, therefore God exists. To this logic has the scornful rejoinder that an idea in the mind is one thing, and existence is another, and that because I think of three hundred dollars it does not by any means follow that I have them in my pocket. The general conclusion is that, whether I rely on the cosmological, or the teleological, or the ontological argument in seeking to prove God’s existence, the verdict of the logical understanding is in each case that I am trusting to a broken reed.

Such are the arguments of the logical understanding, guided by certain intellectual laws, and finding at once its strength and its weakness in the limitation which such laws impose. Even as these arguments stand, it seems unwise to lay too much stress upon them, for they suggest more than they imperil, and they convey hints of the mind’s progress towards eternal truths which are far more valuable than the merely formal proofs which they seek to destroy. Let us phrase the matter for ourselves, without paying particular attention to the historical aspects of this philosophical question, or the various ways in which Kant’s successors dealt with the special conclusions of his critique.

The first thing we think of is the more or less novel science of comparative religion, a discovery of the nineteenth century, which would have saved a good deal of the scepticism of the eighteenth century. For what is the main thing which is established without a shadow of controversy by this new science? It is that in all ages of the history of human intelligence there has been an effort, conscious or unconscious, to formulate certain theories about the unseen world and the unseen God, according to the measure and capacities of the human spirit, at different stages of its developement. Thus the tendency which we call 'the religious tendency' is one of the inseparable concomitants of human intelligence, present to it from the first, clinging to it even through some of the more repulsive shapes of superstition, changed and altered in various ways, and now looked at under a philosophical, now sometimes even under a scientific guise, but representing always and in all places a permanent background to all the serious thought of the age. We look, in the second place, at another great nineteenth-century discovery—the discovery of the law of evolution, the last and culminating point of the successive progresses of science. And here once again, if we discard the less important considerations, we find that the central fact about the world's history is the developement of successively higher forms of existence, till we reach the final stage of human, conscious, and intellectual life. Each stage grows out of the preceding stage, but each stage also puts on, as it were, fresh qualities, till at the highest point we find gifts and capacities which contain the promise and potency not only of an intellectual, but of a moral and even spiritual life. And when we have sufficiently estimated the results of these two inquiries, we turn back again to Kant's proofs, and a fresh light is thrown upon them, as though they too indicated different stages in the mind's advance towards God. The earliest feeling is one of the transitoriness of things, with which we contrast the notion of something that has been from the beginning, and that remains permanent however much they may change. This is not an argument at all, observe; it is a mere sentiment, a feeling which, when we seek to formulate it in precise terms, loses its emotional value, and gains no corresponding intellectual value; it is merely the *cri du cœur*, the cry of the heart, the confession, it may be, of weakness, the language of children 'crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.' And then comes the higher stage,



representing initial processes in argumentation, where we attempt analogically to establish the reality of an author of existence on grounds of human industry and effort. This argument, too, fails, although it has the support of distinguished names, for reasons which have been sufficiently indicated in Kant's treatment of the teleological argument.

The position is so entirely different between the human workman, engaged with materials which he finds ready to his hands, and the Divine workman, creating the materials which may be necessary for His purposes, that the analogy becomes untrustworthy and impossible. Thus, finally, we are driven to the last of the arguments, which really contains within itself the secret of the whole matter. In treating the argument of Anselm and Descartes, Kant assumes a position which the whole of his philosophical system implicitly denies; he assumes, that is to say, the entire and absolute severance between existence and thought. If being is one thing, and our thinking about it is another, then indeed it would seem to follow that the idea of God, however definite and clear, did not carry with it the implication that such a being as God actually exists. But, as we understand the Kantian system, there is nothing higher than thought, and even though we ordinarily make a distinction between subjective and objective aspects of any given state, phenomenon, or existence, it is thought itself which has made the distinction, and which can therefore transcend it. If there be that within us in our own personality which takes us altogether above the conditions of time and space, if there is a real self, or spirit, or soul, which is no longer limited and partial and individual, but dependent for its proper meaning and connotation on the existence of a universal consciousness—then we have a special ground on which to assert the reality of God, without Whom the individual soul could have neither being nor reality.

Will it be said that to treat in this fashion Kant's Critique of Pure Reason is to look at him through Hegelian spectacles? But he has himself authorised us so to treat him when he wrote the Critique of Practical Reason. If it were only true that, side by side with his analysis of logic, there was also a treatise on the fundamental principles of morals leading to diametrically opposite conclusions, no one could say that we were historically unjust if we elected to take our stand on the later work, and not on the earlier. But he has actually anticipated the difficulty in which we

are placed; he has estimated the respective authority of the practical reason and the theoretical reason, and told us which to trust in. It is the speculative reason which must give way in this matter, not the reason exercised in morals, to which he unhesitatingly grants supremacy. And when thus, in the spirit of his own teaching, we transfer ourselves from the sphere of logic to the sphere of ethics, what is the earliest thing which we discover? We find that no consideration of man's nature can be said to be complete which does not start from the principles—(1) That there is such a thing as an independent self, free and unconstrained; (2) that this self is a centre of force, being, in its essence, Will, the only absolute cause we can come across in existence; and (3) that the consideration of man as a moral, that is to say an acting, creature, brings us by inevitable steps to the conviction that the soul is immortal and that God exists. And here, once again, let us discard the precise formulæ, the exact language in which Kant, in the 'Critique of Practical Reason,' attempts to establish verities of this kind.

We can, perhaps, for our purpose better extract what we desire by phrasing the matter in our own fashion. It can be done in several ways. We can say that the first, or rather the most important and most crucial, question is not, 'What is the world in which I live?' but, 'What am I, who attempt to understand it?' Or else, looking at one particular aspect of the matter, we can say that natural theology is a somewhat frail and unserviceable weapon, as compared with the intimations of the moral consciousness; or perhaps, best of all, we can merely adopt for our purpose the words of Christ: 'Say not, Lo here, or lo there, for the Kingdom of God is within you.' Doubtless there are many indications to be gained by a purely objective investigation of natural phenomena that the kosmos of things is incomplete without a Divine intelligence running throughout the whole series from end to end. But it would be still truer to phrase the position in a slightly different manner. If, on other grounds, we have a reasonable evidence of the reality of Divine government, then we can look at Nature in a different fashion, and see how the whole concatenation of causes and effects is part and parcel of a rational and intelligible idea. But it may well be doubted whether, if we began at the other end, we could ever attain to such a conclusion. If we had nothing else than Nature to go by, if we confined ourselves to a purely objective examination of

phenomena, there would still remain the doubt—a doubt which could not be exorcised—as to whether the results we were witnessing were due to the fortuitous combinations of chance or the far-seeing purposes of Divinity. That is, as it seems to us, the lesson of Kant; pure intelligence, he would say, is destructive. Man does not live by logic alone. If you desire to get at the root of things, you must supplement your view of man as a thinking creature by man as a moral creature. What is destroyed, or, at all events, rendered doubtful by the first process, becomes rehabilitated by the second. The essence of man's nature is not intellect alone, but intellect *plus* feeling *plus* practical activity.

But, it may naturally be asked, Is it so true that moral philosophy can yield us such results? Certainly it can, on Kantian lines, and that is throughout the point of view with which we are occupied. We need only look at three points, not confining ourselves to the terminology, or even the precise doctrines, of Kant, but adhering, so far as we can, to his spirit. The first is the meaning of conscience, the second is the meaning of duty, the third is the meaning of good. What is conscience? The essence of the conception, that which gives it its peculiar character, is the combination which we find in it of emotional elements and intellectual. It is the sensitive mirror on which are breathed all the shadows of our active life. It is that which lays bare with such unfailing force the relative value of all the aims and objects to which our action is directed. It steeps the intellectual recognition of what we have done or should do in a warm atmosphere of emotion. It practically denies the severance of feeling and thought, because in itself it is both feeling and thought. It may be said that its natural history can be traced; it may be urged that it has arisen out of all sorts of conditions of expediency or utility. The analysis may or may not be correct; but the explanation does not alter the value of the conception, nor does the account of how a thing came to be alter the nature of that which it is. We take conscience as we find it in the highest, most morally developed men and women whom we know. What is this strange judging and feeling power which has guided their path in life? What can it be, except the eternal vindication of men's position as the sons of God and the inheritors of a Divine nature?

This, perhaps, may be said to be mere rhetoric. Let us turn, therefore, to the second of those conceptions of morality to which reference has already been made. What is

duty? Its essence is obligation. Man feels that in reviewing possible courses of action there is one path which he *must* follow, that if he refuses he has in some fashion given up his true position in Nature, and that this infraction of the law of obligation will bring him under the terrible punishment of remorse. Some of us in a modern age are fond of whittling away the meaning of obligation and remorse. Remorse, we are told, is disappointment that we have made a mistake—that we have miscalculated, misinterpreted, our main interests. Remorse has nothing to do with either disappointment or miscalculation; it is not a recognition of mistakes; it is the agonised feeling that we have committed a crime. That is the imperative sanction of all morality—not an external sanction, not legal punishment, not social ostracism, but the voice, alternately pleading and threatening, of our inner moral nature. It appears, then, that we live under a law of obligation, and obligation implies at least two terms—the obliged and the obliger. We understand at once who the obliged are—it is ourselves; it is we on whom is laid the difficult burden of a duty to fulfil. But it is nonsense to speak of an obliged unless the other term is equally explicit. Who or what is the obliger? Is it not the Divine Spirit Who rules the universe, and holds up to man the ideal at which he is, in whatever hesitating or halting fashion, forced to aim?

Turn, finally, to the last conception—the meaning of good. What is good? It is the attainment of happiness, says one class of thinkers. It is the subservience to the greatest interests of mankind, says another class. But good is neither happiness nor utility. If we only avail ourselves of explanations like these, we cannot unlock the secret of man's action in the past, or read aright the historic pages which tell of many of his noblest deeds. The martyr, the leader of the forlorn hope, the preacher of a crusade, the Man who died on the cross—ask these whether good means utility or happiness, and the answer is not difficult to anticipate. But observe what follows. If good is not happiness, or utility, or welfare, how are we going to define it? Is it a tautological term? Are we going to say that good is that which is good? Are we to content ourselves with so vacant, so meaningless an ideal? We shall have so to content ourselves, if there be no God. Once grant the existence of Divinity—once grant the reality of a moral order, which is slowly being executed in all the developing series of natural existence and all the pages of the

world's history, and good is no longer meaningless; we have got the key to unlock its meaning: it is, first, the fulfilment of a moral order; it is, next, the fulfilment of the will of God. And let us observe how such a conception brings back to us the necessity for enlightenment, for culture, for knowledge, for thought. It is not an intuitive conception, this good; it is something the meaning of which we have to discover. We have to study science and history, in order that we may find out how the Divine Will is being fulfilled; and instead of the old, arid, dry idea of being good in order that we may be happy hereafter, we have arrived at a conception whose richness and fulness are practically inexhaustible. On us is laid at once the privilege and the burden of first discovering, and then helping in the fulfilment of, a world-wide moral order—of being in the truest sense fellow-workers with God.

Such are the conclusions to which we are led by studying the principles of the Kantian system. How great the contrast is with that of Mr. Balfour, how wide the divergence between the 'Critique of Practical Reason' and 'The Foundations of Belief,' are points which can now be safely left to the judgement of any candid inquirer.

ART. IX.—*The Life of Adam Smith.* By JOHN RAE.  
London: 1895.

MORE than a century has elapsed since the death of Adam Smith, but as yet the world at large has had little opportunity of making itself acquainted with the personality of an individual who has left upon it such deep and enduring marks. The great economist kept no journal at any period of his life. He was little addicted to writing letters. He insisted, only a week before his death, upon his friends destroying the whole of the manuscripts which he had left in an unfinished condition. Hence, for many long years there were but few materials out of which it would have been possible to construct with any kind of fulness the story of his life. As time has gone on, biographies of his contemporaries, and memoirs and letters in great number, have been published in which some mention, more or less incidental, of Adam Smith has been made, and it has become possible by piecing them together and by making full use of the earlier biographical sketches, to present the public with a connected account of his whole career, from the time when he attended as a little lad the Burgh School at Kirkaldy, to the day of his death in Edinburgh, one of the most renowned literary personages of Europe. No complete life, then, of Adam Smith has ever yet been published. The fullest account of his career is still to be found in the essay which Dugald Stewart read on his life and works to the Royal Society of Edinburgh only a couple of years after Smith's death. Mr. McCulloch and Mr. Thorold Rogers, in publishing new editions of the 'Wealth of Nations,' have prefixed to that epoch-making work some account of the author's life, but they were able to add little to the particulars given by Dugald Stewart. Lord Brougham, whose 'Lives of Men of Letters' was published in 1846, in his chapter on 'Adam Smith,' devoted himself rather to the discussion of the works of the philosopher than to making known to us the man. Thus it happens that 105 years after his death Mr. Rae presents the public with the first complete biography of Adam Smith that has seen the light.

It seems a long time since the year 1740, when Adam Smith began his undergraduate life at Oxford. Yet before his death he became intimate with the poet Samuel Rogers, who was himself intimately known to many of our own contemporaries—the bridge of a single life thus connecting

two periods sufficiently remote from each other in much besides length of years.

Mr. Rae in the preparation of his work has shown both industry and judgement; and we believe he has been able to collect and weld together all the published information which exists having any important bearing upon Adam Smith's career. In his undertaking, however, he has not contented himself with searching works already published: he has made considerable use of the Hume correspondence in the possession of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; of the Carlyle correspondence, and the David Laing MSS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh; he has examined every mention of Adam Smith in the Records of the University of Glasgow and the Buttery Books of Balliol. He has had access to many private letters, and information bearing upon Adam Smith's career, in the possession of Professor Cunningham of Belfast, of Mr. Alfred Morrison, and others, and he shows himself to be well acquainted with the memoirs and biographies, English and foreign, dealing with the second half of the eighteenth century, where many incidental references and allusions to the philosopher are to be found. The result of his labours is now before us in the very complete picture he has drawn of Adam Smith and his social surroundings in the latter half of the last century.

Adam Smith was born at Kirkaldy in June 1723. His father, Adam Smith, had been trained as a writer to the signet, and had been appointed immediately after the Union to the post of judge-advocate for Scotland. A year later he became private secretary to the Earl of Loudoun, the Scotch Minister, and when the latter left office, in 1713, Smith was rewarded with the comptrollership of the Customs at Kirkaldy, a post which he held, along with the judge-advocateship, till his premature death in the spring of 1723, some months before his son's birth. Very little is known of Adam Smith the elder, or of his family; but doubtless he belonged politically to the Whig and Presbyterian party of his patron, Lord Loudoun. His wife's family was better known, as her father was a Fifeshire laird, Mr. Douglas of Strathendry, several of whose near kinsmen at the time were officers in the army. Adam Smith was an only son, and his mother was the only parent he had ever known. Between mother and son the deepest affection existed. For many years of his life—indeed, whenever he was able to live at Kirkaldy or in Edinburgh—he made his home with her. He never married, and till her death, after her son had

passed his sixtieth year, it was to her he looked to make his house his home.

The salary of the comptroller of the Customs at Kirkaldy in 1723 was but 40*l.* a year, and though the perquisites attaching to that office were probably worth two or three times the salary, the early death of the comptroller must have left his widow and his son extremely poor. Kirkaldy contained in those days a population of only fifteen hundred inhabitants; yet, as Mr. Rae observes, the little provincial town and port would probably present a greater variety of life and manners, to an observant eye, than either a rural district or a large city, and many of the illustrations of the division of labour and the practices of commerce made famous in the 'Wealth of Nations' were taken from his early acquaintance with the naileries, the shipping, and the shop-keeping of his native town.

Scotland has long been distinguished for the excellence of the education proffered to her poorest sons; and Kirkaldy at the time was fortunate in the possession of a school of exceptionally high order. It was probably due to this circumstance that the families of Oswald of Dunnikier and Adam of Blairadam, to whom belonged considerable estates in the county of Fife, were resident in Kirkaldy. 'Lady 'Dunnikier' was the great lady of the town. James Oswald, afterwards treasurer of the navy and a prominent Scottish member of Parliament, had preceded by seven or eight years young Adam Smith at the Burgh School, whilst Robert Adam, afterwards the famous architect, was one of Smith's schoolfellows. The Oswalds were old friends of both Adam Smiths, and to the constant friendship of James Oswald young Smith owed much in after-life. Even before that life began we hear of Oswald of Dunnikier befriending the widow of the comptroller and making the arrangements for his funeral, providing, according to a curious receipt printed by Mr. Rae, the cakes and ale, and other 'necessars' appropriate to that occasion.

At the Burgh School the studious little Adam Smith worked hard at the classics from the age of ten to fourteen, and to such good purpose that in 1837 he was able to enter the University of Glasgow with the well-founded hope of winning a scholarship at Oxford. Glasgow was at that time a centre of intellectual activity, and from very distant parts young men were flocking to sit under Dunlop, the professor of Greek, and Robert Simson, the professor of mathematics (who had acquired a European reputation), and especially



to hear the lectures of Francis Hutcheson, professor of moral philosophy. The Greek taught in the junior classes was at that time, and, indeed, for long afterwards at the Scotch universities, of a most elementary character; and Smith's inclinations impelled him more strongly to mathematics and philosophy than to the classics. It was Hutcheson who gave his mind its first bent in the direction of his later studies. 'Adam Smith is sometimes considered a disciple of Hume, and sometimes a disciple of Quesnay; if he was any man's disciple, he was Hutcheson's' (p. 11). Dugald Stewart tells us of the extraordinary impression produced by Hutcheson's lectures upon his students, with whom, no doubt, he won additional popularity from the courage with which he stood out against the assaults of the Presbytery upon his system, which they declared contravened the doctrines of the Confession of Faith. Hutcheson was teaching that the will of Heaven was known, not from signs and wonders, 'but rather from a broad consideration of the greater good of mankind—the greatest happiness of the greatest number'—of which phrase Hutcheson was the original author. In this the orthodox discovered a twofold heresy—first, that the standard of moral goodness was the promotion of the happiness of others; secondly, that we could have a knowledge of good and evil without, and prior to, a knowledge of God. On those branches of study connected with political economy Hutcheson undoubtedly asserted the principal positions afterwards so vigorously maintained and built upon by Adam Smith.

'Hutcheson's doctrine was essentially the doctrine of industrial liberty, with which Smith's name is identified, and in view of the claims set up on behalf of the French Physiocrats, that Smith learnt that doctrine in their school, it is right to remember that he was brought into contact with it in Hutcheson's class-room at Glasgow some twenty years before any of the Physiocrats had written a line on the subject, and that the very first ideas on economic subjects which were presented to his mind contained in the germ—and in very active and sufficient germ—the very doctrines about liberty, labour, and value on which his whole system was afterwards built' (p. 15).

Adam Smith spent three years at Glasgow, and having won a Snell exhibition worth 40*l.* a year in July of 1740, he began his undergraduate life at Balliol. He was just seventeen, and as for the first time he rode across the Border into England, the boy could not help being struck with the increasing fertility and improved agriculture that everywhere met his eyes. The Scottish Borders at that time, and

for many years afterwards, presented as wild and desolate an appearance as any tract of land in the kingdom, and he little dreamt that the time would come when from southern England men would travel northwards to study scientific agriculture and high farming in the well-tilled fields of Berwickshire and the Lothians. He rode on to Oxford, where he remained during term time and vacation alike for seven years, never being absent for a single night till he took his final departure in August 1746.

If in those days the Scotch neglected to cultivate their fields, it cannot be said that they allowed their brains to lie fallow. To pass from the intellectual life and energy of Glasgow to the mental apathy which characterised Oxford at that period was a melancholy change to the keen, inquiring spirit of young Adam Smith. We know from many sources that Mr. Rae's description of the stagnation which prevailed at Oxford is not over-coloured. 'Learning at that university lay under a long and almost total eclipse.' Adam Smith was taught little, yet, thanks to his persevering love of study, he learnt much. Balliol was not then a reading college, and the extensive and exact acquaintance which he afterwards possessed with the Greek and Latin classics must have been due, for the most part, to the hard independent reading of these six years in his college library. Whether from exclusive devotion to study, or from ill-health, or from other causes, his Oxford life seems to have been the only unsocial period of his existence. He made no friends there, and after quitting the university, in 1746, he never set foot in Oxford again.

Various causes may have contributed to the somewhat isolated life of Adam Smith at Balliol. The college was violently Tory and Jacobite, and the events of the time made party feeling bitter to the last degree. Out of a hundred students at Balliol, there were no fewer than eight Scotch exhibitioners in Adam Smith's time on the Snell and the Warner foundations, and there was doubtless much narrow English prejudice in the undergraduate world against the group of hardworking young Scotchmen who had come amongst them. Mr. Rae tells us he has carefully searched amongst the names of those who were contemporaries of Adam Smith at Oxford, and finds them 'a singularly undistinguished body of people;' but for our part we altogether decline to believe that between the years 1740-46 there were not many men at Oxford with whom Smith might not have made valuable friendships. Why,

too, during the whole six years did he never once go to London? Lord Brougham had access to Adam Smith's letters to his mother during his Oxford life, and from these he derived the impression that over-study had brought Smith almost to a condition of hypochondria. Complaints of 'an inveterate scurvy and shaking of the head' are frequent, for which he declares that 'tar water' was the remedy most in vogue; and it is probably largely due to this ill-health that Adam Smith's Oxford life was so unlike, in social habit, to the rest of his career.

After leaving Oxford Smith returned to Kirkcaldy, where he lived with his mother for nearly two years, until, through the appreciative kindness of James Oswald and Lord Kames, then the great authority in Scotland on all matters of literary criticism, he obtained his first chance of winning public distinction. He took full advantage, as he was well fitted to do, of the opportunity afforded, and gave in Edinburgh, in the winter of 1748-49, a most successful series of lectures upon English literature. During the same period he collected and edited the poems of Hamilton of Bangour, the author of 'The Braes of Yarrow,' whose Jacobitism had entailed his outlawry, and necessitated his residence abroad until, a couple of years later, he received the royal pardon. The following winter Smith lectured on economics, 'advocating the doctrines of commercial liberty on which he was nurtured by Hutcheson, and which he was afterwards to do so much to advance.'

It was, however, in his old university of Glasgow, and not in Edinburgh, that Adam Smith first obtained a permanent position, for on the death of the professor of logic in Glasgow in 1750 he was appointed to the vacant chair. During his first winter session, besides his own special duty, he carried on, during the illness of the professor, the class of moral philosophy, which at that time included jurisprudence and politics. Upon the death, which shortly occurred, of that professor, Smith was transferred from the logic to the moral philosophy chair, doing his best, but in vain, to secure the succession of David Hume, the historian, to the logic chair he had vacated. The scepticism of the latter philosopher was, however, notorious, and he was easily defeated by a Mr. Clow, a young minister of the Church, doubtless of unimpeachable orthodoxy, but whose name has not achieved fame. For thirteen years Adam Smith retained his Glasgow professorship, spending, of course, his winter sessions in that city, and finding ample

time during the rest of the year to become intimate with the eminent men who then shone in the social and learned circles of Edinburgh.

One of Smith's earliest and favourite pupils at Glasgow was the future distinguished Professor John Millar, the author of an 'Historical View of the English Government.' Another, of later date, was the eccentric Earl of Buchan (eldest brother of the two brilliant Erskines), who, though he had already attended classes at St. Andrews and Edinburgh and had studied at Oxford, came to yet another university, in order that he might, in his own words, 'after the manner of the ancients, walk in the porticoes of Glasgow with Smith and with Millar, and be imbued with the principles of jurisprudence and law and philosophy.' The professors, we are afraid, were almost as much impressed by the high rank of their pupil as was the pupil by the wisdom of the professors, for Adam Smith, 'honeying at the whisper of a lord,' once confided to the ear of a friend who was astonished at the fuss made in Glasgow about a personage to all appearance so foolish as Lord Buchan, that 'of course we are all aware of his folly; but he is the only peer in our college.'

It is from Professor Millar that the fullest account comes to us of the performance by Adam Smith of his duties in the professorial chair. Very early, as regards logic, 'he saw the necessity of departing widely from the plan that had been followed by his predecessors, and of directing the attention of his pupils to studies of a more interesting and useful character than the logic and metaphysics of the schools. Accordingly, after exhibiting a general view of the powers of the mind, and explaining as much of the ancient logic as was requisite to gratify curiosity with respect to an artificial method of reasoning which had once occupied the entire attention of the learned, he dedicated all the rest of his time to the delivering a system of rhetoric and belles lettres. His course of lectures on moral philosophy was divided into four parts. The first contained natural theology, in which he considered the proofs of the being and attributes of God, and those principles of the human mind upon which religion is founded. The second comprehended ethics, strictly so called, and consisted chiefly of the doctrines which he afterwards published in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments." In the third part he treated at more length of that branch of morality which relates to justice, and which, being susceptible of precise and accurate rules, is for that reason capable of a full and particular explanation.

'Upon this subject he followed the plan that seems to be suggested by Montesquieu, endeavouring to trace the actual progress of jurisprudence, both public and private, from the rudest to the most refined ages, and to point out the effects of those arts which contribute to

subsistence and to the accumulation of property in producing corresponding improvements or alterations in law and government. This important branch of his labours he also intended to give to the public; but this intention, which is mentioned in the conclusion of the "Theory of Moral Sentiments," he did not live to fulfil.

'In the last of his lectures he examined those political regulations which are founded, not upon the principle of *justice*, but that of *expediency*, and which are calculated to increase the riches, the power, and the prosperity of a State. Under this view he considered the political institutions relating to commerce, to finances, to ecclesiastical and military establishments. What he delivered on those subjects contained the substance of the work he afterwards published under the title of "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations."'

In lecturing, Smith trusted entirely to his power of extemporary speaking, often on points of controversy imagining an opponent and wrestling with him—doubtless to the delight of his class—in vehement disputation. The mind of Glasgow became stirred upon the topics discussed: wealthy merchants sent their sons to his classes, stucco busts of him appeared in the booksellers' windows, and though some of the old-fashioned might dread the growing influence over young men of 'the friend of Hume the atheist,' he was admired and respected by the general public, and before he quitted his chair he had made amongst the most eminent citizens of the town many converts to the principles of Free Trade. As an active member of the governing body of the university, it is interesting to find Adam Smith brought face to face in practical affairs with the difficulties due to those Protectionist habits of the time which his writings have done so much to extirpate. In those days one privilege was often best resisted by another. When, for instance, the students at Glasgow brought with them, as was then common, from their homes sufficient oatmeal to keep them at college, and the town claimed upon this importation the customary tax, Smith asserted a counter-privilege of the students to bring in their meal free of duty, a claim which he pressed with such zeal that the Provost ordered the money which had actually been levied from the students to be returned to them. The memorable case of the attempted exclusion of James Watt from Glasgow is well known. Who can estimate the debt which Glasgow and the Valley of the Clyde owe to the young mathematical instrument maker who proposed in 1756 to set up business in that city? Mr. Rae tells the strange tale:—

'Though there were no other mathematical instrument-makers in

Glasgow, the Corporation of Hammermen refused to permit his settlement because he was not the son or son-in-law of a burghess, and had not served his apprenticeship to the craft within the burgh. But in those days of privileges the universities also had their privileges. The professors of Glasgow enjoyed an absolute and independent authority over the area within college bounds, and they defeated the oppression of Watt by making him mathematical instrument maker to the university, and giving him a room in the college buildings for his workshop, and another at the college gates for the sale of his instruments.'

Mr. Rae goes on to quote, very appropriately, the 'Wealth of Nations' as follows:—

'The property which every man has in his labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of the poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper without injury to his neighbour is a plain violation of the most sacred property.'

Whilst Glasgow was thus learning from Smith, Smith was also learning much from Glasgow. The prosperity of that city was the direct result of the Union, which for the first time opened the English colonial markets to Scottish enterprise, and enabled the merchants of the Clyde to avail themselves of the natural advantages of their situation in trading with the American plantations. Yet, according to modern ideas, Glasgow in the middle of the eighteenth century was but a small place.

'In size and appearance it was a mere provincial town of 23,000 inhabitants. Broom still grew on the Broomielaw; a few cobs were the only craft on the river, and the rude wharf was the resort of idlers, watching the fishermen on the opposite side cast for salmon and draw up netfuls on the green bank' (p. 87).

The Clyde was not deepened till Adam Smith had left Glasgow. Travellers were struck mainly by the beauty of the situation of the town and the handsome buildings of its two principal streets. 'St. Enoch Square was a private garden, 'Argyle Street an ill-kept country road; and the townherd 'still went his rounds every morning with his horn, calling 'the cattle from the Trongate and the Saltmarket to their 'pasture on the common meadows in the now densely populated district of the Cowcaddens.' Nevertheless, the commercial importance of Glasgow was rapidly rising. 'It 'had reached a stage of developement of special value to 'the philosophical observer.' The Clyde was already the great emporium for American tobacco, whence it was reshipped by Glasgow merchants to all ports of the Continent,

between which and the British colonies no direct trade was permitted. Iron was imported from Russia and from Sweden, to be manufactured in the Glasgow ironworks into tools for the negroes of Maryland. In various directions a beginning of new trades and manufactures had been made. The whole town was seething with energy. It was said that 'the very children were busy.' Andrew Cochrane, late provost, and the leading merchant of the Clyde, became one of Adam Smith's most intimate friends. He had founded a political economy club, of which naturally Adam Smith became a member, and there, once a week, the problems at that time chiefly interesting to the commercial world were discussed. To a literary society founded by Adam Smith another evening of every week was dedicated, whilst a third was kept sacred to the convivialities of 'Robin Simson's Club.' Mr. Rae gives a delightful description of these social gatherings of the Glasgow professors, and draws a graphic portrait of their learned and genial chairman :—

'Mr. Robin Simson was the venerable professor of mathematics, equally celebrated and beloved, known through all the world for his re-discovery of the porisms of Euclid; but at the college, whose bounds he rarely quitted, the delight of all hearts for the warmth, breadth, and uprightness of his character, for the charming simplicity of his manner, and the richness of his weighty and sparkling conversation. It was his impressions of Simson that first gave Smith the idea that mathematicians possessed a specific amiability and happiness of disposition which placed them above the jealousies, vanities, and intrigues of the lower world. For fifty years Simson's life was spent almost entirely within the two quadrangles of the college, between the rooms he worked and slept in, the tavern at the gate, where he ate his meals, and the college gardens, where he took his daily walk of a fixed number of hundred paces, of which, according to some well-known anecdotes, he always kept count as he went, even under the difficulties of interruption. Mr. Robin, who was unmarried, never went into general society, but after his geometrical labours were over finished the day with a rubber of whist in the tavern at the college gate. Here one or two of the professors used to join him, and the little circle eventually ripened into a regular club, which met for supper at this tavern every Friday evening, and went out to Anderston for dinner on Saturday.'

There they dined at a little 'change house' (always on the same dish of cockyleekie), drank claret, and played whist, the rest of the evening being spent in talk and song, Simson ever taking the leading part, sometimes singing Greek odes to modern airs, at another a Latin hymn of his own com-

posing to the Divine Geometer, 'till the tears stood in the 'worthy old gentleman's eyes with the emotion he put into 'the singing of it.' It is interesting to note that amongst the younger race who joined in these simple social gatherings were three—viz. Adam Smith, James Watt, and Dr. Joseph Black, the chemist, and discoverer of latent heat—'who were to exert as important effects on the progress 'of mankind as any men of their generation.'

In Edinburgh at that day there were gathered together an extraordinary number of distinguished men. Amongst them all Adam Smith found his greatest friend in David Hume. The two friends assisted Allan Ramsay, the painter, to found the famous Select Society, amongst whose earliest members were counted all the most eminent Scotchmen of the time. Robertson, and Adam Ferguson, and Blair; John Home, the author of 'Douglas;' Lord Kames, Sir Gilbert Elliot; John Adam, the architect; Sir David and Sir John Dalrymple; Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor; Islay Campbell; and Thomas Miller, in later days heads of the Court of Session, were all members. Once a week the society met for the discussion of subjects, mostly, indeed, of a political or economical character, but sometimes of literary, or historical, or speculative interest. The society, however, went beyond mere abstract discussion, for they appointed a committee, and raised considerable sums to award medals and give prizes for discoveries in science, essays in agriculture, inventions in art—nay, even for the best imitation of English blankets, the best hogshead of ale, and to the farmer who had planted most timber trees.

The decline and fall of this famous society after a life of only ten years has been attributed to the deadly effects of a sneer of Charles Townshend, who remarked, after having been taken to hear and admire the debating of the philosophers, that it was a pity they could not speak English! Lord Campbell gives a most amusing account of the efforts of Edinburgh society to repair this defect, and, under the instruction of an Irishman with a rich brogue, the father of the great Sheridan, to speak English after the manner of Englishmen. Funds were raised, a society was formed, and on a day specified 'English according to the rules of grammar and Sheridan's 'scale of progression—títum or tùm-tí-tùm-tí—was to come 'into force. Never since the confusion of tongues at Babel 'was there such an exhibition,' and in twenty-four hours the attempt had broken down in disastrous failure! \*

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\* Campbell's 'Lord Chancellors': Life of Wedderburn.



Whilst the Select Society lasted there can be no doubt that its discussions must often have been of great use to Adam Smith. Questions of rural economy, of land management, of the proportion of the produce from land that should be paid as rent, of the most advantageous length of lease, and so on, were much debated by men of large practical experience ; and thus to all he had gained from his discussions of commercial topics with the thriving merchants of Glasgow he was now able to add an intimate acquaintance with the views of the leaders in the agricultural improvement of his country.

In 1759 Smith published his 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.' Well known as he already was in Scotland, it was this work that first brought him fame in England and on the Continent. Burke was much taken with it, and reviewed it most favourably in the 'Annual Register,' Lord Shelburne made presents of several copies of it to his friends in Holland. Charles Townshend was so much delighted with it that he at once declared he must secure Adam Smith as tutor to his stepson, the young Duke of Buccleuch. In France it soon afterwards had great success, and when Adam Smith made his appearance in the literary salons of Paris, warm indeed was the welcome extended to one 'qui avait des idées si justes de la sympathie.' Our moral approbation, or disapprobation of conduct, the philosopher rested entirely upon our sympathy, or want of sympathy, with the feelings of an imaginary and impartial spectator, and numbers of readers who were by no means prepared to accept his fundamental position found, nevertheless, much to delight them in a book so full of keen observation of human nature and so abundant in the variety of its illustrations.\*

Hume's very amusing letter to Adam Smith giving an account of the popular reception accorded to the 'Moral Sentiments' is unfortunately too long to quote, except in part. What need Smith, a philosopher, he asks, care for the judgement of common men ?

'A wise man's kingdom is his own heart ; or if he ever looks further, it will only be to the judgement of a select few. . . Nothing, indeed, can be a stronger presumption of falsehood than the approbation of the multitude, and Phocion, you know, always suspected himself of some blunder when he was attended with the applause of the populace. Supposing, therefore, you have duly prepared yourself for the worst by all these reflections, I proceed to tell you the melancholy news that your book has been very unfortunate, for the public seem disposed to

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\* See Lord Brougham's 'Men of Letters.'

applaud it extremely. It was looked for by the foolish people with some impatience, and the mob of literati are beginning to be very loud in its praises. . . . The publisher exults and brags that two-thirds of the edition are already sold, and that he is now sure of success. You see what a son of the earth that is, to value books only by the profit they bring him! . . . In recompense for so many mortifying things, which nothing but truth could have extorted from me, I doubt not but you are so good a Christian as to return good for evil, and to flatter my vanity by telling me that all the godly in Scotland abuse me for my account of John Knox and the Reformation.\*

A couple of years later Smith paid his first visit to London. On his journey he had as travelling companion Lord Shelburne, then a very young man. Many years afterwards the ex-Prime Minister, in a letter to Dugald Stewart, asserted that to this journey with Mr. Smith from Edinburgh to London he owed the difference between light and darkness through the best part of his life, and a very large portion also of the consideration he had acquired as a statesman.

The impression made upon the mind of Charles Townshend by the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments' was fruitful in consequences to its author; for in 1763 he proposed to Adam Smith, and the proposal was at once accepted, to accompany the young Duke of Buccleuch, who had just left Eton, as tutor, in a tour on the Continent. It was at that time by no means uncommon for a Scotch professor to undertake employment of this kind. Many of the Scottish nobility were anxious to give the very best instruction attainable to their sons, and were ready to pay highly for it. In other cases, where very modest salaries were paid, the employment was sought by men of ability in hopes of attaching to themselves the influence of powerful patrons. In the present instance the terms were extremely liberal, for Adam Smith received whilst abroad a salary of 300*l.* a year and his travelling expenses, with a pension of 300*l.* a year for life afterwards to fall back upon. He thus obtained twice his Glasgow income and had it assured to him till death, realising for his three years' services as tutor the good round sum of 8,000*l.* Mr. Rae cites the cases of Dr. Moore and Professor Adam Ferguson, respectively tutors to the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Chesterfield, who were remunerated on a no less handsome scale.

Some of Smith's contemporaries who knew him well, and admired him, doubted nevertheless his qualifications for the

\* P. 144, quoted from Burton's *Life of Hume*.

post of guardian of a young man about to take his fling on the Continent. In manner he was singularly awkward, he knew no French, his fits of utter abstraction were frequent and prolonged. He would mutter in company regardless of his surroundings; and when walking in the streets he was often unaware of the obstructions he might encounter. On one occasion, when with head in the air and hands behind him he had walked into the middle of an old woman's stall, a startled friend heard her fling after the retreating philosopher the exclamation, 'Doited brute!'<sup>\*</sup> The tutor returned home 'much smartened up' by his continental experiences; he had earned the lifelong respect and friendship of his pupil, he was much at Dalkeith Palace in after years, and both Adam Smith and the Duke of Buccleuch had cause to rejoice for the rest of their lives at the impression made on the volatile mind of Charles Townshend by the 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.'

Adam Smith and his pupil made a stay of a few days only in Paris on their way to the South of France; and these days were spent chiefly in the company of David Hume, at that time secretary to the ambassador, Lord Hertford, and tutor to his eldest son. Toulouse was their destination, a provincial centre much in favour with the English, to which something of the character of a capital still remained. It was the second city of the kingdom, the seat of an archbishopric, of a university, and of a parliament, and the nobility of the province still came to spend the winter there in their town houses. Hence it resulted that the society of Toulouse ranked in France as the most cultured and refined outside Paris.

The many centuries of political alliance between the kingdoms of France and of Scotland have left traces of kinship by no means rare between old French and Scottish families; and many a Scotchman travelling in France in quite recent times has been surprised at the discovery of French cousins claiming descent from some officer of the old Scottish Guards of the French monarchs, and bearing names which, in spite of their acclimatisation in the South, still indicate their Northern origin.<sup>†</sup> The great Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV., was a descendant of the Cuthberts of Inverness-shire; and another Colbert or Cuth-

<sup>\*</sup> Lord Brougham's 'Men of Letters.'

<sup>†</sup> Thus, the good old Forfarshire name of Kynynmond becomes softened into De Quinemont.

bert, a cousin of David Hume, was Vicar-General of Toulouse when Adam Smith and the Duke of Buccleuch arrived there in March 1764, bearing letters of introduction from the Scottish philosopher to his cousin, the French Abbé.

Smith, for conversational purposes, knew no French, and amongst his many gifts the power of acquiring facility in a modern tongue cannot be counted, since after two years and a half spent in France we are told he was only just beginning to make himself partially understood by the more intelligent of his acquaintances. It must have been due to this great drawback that he at first found Toulouse dull enough, for he complains in a letter to Hume that his life at Glasgow 'was a pleasurable, dissipated life in comparison 'of that which he was now leading.' Nevertheless, the impression he made in society was always a pleasant one. He struck the Abbé Colbert as 'a sublime man, whose heart 'and mind were equally admirable,' and when he had become a little better acquainted with his novel surroundings, his short-lived boredom passed away. The world owes much to this temporary want of fulness in the life of the philosopher, since in the letter already quoted, complaining that he has very little to do, he informs his friend that 'he 'has begun to write a book' ('The Wealth of Nations'), 'in 'order to pass away the time.'

The trip to Bordeaux, and sight-seeing there and at Toulouse in the company of the Abbé Colbert and Colonel Barré of House of Commons fame, the friend of Shelburne, removed the last traces of weariness from his mind. He became accustomed to French society, and he looked forward to spending the remainder of his sojourn abroad, as he writes to Hume, 'not only in peace and contentment, but in 'gayetty and amusement.'

The Archbishop of Toulouse of the day was a no less famous man than Loménie de Brienne, at this time intimately associated with the rising economists of the Turgot and Morellet school. How possible it is, alas! for the wisest of men to misread not merely the future, but the character and capacity of their contemporaries! The future cardinal and Minister of Louis XVI. struck Walpole as the ablest man in the Gallican Church, and 'was pronounced by Hume 'to be the only man in France capable of restoring the 'greatness of the kingdom.' It can hardly be doubted that amongst his admirers must have been Adam Smith; for so strong was the archbishop's advocacy of the doctrines of

commercial freedom that he had prevailed upon the Estates of Languedoc to adopt the principle of Free Trade in corn. The archbishop became Prime Minister to Louis XVI. in the fateful years 1787-88, and his personality still lives for us in the pages of Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' The expectations of his friends were strangely falsified, and history has recorded of the cardinal archbishop that 'flimsier mortal was 'seldom fated to do as weighty a mischief; to have a life as 'despicable-envied, an exit as frightful.'

Let us quote Mr. Rae's description, taken from De Tocqueville, of this local assembly such as it was when Adam Smith and his pupil, in the autumn of 1764, visited Montpellier. It was then attracting much attention from French reformers, many of whom thought that the revival of assemblies of the kind would solve the principal political questions of that age:—

'The Estates of Languedoc were almost the only remains of free institutions then left in France. In all the thirty-two provinces of the country, except six, the States had been suppressed altogether, and in five out of these six they were too small to be important or vigorous; but Languedoc was a great province, containing twenty-three bishoprics, and more territory than the kingdom of Belgium, and the States governed its affairs so well that its prosperity was the envy of the rest of France. They dug canals, opened harbours, drained marshes, made roads which Arthur Young singles out for praise, and made them without the *corvée*, under which the rest of rural France was groaning. They farmed the imperial taxes of the province themselves, to avoid the exaction of the farmers-general. They allowed the noblesse none of the exemptions so unfairly enjoyed by them elsewhere. The *taille*, which was a personal tax in other parts of the kingdom, was in Languedoc an equitable land-tax, assessed according to a valuation periodically revised. There was not a poor-house in the whole province; and such was its prosperity and excellent administration that it enjoyed better credit in the market than the central government, and the king used sometimes, in order to get more favourable terms, to borrow on the security of the States of Languedoc instead of his own.'

With the members of this Parliament Smith became very intimate. He studied with great interest the conduct of the little assembly, with its bishops, its barons, and its third estate, representing its cities and dioceses—the whole presided over by the Archbishop of Narbonne, seated on a central *daïs*. Many of its members were men of patriotism and enlightenment, and he has recorded his strong preference for provincial government by a local body over government by an intendant. He was a close observer of all that came

under his eyes, and was much inclined to found general conclusions of wide import upon what he saw. Bordeaux, as a city living by commerce and trade, he contrasts with Toulouse, a purely residential town, in the same spirit in which he had previously contrasted Glasgow with Edinburgh. The idleness and poverty which were the curse of residential towns could not, he thought, find a place in thriving centres of commerce where much capital was employed. The temperance of the people of southern France struck him greatly; indeed, he declared them to be the soberest people in Europe—a result due, in his opinion, to the cheapness of their liquor, ‘for people are seldom guilty of excess ‘in what is their daily fare.’ In the ‘Wealth of Nations’ he urged that it would conduce to temperance in this country to reduce the duties on wine and malt and ale.

In the autumn of 1765, after an extended journey in the South of France, Adam Smith and his pupils (for a brother of the duke had joined the party) arrived at Geneva, where he made the acquaintance of Voltaire, whom he always held in the highest honour, as ‘one to whom reason owed in- ‘calculable obligations.’ There also he met the Duchesse d’Enville and her son, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, afterwards killed in the Revolution, a descendant of the author of the ‘Maximes,’ and at this time a friend of Turgot and the economists. In their house, which he frequented, he saw much society, and doubtless helped to fit himself to enjoy his second visit to Paris.

From Christmas till the following December Smith lived in Paris or its immediate neighbourhood, and at no period of his life did he give himself up more thoroughly to social pleasures. There is no more looking back now to the past happiness in Glasgow or Edinburgh. Frequenting literary and fashionable salons, steadily attending at the theatres, dining with his friends several times in the week, the time did not hang heavy on his hands. For Hume, who unfortunately quitted Paris just after Smith had arrived there, the flattery had proved almost too strong. At that day ‘the ‘*philosophe* was king in Paris, and Hume was king of the ‘*philosophes*.’ As Hume himself wrote to Robertson, ‘Here ‘I feed on ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe ‘incense only, and walk on flowers. Every one I meet, and ‘especially every woman, would consider themselves as fail- ‘ing in the most indispensable duty if they did not favour ‘me with a lengthy and ingenious discourse on my own ‘celebrity.’ Philosophers, after all, are very human, and

it is little to be wondered at that Hume seriously questioned whether it was worth his while to live elsewhere than in Paris! Smith's love of home-life was too strong for this. Everywhere in Paris where distinguished men and women congregated he went. To the Baron d'Holbach's weekly dinners, where he met Turgot—gatherings which have been called 'the regular states-general of philosophy;' to the salons of Mme. de Geoffrin, of Mlle. de l'Espinasse, of the Comtesse de Boufflers—wherever economists and philosophers met together. Wherever he went he was liked. Mme. Riccoboni, formerly a well-known actress, and at this time the authoress of very popular novels, in a letter to Garrick, written in order to bring together the great actor and the great economist, first dilates upon the great mental and moral gifts of the latter, and then, turning to his social charms, continues: 'Vous verrez un philosophe moral et pratique; gai, riant, à cent lieues de la pédanterie des nôtres.' The Scotch philosopher, if his French was still execrable, was evidently at last as much at home in his Parisian surroundings as he had been at the meetings of Robin Simson's club.

We have no record of his discussions with Turgot, Morellet, and Quesnay. They used to meet very frequently, and as all the four were then deeply engaged in the study of the same economical problems, their mutual exchange of views must have been of great advantage to each of them. Turgot's 'Formation and Distribution of Wealth' was written the following year, though not published till three years later; and some have attributed the leading principles afterwards advocated by Smith in the 'Wealth of Nations' to the doctrines which he had imbibed from his intercourse with the great French economist. Mr. Rae very truly points out that years before Smith had seen Turgot, or the latter's book had been published, he had already been preaching individualism of an extreme kind, had taught Free Trade in Turgot's own form, and had converted to his views not merely many of the great merchants of Glasgow, but even a future Prime Minister of England (p. 203). For Turgot Smith himself felt great admiration as a deep and sound thinker, though he questioned (and the doubt did credit to his reading of character) his possession of the qualities that go to make practical statesmanship. He struck Smith as too simple-minded, too much inclined to ignore the selfishness and ignorance of others, too prone to insist upon the ideally best system rather than to accept

the best of which the circumstances admitted, to succeed in guiding men as a statesman. Necker, on the other hand, whom Smith knew well in Paris, he thought sure to fail whenever he was really put to the proof. If Turgot was too fond of abstract theory, the other's failing was of another kind. 'Necker is a mere man of detail' was the pronouncement of Adam Smith.

Mr. Rae, quoting Marmontel's *Memoirs*, gives an interesting picture of Dr. Quesnay, the king's physician, whom the sect of philanthropical economists of Paris regarded as their master. Smith himself has even been reckoned amongst his disciples, though it is clear that Smith had by several years anticipated the main principles of Quesnay's teaching. These economists were by no means mere theorists. They had discussed the difficulties and the troubles of France, and as practical reformers they were aiming at certain definite reforms. Far too much in earnest to please the wits of Paris, they looked deeper into the situation than most of their contemporaries, and De Tocqueville thinks the best key to the situation is to be found in their writings.

'The malady of the age, they held, was the ever-increasing distress of the agricultural population. The great nobles, the financiers, the farmers-general, the monopolists, were very rich; but the agriculturists—the vast body of the people—were sinking into a hopeless impoverishment, for between tithes, and heavy war taxes, and farmers-generals' extortions, and the high rents which, to Turgot's despair, the smaller peasantry would persist in offering, without reflecting in the least on the rise of their burdens—between all these things the net product of agriculture—what was left in the hands of the cultivator after all expenses were paid away—was getting less and less every year; and the ruin of the peasantry meant the ruin of the nation. "Poor peasants, poor kingdom," said they; "poor kingdom, poor king."'

So much for the situation. The remedy they sought in a rise of the net product of agriculture and in the system of 'the single tax.' The rise was to be achieved through an improved system of agriculture, by the removal of official interference and legal limitation, and by the abolition of the system of tax-collecting through farmers-general. As a substitute for public burdens and taxes a single tax was to be imposed on the net product of the land, and to be collected directly by State officials.

'The doctor's room in the palace of Versailles was a little sanctuary of free speech pitched by an odd chance in the heart of a despotic court; but his loyalty was known to be as sterling as his patriotism, and Louis himself would come round and listen to his economic parables, and call him the king's thinker—as indeed he was, for he



was no believer in States-General or States-Particular, he had no interest in Court or party intrigues, and his thought was always for the power of the king as well as for the welfare of the people.'

Here in Paris Smith talked over many a problem of political economy with Quesnay and his friends, and heard many a prophecy of the troubles that must come upon France before the longed-for regeneration should come to pass. Had Quesnay's life been prolonged, it was to him that Smith would have dedicated the 'Wealth of Nations.' Smith's prosperous sojourn in France was clouded ere its close. The Duke of Buccleuch was seized at Compiègne with a dangerous illness, through which he was nursed with indefatigable care and kindness by his tutor. The duke's brother fell by the hand of an assassin in the streets of Paris on October 18, 1766, and immediately afterwards tutor and pupil returned to England.

Adam Smith returned from his tour on the Continent a good deal 'smartened up' by his life abroad, and far less awkwardly absent in manner than he had been before leaving home. After staying six months in London he joined his mother at Kirkcaldy, where he spent several years immersed in study and in the preparation of his great work. To David Hume, ever his greatest friend, he wrote that at no time of his life had he ever been happier or more contented, though 'his only amusements were long solitary walks by 'the seaside.' In these he delighted, and Hume tried in vain to draw him from his retirement into the social life of Edinburgh. Sometimes he visited his former pupil, the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith, going there for the first time on the occasion of the festivities held to celebrate the home-coming of the Duke and his young bride. The entertainments appear to have been of no very lively character, and, according to Dr. Carlyle, the presence of the philosopher was little calculated to promote the jollity of the gathering. In later years Adam Smith was often at Dalkeith, and the Duke of Buccleuch was supposed in many matters to be largely guided by the advice of his old tutor. That their relations were mutually advantageous is certain. When in 1779 Lord North appointed the author of the 'Wealth of Nations,' which had been published three years before, to the place of Commissioner of Customs in Scotland, worth 600*l.* a year, it was natural that many persons should attribute the unwonted exercise of patronage by a Tory Prime Minister in favour of a pronounced Whig not less to the powerful influence of the Duke of Buccleuch than to the

distinguished merit of the political economist, though there is no doubt that Lord North had, in framing his budgets for the years 1777 and 1778, taken many hints from the 'Wealth of Nations,' and been much struck by the ability of its author.

In 1773 Smith went to London with the manuscript of the coming work in an advanced state of preparation. Yet three years more were to elapse, most of which he spent in London, before his book saw the light. During this time he made his headquarters at the British Coffee House, in Cockspur Street, which was frequented by most of the eminent Scotsmen of the day when they found themselves in London. In 1775 he was elected to the membership of THE CLUB at a small meeting, when Gibbon, Sir William Jones, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were present; and at the fortnightly dinners at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, he must have constantly met Burke, and Johnson, and Garrick, and the other leading lights of the society. His talk is said to have reflected his deep thought, and to have been perhaps slightly more didactic than belongs to the best kind of social converse.

Mr. Buckle has declared, in a passage quoted by Mr. Rae, that the 'Wealth of Nations' was in its ultimate results probably the most important book that ever was written, and has done more towards the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account.\* By Smith's friends—by Hume, and Adam Ferguson, and Gibbon—the work had been long expected, and it received amongst the learned generally an immediate and hearty reception. Hume had begun to fear that the dilatory character of its author would delay the publication till his own life was over, and Hume, in fact, died only a very few months after the book had made its appearance. In a letter of April 1, 1776, to Smith, Hume expresses the hearty delight the perusal of the work had given him, and the load of anxiety removed from his mind about a book to which the public were looking forward with such great expectations.

'Not but that the reading of it necessarily requires so much attention, and the public is disposed to give so little, that I shall still doubt for some time of its being at first very popular; but it has depth, and solidity, and acuteness, and is so much illustrated by curious facts that it must at last attract public attention. It is probably much improved

\* History of Civilisation.

by your last abode in London. If you were here at my fireside I should dispute some of your principles. I cannot think that the rent of farms makes any part of the price of the produce, but that the price is determined altogether by the quantity and the demand. . . . But this and a hundred other points are fit only to be discussed in conversation, which, till you tell me the contrary, I still flatter myself with soon. I hope it will be soon, for I am in a bad state of health and cannot afford a long delay. I fancy you are acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I like his performance extremely, and have ventured to tell him that, had I not been personally acquainted with him, I should never have expected such an excellent work from the pen of an Englishman. It is lamentable to consider how much that nation has declined in literature during our time. I hope he did not take amiss this national reflection.'

Hume's criticism was no less sound than his appreciation of the transcendent merits of his friend's work. From its publication the influence of the book is traceable on the minds of statesmen and on the best thought of the day. It told upon the two next budgets presented to the House of Commons; and though it was little quoted—or, rather, is reported to have been little quoted—in Parliament for some years, it greatly influenced legislation. Lord Shelburne, as we have seen, had long before become an adherent of Smith's principles. William Pitt was a young man forming his opinions when he first read '*The Wealth of Nations*;' and, as Wilberforce said of him, he never was a convert to Free-trade principles, for he had never held any other creed. They were imbibed from the writings of Adam Smith, and were his first faith. A story is told that when, in 1787, Smith came a little late to some entertainment at Dundas's house at Wimbledon, and found Pitt, Grenville, Addington, Wilberforce, and others already assembled, the whole company rose when the political economist entered the room. 'Be seated, gentlemen,' said Smith. 'No,' replied Pitt; 'we will stand till you are seated, for we are all your scholars.'

Fox had no belief in political economy, or free trade, or Adam Smith, and he opposed on the narrowest ground the Commercial Treaty with France of 1787, and every other step in the direction of free trade attempted by Pitt. Adam Smith lived and died a good Whig, yet he could not but be greatly impressed by Pitt's grasp of intellect. 'The Minister,' he remarked to Addington, 'understands my ideas better than I do myself.' Little wonder that he should have returned to Scotland softened at least in his opposition to so large-minded a statesman, and with diminished admiration for the statesmanship of his Whig

rival. The time, however, came, though Smith did not live to see it, when the principles he held so dear became almost the watchwords of the Whigs. Pitt's desire for reform and for Free Trade bent, and perforce had to bend, before the violent reaction against all change caused by the excesses of the French Revolution. In the spring of 1792 Pitt in the House of Commons pointed to the 'Wealth of Nations' as containing principles which would go far to solve every question connected with the history of commerce and with the system of political economy. A year later Free Trade was suspected of kinship with 'French principles,' and was dreaded as being of a revolutionary tendency. Hence Smith's teaching, like much else that was good, received in England a temporary check from the violence of the explosion across the Channel; and it was not till these fears had passed away that the direct influence of the 'Wealth of Nations' again told strongly upon English politics.

The death of Hume must have been a heavy blow to Smith. As the latter was travelling northwards, after the publication of his book, he had met Hume at Morpeth, much broken in health, and on his way to London. Hume was most anxious that Smith should be his literary executor, and should publish after his death the 'Dialogues on Natural Religion,' written many years previously, a work for which its author felt great admiration. Hume's best friends, and Adam Smith amongst them, strongly discouraged the publication, on the ground of the public clamour which the 'Dialogues' were certain to provoke. And Smith was for his part determined that nothing should induce *him* to publish them, feeling sure that any connexion between himself and the notorious scepticism of Hume would be fatal to his hopes of obtaining employment, such as he was then seeking, in the public service. He declined, therefore, absolutely to accede to his friend's wishes, and Hume then imposed upon Strahan, the publisher, the obligation of publishing the 'Dialogues' immediately after his death—an obligation which was fulfilled. Yet, oddly enough, Smith did not altogether escape the censures he was so anxious to shun. Smith was, no doubt, present on July 4, 1776, when the dying philosopher gathered his most intimate friends about him to eat a last farewell dinner before he made the great departure (p. 299). Six weeks later Hume wrote his last letter to his friend, authorising him to make any little addition he chose to the autobiographical account he had himself prepared. 'I go very fast to decline, and last night had a

‘small fever, which I hoped might put a quicker period to this tedious illness, but unluckily it has in a great measure gone off.’ Two days later he was dead.

When the ‘Dialogues’ were published no sort of clamour arose. They fell flat; the world had apparently had its surfeit of theological controversy. Not so, however, with Smith’s own addition to Hume’s autobiography.

‘Smith had certainly in writing it no thought of undermining the faith, or of anything more than speaking a good word for the friend he loved, and putting on record some things which he considered very remarkable when he observed them; but in the ear of that age his simple words rang like a challenge to religion itself. Men had always heard that without religion they could neither live a virtuous life nor die an untroubled death, and yet here was the foremost foe of Christianity represented as leading more than the life of the just, and meeting death not only without perturbation, but with a positive gaiety of spirits. His cheerfulness without frivolity, his firmness, his magnanimity, his generosity, his charity, his entire freedom from malice, his intellectual elevation and strenuous labour are all described with the affection and confidence of a friend who had known them well; and they are finally summed up in the conclusion, “Upon the whole I have always considered him, both in his lifetime and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will admit.”’

A great outcry arose. Boswell was shocked at Smith’s ‘daring effrontery;’ the President of Magdalen, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, addressed to the author an anonymous pamphlet ‘by one of the people called Christians,’ and Smith found himself involved in the charge of atheism, which the public, in spite of the protests of many of Hume’s most intimate friends, brought against that philosopher. Smith, to his credit be it said, however much he may have dreaded the clamour in anticipation, when it arose turned to it a deaf ear, made no reply of any kind to his assailants, and, we are glad to know, ultimately found that it had in no way prejudiced his prospects of obtaining a place in the public service.

After his appointment to the Commissionership of Customs the confirmed old bachelor, finding himself in very comfortable circumstances, established himself and his mother, with two young relatives, in Panmure House, at the foot of one of the narrow wynds descending from the Canongate towards the foot of the Calton Hill. Windham, who visited Edinburgh in 1785, enters in his journal, ‘House magnificent and place fine.’ Here, especially on Sunday evenings, he used to entertain his friends at suppers which were long remem-

bered, and to which eminent strangers who were visiting Edinburgh were always invited. Windham twice notes in his diary, 'Felt strongly the impression of a family completely Scotch.' In 1783, when Burke was in Scotland on the occasion of his installation as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, he saw much of Smith. In his company he went to Glasgow and to Loch Lomond, and was afterwards entertained by him at Panmure House, where Smith rejoiced greatly to find that on all economic subjects they thought exactly alike. Smith appears to have done the honours of Edinburgh to foreigners of distinction, and on one occasion seems to have not a little astonished an eminent professor of geology from Paris, who had expressed his devotion to music, by introducing him to the great bagpipe competition of the year. Mr. Rae quotes the professor's description of

'the piper marching backwards and forwards with great rapidity, always presenting the same warlike countenance, and making incredible efforts with his body and his fingers to bring into play the different reeds of his instrument, which emitted sounds to me almost insupportable. He received, however, great praise.'

On the whole the professor reflected that

'the impression the wild instrument made on the audience was so different from the impression made on himself, that he could not help thinking that the lively emotion of the persons around him was not occasioned by the musical effect of the air itself, but by some association of ideas which connected the discordant sounds of the pipe with historical events brought forcibly to their recollection.'

Adam Smith's appearance during his residence in Edinburgh is known to us from the sketch in Kay's 'Portraits,' taken, no doubt, from the philosopher as he walked past Kay's shop every morning from his house to his office.

'A light-coloured coat, knee breeches, white silk stockings, buckle shoes, and flat broad-brimmed beaver hat; walking erect with a bunch of flowers in his left hand, and his cane, held by the middle, borne on his right shoulder as a soldier carries his musket. When he walked his head always moved gently from side to side, and his body swayed, Smellie says, "vermicularly," as if at each alternate step he meant to alter his direction or even to turn back. Often, however, his lips would be moving all the while, and smiling in rapt conversation with invisible companions. A very noticeable figure he was as he went up and down the High Street, and he used to tell himself the observations of the two market women about him as he marched past them one day. "Hegh, sirs!" said one, shaking her head significantly. "And he's weel put on too!" rejoined the other, surprised that one who appeared from his dress to be likely to have friends should be left by them to walk abroad alone.'

In Edinburgh, occupied with the work of his office, and employing his leisure hours in his library and in the society of his friends, Adam Smith lived on till 1790. With Black and Hutton he had founded the Oyster Club, where every Friday afternoon, at a tavern in the Grassmarket, its members met to dine and to listen to the talk of its three founders. 'These three men were the founders of three sciences, or at least deserve to be considered the fathers of modern chemistry, of modern geology, and of modern political economy; and for all their great achievements they were yet men of the most unaffected simplicity of character.' Travellers visiting Edinburgh resorted largely to the Oyster Club, amongst them Samuel Rogers, who, however, appears to have been unlucky in his day, for the conversation was monopolised by one of those bores who are seldom entirely wanting to the most select of social coteries. Smith's old University of Glasgow had in 1787 elected him without a contest to be their Lord Rector, and in the same year, as we have already seen, he was in London meeting Pitt and his friends, by whom he was probably consulted as to the great financial measures of that year.

It has not come within the scope of Mr. Rae's work to discuss the system of political economy which has made the name of Adam Smith famous throughout the world. Further inquiry has no doubt tended in some degree to modify and vary some of the conclusions at which he arrived. The main principles, however, upon which his theories are founded have received almost universal acceptance amongst statesmen and writers in this country; and the errors of the old 'mercantile system,' according to which trade was beneficial to a nation merely so far as it conduced to its importation of gold, were exposed for all places and for all time. 'Free Trade,' as years went on, slowly yet steadily won acceptance, and seemed at one time destined to prevail throughout the world. Of late there has been a reaction—we believe a passing reaction—against that system in many countries, and the old practice of protection has once more raised its head. In England we shall remain Free Traders; yet even here protection has of late found friends, who, it may be said, show themselves hopelessly incompetent to grapple with the reasoning of Adam Smith. On subjects supposed to be more within the province of practical politics than English protectionism Smith's thoughts may still usefully be studied. He was a true friend of Ireland, and denounced those unjust and cruel measures by which, in the mistaken hope of fostering

English industries, Irish prosperity was kept down. He would give to Ireland every liberty and advantage of trade and commerce enjoyed by Lancashire. He was a strong advocate for a Union. Indeed, with his knowledge of the results of the union between England and Scotland, he could not have been otherwise. Why should England dread Irish manufacturers? Ireland had no coal and little wood,

'two articles essentially necessary to the progress of great manufactures. It wants order, police, and a regular administration of justice, both to protect and to restrain the inferior ranks of people: articles more essential to the progress of industry than both coal and wood together, and which Ireland must continue to want as long as it continues to be divided between two hostile nations, the oppressors and the oppressed, the Protestants and the Papists. Should the industry of Ireland, in consequence of freedom and good government, ever equal that of England, so much the better would it be not only for the whole British Empire, but for the particular province of England.'\*

So strong was his feeling in favour of drawing together the component parts of the Empire that he longed to see the Transatlantic colonies united with the mother country in an incorporating union, with one Parliament to legislate for and govern the whole, and he even contemplated a time when the growth of America would make it reasonable and right that the capital and seat of the empire should be transferred from London to some great capital of the western continent (p. 282).

In spite of an occasional lapse into visionary dreams, Adam Smith was on the whole characterised by a strong practical common sense, and this sometimes compelled him to give a word of warning to persons of good intentions embarking in projects with the objects of which he sympathised, when his reason told him that they were not founded upon sound principles. In 1785 and 1786 an attempt was made to alleviate the distress and check the depopulation of the Scottish Highlands by planting fishing villages every twenty-five miles round the coast from the Mull of Cantyre to the Dornoch Firth. The scheme was approved by Parliament and supported by the Duke of Argyll, by William Wilberforce, and other philanthropists, and by many of the leading men in Scotland. Large sums were subscribed, and 'Wilberforce was already almost hearing the busy hum of the 'little hives of fishermen, coopers, boat-builders, and rope-makers whom they were settling along the desolate coasts.'



Smith was naturally consulted on this well-meant scheme by Wilberforce, who records that 'Dr. Smith, with a certain 'characteristic coolness, observed to me that he looked for 'no other consequence than the entire loss of every shilling 'that should be expended on it, granting, however, with 'uncommon candour, that the public would be no great 'sufferer, because he believed the individuals meant to put 'their hands only in their own pockets.'

Mr. Smith's prognostications have been literally fulfilled; 100,000*l.* of money provided by the Government to assist the scheme has been lost, as well as the greater part of that provided by the shareholders, and the Highlands have benefited in no degree whatever by the money spent. Would much more recent schemes, similarly intended to improve the condition of the Highlands, show a better balance sheet, or greater benefits achieved for those they were intended to help? With the later schemes the public is in a far higher degree the sufferer, since the tax-payers have, after the fashion of our day, taken the place of the energetic and sanguine 'individuals' whose probable losses Mr. Smith frankly told them were their own look-out.

Mr. Rae has succeeded in giving us a very interesting sketch of Adam Smith and his chief friends. His work shows great industry and judgement; yet as regards style a little more care in revising would not have been thrown away. For instance, it is hardly English to say that 'Sinclair wanted Smith to send him to Thurso Castle the 'loan of a book' (p. 343), and to write that Oswald was at Kirkcaldy 'in the fall of 1767' (p. 239) is to use an expression hardly yet acclimatised on this side of the Atlantic. That the Duke of Buccleuch 'took ill of a fever' (p. 222) is an ugly way of stating the fact, whilst the invariable omission of the preposition 'to' after the verb 'write' becomes most irritating: 'Hutcheson writes a friend in the 'North of Ireland,' 'Reid writes his friend Dr. Skene in 'Aberdeen,' 'Hume writes Smith;' and so on. But these are small blemishes in a work full of real merit. Mr. Rae has earned the thanks of the public for the excellent life he has been able to give us of Adam Smith.

ART. X.—1. *Speech delivered in the House of Peers by the Marquis of Salisbury on July 6.*

2. *Speech of the Duke of Devonshire, at the Hôtel Métropole, on June 14, 1895.*

IT is not within our province to discuss the political incidents which mark the fleeting hours of the present; nor do we presume to speculate on the causes and consequences of events which have not yet assumed the character of accomplished and certain facts. But we should be wanting in sense and patriotism if we failed to congratulate the nation on the great and memorable ministerial revolution which has actually taken place. It is the grand delivery of Britain from the yoke she has borne for the last three years, by the precipitate resignation of the Earl of Rosebery and the consequent dissolution of the existing Radical party and Government. We may venture, without imprudence or injustice, to cast a retrospective glance over the past events of this strange history, and to record our opinion that the late Administration was by far the most inglorious and ineffective political combination of her Majesty's reign; we might add, the most mischievous, but for the fact that happily it had not the power to carry any of its most objectionable measures into effect. Radicalism has been for the present played out; it has stung itself to death. The late Ministry has sunk in impotence and failure. If we look back to the earlier Parliamentary annals of the century, we must assign a place to its members beside the Cabinets of Mr. Addington and Lord Goderich. At the very time when these pages meet the eyes of our readers the actual appeal to the constituencies of the United Kingdom will be going on. A new Parliament will ratify or reverse the judgement we have expressed. But at a crisis of such incalculable importance to the Empire it is desirable to bring home to the conscience of every elector a brief survey of the part which the late Administration attempted to play with the power entrusted to their hands by the election of 1892.

It is notorious that Mr. Gladstone did not obtain by that election any British majority at all. England was decidedly adverse, Scotland less eager than before. Whatever was wanting in British votes was to be supplied by the wholesale purchase of the Irish National party, aided by Celtic auxiliaries from Wales. The price paid was a low one, for in exchange for solid support in the lobbies all that was

given was a promise which could not be realised; but, on the other hand, the Ministry became absolutely subservient to its allies. The debt was paid by a promissory note, but the note was protested. This was the fraudulent and immoral foundation on which the whole Administration rested. Time passed, and more ample promises had to be made to various sections of malcontents, each of which was intent on its own interests and cared nothing for the country. They were paid in the same currency, which bore the name of the Newcastle Programme. When Lord Rosebery sealed the fate of this party by an act of bankruptcy, the firm was ruined and every member of it had been deceived. But what a mass of rubbish did that timely resignation sweep away! The House of Commons was choked with sham Bills, which men laboriously discussed as if they were realities, though it was physically impossible that they should ever become law. The supplies of the year were not voted. Home Rule had dropped into silence; but the plunder of the Welsh Church was going on. The Scotch Secretary had scourged our northern coasts and highlands with schemes which the people hated, and he crowned them by the cry of Disestablishment, insomuch that he accomplished the difficult task of changing the liberal support of Scotland into loathing and aversion. On all hands we saw nothing but abortive proposals and violated promises. Lord Rosebery, however, had thought the occasion fitting to announce that he should wind up the session by a resolution which would at once sweep away an important element of the British constitution. The British constitution has vindicated itself, and Lord Rosebery has raised the House of Lords to a point of power and popularity which proves that in times of great peril and emergency it is one of the anchors of the State. It has been the perverse fate of the late Administration to produce in every case results they did not anticipate, and to fail in the policy they professed to adopt. Had they any policy at all beyond that of catching votes by artificial flies? It may be doubted. There were, in the late Cabinet, several men not devoid of literary talent; but, with the exception of Sir William Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Sir Henry Fowler, there was not one who possessed the rarer gift of statesmanship; and it is remarkable that in the course of three years this party, which claimed the title of Liberal, did not discover in its ranks any man of the younger generation who gave any conspicuous promise of future political eminence.

During the last year of Lord Rosebery's Government it was abundantly plain that Parliament, unsupported as it was by public opinion, was without the power to pass into law deep-reaching legislation, such as the Ministry professed to desire. They remained in office in order, as was said, 'to fill up the cup' of the House of Lords—i.e. to pass Bills through the House of Commons in order that they might be rejected by the House of Peers, and thus increase the unpopularity of that branch of the legislature! And these contemptible tactics were dignified with the name of 'a policy'! This 'policy,' like that of the log-rolling, has failed as ignominiously as it deserved; and it is the House of Commons, not the House of Lords, that has suffered by its adoption.

In times like the present there is more use in political retrospect, and in the accurate gauging of the existing situation, than in making ingenious guesses into the secrets of the future. Never in our recent history has the party which would fain arrogate to itself exclusively the name of Liberal held so low a place in the public estimation. It has lost character and lost respect even more completely than it has lost power. The causes of this are not far to seek, for the events of the last few years are amply sufficient to account for that vast transfer of public opinion from so-called 'Liberals' to their opponents of which the undeniable transfer of votes gives as yet an inadequate conception. The power of organisation, party feeling, even hereditary sentiments, act as a drag to check for a time the pace with which the votes of an electorate follow its real political opinion. Except, indeed, in times of very great excitement, when some strong personality has a hold over the imaginations of men, English electors do not easily change sides, even though the changing of sides means adherence to their political principles.

In 1880 Mr. Gladstone swept the country. His was no victory of organisation, of management, of artificially constructed programmes. He embodied the genuine popular enthusiasm of the day. He was surrounded by statesmen of tried capacity and of the highest political character. Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Forster, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Granville, Lord Northbrook, Mr. Chamberlain, and, in subordinate place, men like Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Courtney, and Lord Lansdowne, and, out of office, men like Mr. Goschen contributed to Mr. Gladstone's support a strength derived from every section of the Liberal party. The great hopes of 1880 were certainly not realised. One

after another Mr. Gladstone's lieutenants found it impossible to continue by his side, and it was only in consequence of the introduction of a new franchise at the general election of 1886 that Mr. Gladstone avoided defeat at the polls. Mr. Gladstone's vacillating foreign policy, the want of definite purpose in his treatment of the Egyptian and South African difficulties, the loss of General Gordon, the extremely novel principles of the land legislation he was introducing into Ireland, had diminished his reputation, had greatly tried his party, and had lost him some of his ablest coadjutors. If, however, his Ministry had been unsuccessful, the Opposition had shown itself incapable alike in Parliament and in the country of rallying in its support a strong following. Indeed, as regards Egypt and Africa, there appeared to be no more definiteness of purpose on the side of the Opposition than on that of the Government; and as regards Ireland, there was, at the end of the Parliament of 1880, a disposition on the part of more than one leading Conservative to go great lengths with Irish Home Rulers in condemning the firm administration of Lord Spencer and in opposing the renewal of the Coercion Act. For these and other reasons dissatisfaction with the Ministry of the day involved in a less degree than usual a disposition on the part of prudent men to put confidence in their opponents.

How great has been the change of opinion in the constituencies of Great Britain between 1885 and 1895 can be seen from a glance at the result of the general election of ten years ago. In 1885 the Conservatives had the support at the polls of the Irish Home Rule vote, a very powerful factor in hundreds of elections in England and Scotland, and in Lancashire especially of the utmost importance. Nevertheless in Great Britain there were returned in 1885 eighty-six more Liberals than Conservatives to the House of Commons. In 1892 the Unionist party in Great Britain, though opposed by the whole Irish vote, returned a considerable majority of some sixty members over the following of Mr. Gladstone, a majority which, it need scarcely be said, has since been largely increased by the results of bye-elections. As regards the United Kingdom as a whole the result of the elections of 1895 was to create an exact balance between the Liberals on the one side and the Conservatives and Irish Nationalists on the other side. It was this situation which proved too much, alas! for the political virtue of the leader of the Liberal party.

At this time then of pervading *malaise* in both parties, Mr. Gladstone—the general election of 1885 being just over—made his memorable bid for the support of Mr. Parnell and his eighty followers. In so doing he stamped upon political parties a new character. He defined the political issues which for the nine succeeding years have divided into two camps all politicians whose political actions are the result of their political opinions. Nearly a hundred Liberal members of Parliament opposed him, and at the ensuing elections a still larger number of Liberal candidates firmly contested his claim to promulgate the repeal of the Union as the main article of the Liberal creed. This policy had, it is true, during his long life been consistently denounced by Mr. Gladstone himself. It had been as consistently, during the preceding eight or ten years, urged upon him by Irish Home Rulers. The Liberal leader had surrendered to Mr. Parnell the convictions of a lifetime, and the minds of Englishmen received a shock at the sight of the majority of a great party concurring in an unexampled sacrifice of public principle to the supposed necessities of political rivalry. Mr. Gladstone's faithful adherents, who felt themselves justified in giving into his keeping their political consciences, and who did not allow the principles which they held, and had avowed a hundred times, to weigh one feather in the scales against what they were told were the interests of the Liberal party, are now perhaps beginning slowly to realise that the most disastrous blow ever suffered by Liberalism was struck by Mr. Gladstone himself in the fatal year 1886. The Union has survived Mr. Gladstone's attack; but what has happened to the policy which he forced upon his party, and to his party which accepted his policy?

For nearly ten years the old party names and the old party watchwords have lost nearly all their old meaning. Men are now Unionists or Home Rulers; and the words 'Liberal' and 'Tory' have been for the most part abandoned to the late Ministers and their hacks on the platform, or in the press, who use them for the mere purpose of inflaming party zeal. These historic names have, in the circumstances of the day, and in the mouths of those who still employ them, no other meaning or object than the distinguishing those who support ex-Ministers from those who oppose them. It is thought, and probably not without reason, that even the disgrace and failure of the last ten years have not destroyed entirely the respect and esteem once felt by the great bulk of the people for the Liberal name. With the shallow and the ignorant,

names continue to count for much, though they mean no more than the words 'blue' and 'yellow' in old-fashioned constituencies; but intelligent and educated men—an increasing body in every electorate—know well that the old names are completely dissociated from the principles they were supposed to cover, that 'Liberals' have trampled under foot the ideals which have inspired the most eminent Liberal statesman and writers of the century, and that 'Tories' are now no longer an exclusive class, and its dependents, waging perpetual war for its own privileges against the masses of its fellow-countrymen, but rather the bulk of the community itself of Great Britain, consisting of all classes, and strongest in those great and flourishing cities of the kingdom where for a generation Toryism in its old sense has been dead and buried.

Six years of Unionist government proved that the vigorous maintenance of the Union was compatible with steady, nay, with rapid, advance along the path of domestic legislation. These years also established that Liberal Unionists and Conservatives, who in the past had vigorously opposed each other, were able, in support of their great principle, to work together as trusted allies. During these years, in and out of Parliament, Liberal Unionists and Conservatives came to know each other better, and to discover that not merely for the purpose of preserving the Union, but in the cause also of good government and practical progress, it was eminently desirable that the alliance should continue, and should grow more intimate.

No one acquainted with active political work in the constituencies can suppose that a fusion of Liberal Unionists and Conservatives in 1886 would have been understood by the country, or would have been successful. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain took the true line in holding aloof with their followers from joining Lord Salisbury's Administration, and in giving an independent and disinterested support to his Government. It was time that people should be reminded that the House of Commons did not consist entirely of 'ins' and 'outs,' but contained members to whom personal objects and party victories were much less important than the national welfare. The lesson taught in 1886 will not be forgotten by rival statesmen in the future. Yet, in spite of its success in administration at home and abroad, and in spite of the useful legislation it had accomplished, the Government of Lord Salisbury and his allies was defeated in 1892, and Mr. Gladstone, for the first time

at the head of a Home Rule majority in the House of Commons, became for the fourth time Prime Minister.

It is nearly three years since Mr. Gladstone met for the first time the late House of Commons. Men long versed in political affairs were at the time full of anxiety as to what the future might have in store for the country, and many a doubt was expressed whether Mr. Gladstone could form an Administration entitled to public confidence, and whether so small a majority of the House of Commons, and one so variously and curiously composed, would be capable of giving strength to any Government at all. Home Rule and the Newcastle Programme had been put forward as the main objects of the Gladstonian party; but upon a multitude of other matters pledges had been freely given, in forgetfulness of everything save the desire to secure at the elections some momentary sectional support. In Ireland promises were given that the dynamiters should be released, and that the evicted tenants should be restored. In England temperance fanatics were assured that the drink traffic would be arbitrarily suppressed. Great Britain was to wash her hands of Uganda. The making of a survey for a railway from the coast to the interior was a proposal violently opposed by 'Liberal' members. Mr. Gladstone's language at Newcastle was understood to indicate an early withdrawal from Egypt. In the expiring House of Commons a party division was taken against the Indian opium duty. In the rural districts the ruck of Gladstonian candidates had tempted the more ignorant voters with promises the absolute futility of which is now weighing their party to the ground. But more than all this, men reflected on the character of the Home Rule Opposition in the House of Commons during the years 1886-1892, the recklessness with which ordinary acts of administration were made subjects of party attack. The action of the Opposition was dictated by its least responsible members and by the Irish Nationalists. Could men who led, or who aided and abetted, opposition such as this themselves play the part of responsible Ministers?

Lord Rosebery's adhesion to the Cabinet—an adhesion, it will be remembered, not secured without some little difficulty and delay—tended to allay these anxieties in the public mind. 'Fads,' it was thought, which had done their electioneering work, would not now be pressed to the injury of the State. Lord Rosebery had never completely sunk his individuality in the Gladstonian cult. He appeared to have no very exalted opinion of the policy of Home Rule. In his short tenure of



the Foreign Office he was supposed to have followed closely in the steps of Lord Salisbury. His chairmanship of the London County Council had shown him to be a practical man of business, with a disposition to moderate men's extravagances and to do useful work for the great metropolis. His fortunate position in the House of Lords had saved him from being directly mixed up in the reckless partisanship that had characterised the opposition to the Unionist Government in the House of Commons. Rightly or wrongly, the public in general had formed a high opinion of Lord Rosebery's statesmanship and patriotism; and, whilst Mr. Gladstone's other colleagues were accepted as 'Gladstonians,' Lord Rosebery's adhesion was of another kind, and was thought to bring into their councils an independent and powerful personality. It is certain that without the co-operation of Lord Rosebery Mr. Gladstone would either have failed to construct a Ministry, or have constructed one that would have been of very short duration.

A short experience at the Foreign Office, and an assurance that Lord Salisbury's foreign policy would not be changed, sufficed to persuade the British public that in Lord Rosebery they had at least a competent foreign minister. But the evidence of the success of his administration is extremely imperfect and equivocal. Fortunately the policy of all the European Powers has been pacific, and no great crisis has occurred to disturb their relations. But scarcely any information has been given to Parliament of the course of negotiations abroad, except by the carefully guarded memoranda read by Sir Edward Grey to the House of Commons. The Opposition strictly refrained from criticising the foreign policy of the Government. But questions of great importance have arisen in Egypt, Uganda, Siam, Congo, China and Japan, and Cital, though in dealing with them we discover few signs of judgement, vigour, or success. The Congo Treaty had to be abandoned. At the outset of the Japanese war Lord Rosebery proposed to the European Powers to interfere and mediate. They all rejected his proposal. At the close of the war those Powers did interfere to modify the conditions of peace, but England was not one of them. In all these transactions it is evident that the Governments of our European neighbours had formed a very low estimate of the capacity and energy of the British Ministry, and we never remember a time when the influence of this country counted for so little in the councils of Europe. The first conditions of a successful foreign policy are confidence at home and respect

abroad. They are not obtainable by a tottering Ministry swayed by every breath of faction.

It must be admitted that the prediction so widely made on Mr. Gladstone's accession to power, that his Government could not possibly exist for many months, has proved utterly mistaken. On the other hand, the forecasts that the Prime Minister could not construct a strong or a successful Government out of the materials at his disposal, and that a small majority of the House of Commons, made up of groups with different aims and objects, could not possibly give vigour to his Administration, have been accurately fulfilled. The majority maintained the late Government in office for three years in spite of perpetual and dismal failure; but that Government had at no time possessed the power of carrying out any considerable policy; and, indeed, it did not even succeed in showing itself capable of producing any considerable policy which deserved to be carried out. It is astounding that the late Ministers have within the last few months, in their public addresses, ventured to claim success for the Government. 'Who anticipated,' they ask, 'that we should have remained for three years in office? Here we still are, with an unbroken though reduced majority!' If to attain office and to retain office are sufficient to constitute successful statesmanship, no more need be said; but this has not been the sole test by which English statesmen have hitherto cared to be judged.

Where is Home Rule? We have been told again and again that the Liberal party has never yet taken up a cause which has not triumphed in the end; that reform bills, for instance, have often miscarried for the time, but that ultimately their principles came to be accepted, and they became law. And those who so spoke really seemed to believe that all that was required for ultimate success was to label a cause 'Liberal'! Causes in the past have grown in public favour, and ultimately have achieved success, not because they were called by this or that name, but because they conformed to the conditions of the time, had regard to the growth and development of the age, conformed to the democratic sentiments of their day, and to the popular sense of right and wrong. The proposal to build up the constitutional system of the United Kingdom on the basis that the British and the Irish form distinct nations is to run foul of all the conditions and circumstances of the present day. The whole tendency of the time, the whole progress of civilisation, tend to merge more completely than ever in one

nation the ancient nationalities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. More Irishmen to-day live in Glasgow or in Liverpool than in almost any city of Ireland. Our modern civilisation, our railways and steamers, our telegraphs and telephones, our habits of business, our common interests as against the rest of the world, all tend to diminish the reality of that separate 'nationhood' upon which Home Rulers build. The policy, were it practicable, is utterly retrograde, and every year that passes by makes it more hopelessly out of date.

We have never minced matters on this great controversy. Home Rule was not deliberately taken up by statesmen who had convinced themselves of its practical advantages. Mr. Gladstone and his friends hoisted the Home Rule flag, secured the Home Rule vote, and *then* sat down to discover what they meant by Home Rule. The astounding measure of 1886 was the result of their lucubrations. As a cry we have never denied that Home Rule had something to recommend it, so far as regards the transitory success of party warfare. As a practical policy it has been the grandest political imposture of our times, and it has owed such support as it obtained in Great Britain to the concealment in which it was deliberately enveloped by Home Rule statesmen. The policy was not understood by 'the masses,' and large numbers of electors simply took it on trust from Mr. Gladstone. The Bill of 1886, the grotesque absurdity of the Constitution of 1893, which was much more than a Home Rule Bill, and Mr. Gladstone's reasonable dread of appealing to the people in its support in the latter year, have almost killed Home Rule in the popular estimation, and Lord Rosebery's premiership has prepared its coffin. The imposture has now been exposed, the principle of the union of the three kingdoms in a single Parliament holds the field, and whilst the words 'Home Rule' are not altogether absent from the speeches of ex-Ministers and candidates of the Gladstonian party, who swear to them a kind of formal allegiance, they are generally understood only as a phrase highly useful in welding into a single party English Radicals and Irish Separatists, but not having behind them any practicable scheme of government.

No Government could survive with credit for a single day the results of such a session as that of 1893. The exposure and defeat of their great policy became all the more disastrous to their reputation from their want of courage to stand or fall by the Bill or to appeal to the people. We

doubt whether there is any precedent in our history for a Ministry continuing in office after so complete an overthrow of their principal policy, and a policy of such vast proportions. In an evil hour for their fame the Ministry determined to go on much as if nothing had happened, to give legislative effect to the multifarious items of the Newcastle Programme, and to keep up their credit with their extreme partisans by indulging in violent denunciations of the House of Lords.

But where is the Newcastle Programme? No church either in England or Scotland or Wales has yet been disestablished. Members of Parliament are not yet in receipt of salaries. 'One man, one vote,' has not yet become law. No Liquor Veto Bill is yet through the House of Commons. A Parish Councils Bill, the completion of the plan for local government introduced by Lord Salisbury's Government some years ago, has become law with the assistance of the Unionist party; but it had been promised to the rural elector with such ludicrous exaggerations of its prospective benefits that the one modest success the late Ministry have achieved is more likely to strike the rustic mind with a feeling of disappointment than of gratitude and triumph. Even the Employers' Liability Bill failed, in pursuance of the party necessity of being at war with the House of Lords. And yet ex-Ministers have not been ashamed on public platforms to boast of their success! We are now told with inimitable candour in the manifesto of the National Reform Association that none of what they are pleased to call popular measures can possibly be carried until the existing constitution of the country is radically changed. We gladly accept that avowal.

We have no intention of pursuing in detail the doings of the late Parliament or of the late session. If the late Ministry had had its way, the most dreary parliamentary session of modern times would still have been dragging its slow length along—dreary because there was no reality, hardly even the pretence of reality, in the business about which the House of Commons was engaged. Failure, and the willingness of the late Ministry to accept failure, had long ago taken away the little strength that ever belonged to it. To draft and to introduce to the House of Commons bills which for the most part perish there may be good electioneering, may perhaps serve to bind this or that sectional interest in the constituencies to the Ministerial party, but does not constitute a high order of statesmanship.

To get a bill through the House of Commons and to have it thrown out by the House of Lords, or, if not thrown out, amended so as to enable Ministers to mouth about the conflict between an 'irresponsible chamber' and the 'representatives of the people,' is the greatest achievement to which they looked. To this low level had the English Government temporarily fallen! The party which was to carry Home Rule and the Newcastle Programme have accomplished the Parish Councils Bill! Was there ever such bathos? To the end their leaders planned projects of mighty import, and their followers from day to day and month to month toiled on, reminding us, in the happy language of the Duke of Devonshire, 'of the little children we have seen by the seaside, with their little spades, their little wheelbarrows, and their little tools constructing out of the sands little houses and little cities, digging little canals and constructing little dykes, and engaged in all these occupations with every appearance of sincerity and earnestness,' though we know that the incoming tide is destined to sweep them away. At the end of every session these 'laborious triflings' of our statesmen disappeared into nothing.

It was not quite at once that the full effect on the political situation of the retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life a year and a half ago was felt. In Parliament the Ministry simply took up and continued his work. He had, in his last great speech in the House of Commons, pointed out to those who were to come after him that the alleged overweening power of the House of Lords was the great obstacle to 'Liberal' policy, and that that obstacle must be removed before enlightened legislation could be passed by Parliament. Five hundred peers, he declared, 'though they sit in a gilded chamber,' should no longer be allowed 'to baffle a nation.' It is not in Parliament that the change from Mr. Gladstone to Lord Rosebery has told. The party in the House of Commons up to the fatal 21st of June voted for Lord Rosebery almost as steadily as they voted for Mr. Gladstone, though two or three Radical members had combined with their support in the lobby an attitude of hostile criticism which they certainly would not have ventured to maintain towards their former leader. The electorate can, of course, only make its views known by the slow process of filling up the casual vacancies in the House of Commons. In the year and a half, however, after Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister it happened that contests were fought in many constituencies utterly unlike each

other in situation and circumstances, and with the almost invariable result of a great accession of strength to the Unionist cause. Norfolk and Lincolnshire ploughmen, Highland crofters, the Londoners of Walworth, and the citizens of West Edinburgh all showed the same tendency. Mr. Gladstone's star was setting long before his withdrawal from public life. Even in Midlothian three years ago, backed though he was by powerful local influences, Mr. Gladstone could hardly hold his own. Apart from himself, his followers had no enthusiasm for his cause. Was it possible for Lord Rosebery to carry out a policy in which Mr. Gladstone had failed, and for which Mr. Gladstone's popularity alone had secured a hearing?

When Lord Rosebery accepted the Premiership it was generally recognised that he was the only member of the Ministry whose leadership would not entail an immediate break-up of the Cabinet and bring swift ruin upon the party. Mr. Labouchere protested that a Peer-Premier was an absurdity in the existing circumstances, at the very moment when the Liberal party was bent upon getting rid of the Peers. Individual opinions may have existed here and there, possibly even in the Cabinet itself, that some other statesman would have made a better leader; but the general concurrence in his own party and in the country was unmistakable that no man was so fit as Lord Rosebery to take the first place in the Government.

Beyond all question Lord Rosebery's reputation has steadily lost ground since he succeeded Mr. Gladstone. He had to encounter great difficulties. He had accepted the first place in a Ministry which he had not created, and he had to work with tools which he had not chosen. A Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the leader of the House of Commons must be of one mind in all things, or at least in all important things; otherwise the Government will never enjoy stable equilibrium. It is within the power of either to make the position of the other almost insupportable. Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, with Mr. W. H. Smith and with Mr. Balfour successively leading the House of Commons, could always count upon the absolute loyalty of his lieutenant, and the system worked well. During the last year and a half a less happy experiment has been tried, and it is hardly too much to say that of set purpose it appears to have been the aim of Lord Rosebery's subordinates in the House of Commons deliberately to ignore the existence of their chief.

Assuredly no one has a right to complain that under the rule of Lord Rosebery the policy of Home Rule receded further and further into the background. His language in the House of Lords on the second reading of the Bill of 1893 was such that if it had been indulged in by a less powerful colleague of Mr. Gladstone his resignation would probably have been required. It was Mr. Gladstone, moreover, not Lord Rosebery, who elected to abandon Home Rule, at all events during the existence of the late Parliament, and who directed his followers to substitute for it the attack upon the House of Lords. Now there was every reason why Lord Rosebery should have welcomed such a change in the programme of his party. In the ordinary, certainly in the Irish, meaning of the phrase, the late Prime Minister was not a Home Ruler at all. Reform of the House of Lords had long occupied his thoughts. In past years he had made speeches on that difficult subject full of wise appreciation of the causes which render the House of Lords a less efficient branch of the Legislature than he desired to see it. He wished to improve its constitution, in the hope that it might acquire with the public the character of a national senate, and be less open to attack as an instrument of party. He knew, moreover, that outside the ranks of his own party he would find much sympathy in approaching the policy of reform of the Second Chamber. He might even think that by a policy of this kind he would reunite the shattered fragments of Liberalism, and repair the mischief which Home Rule had caused. Dreams of this kind, if they floated through his mind, have been rudely dispelled.

The one great and abiding fault of the late Ministry, whether presided over by Mr. Gladstone or by Lord Rosebery, was its incapacity to look beyond immediate party advantage. It was always electioneering. It took its policy from some caucus-collected gathering at Newcastle or Leeds, where an altogether factitious importance was given to the utterances and resolutions of statesmen like Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson. These great men, if we remember right, had decreed the virtual abolition of the Second Chamber. 'Thoroughness' was shown by a preference for 'ending them' rather than 'mending them.' The 'Liberal' party would win at the General Election if only it were bold. So it happened that last autumn Lord Rosebery, instead of announcing a scheme of reform, promised the country what it did not want, viz., a great 'revolution'! The character

of a reforming statesman was abandoned, and that of leader of a revolutionary agitation was assumed. There was still, however, room to hope for better things. The Prime Minister had employed adjectives of much force to describe the violence of his intentions, but he had not committed himself to any specific scheme or proceedings. He had even expressed a determination to maintain a Second Chamber. A sweeping change of some kind in our constitution was somehow to be accomplished by the curious instrumentality of a resolution of the House of Commons, which was to be moved in due course, presumably by Sir William Harcourt. But Sir William Harcourt, to the best of our belief, never said a word about the resolution—what it was to be or when it was to be—nor is it certain that this remarkable resolution was ever drafted, or submitted even in the crudest form to the Cabinet. Another powerful colleague altogether scoffed at second chambers in general, in favour of which his chief had spoken. Lord Rosebery, in short, whether aiming at reform or revolution, received no sort of backing from his colleagues, and all that the public was able to gather from a review of Ministerial speeches was that the abolition of the House of Lords or of its functions had been inserted as an article in the Liberal programme, as a punishment to that Chamber for rejecting the Home Rule Bill, in accordance with the wishes of the British people!

There was something almost like fatality in the way in which the late Government always chose the wrong time to bring forward its projects. They proposed virtually to abolish the House of Lords just when that House was enjoying far more popularity and respect than at any other period of the present reign. They proposed to entrust complete legislative authority over the Constitution to the House of Commons just at the time when its proceedings were filling the public with distrust. We need scarcely point out that if one branch of the Legislature has the power to reform out of existence the functions of the other, the former has already attained absolute and unlimited authority in the State. Unfortunately for the late Government, public dissatisfaction has been greater of late with the House of Commons than with the House of Lords, and this feeling has been shown in the proper fashion whenever a seat fell vacant. The feeling has, however, undoubtedly gone beyond a mere dislike to the present composition of the House. There has been a fall in the



reputation of the representative Chamber, irrespective of men's disapproval of the action of the present majority. For three years past the feeling has been growing that the House of Commons lacks the sense of responsibility; that members are but the instruments of organisations worked by unknown wirepullers; that members feel their responsibility less than they did to the country as a whole, less even than they did to public opinion, but always more and more to the local or central caucus. In the United States of America the distrust of representative bodies is very strongly seen in the limitations with which the democracy has thought proper to confine them; and a legislature can only legislate within the limits of a written constitution. In this country the minds of thoughtful men are beginning to question whether we shall not have to follow the example of American democracy, and impose strict limitations on the authority of a legislature in which the representative House is anxious to assert an unchecked supremacy.

It must be admitted that there is some cause for anxiety. The House of Commons *has* abdicated its proper functions; *has* made itself the instrument, for electioneering purposes, of the Government of the day; *has* sent up to the House of Lords a measure of vast importance, of which it had discussed only a small portion; *has*, in short, behaved as if it were merely the obedient instrument of party managers, and as if legislation were the proper business of Government, requiring only a formal ratification at its hands. The late Government inflicted the greatest injury upon the House of Commons by forcing upon it unparliamentary methods of legislation, and the House of Commons suffered in the public eyes deep humiliation by the surrender of its most important privileges. Still, it must be remembered that this violence and this resort to unparliamentary methods have failed, and that our Constitution, whatever its shortcomings, has proved itself strong enough to protect the country from the rash and ill-considered projects which the Ministers attempted to force upon it.

Much is heard in these days of the 'Referendum,' and it is even suggested that we should introduce into our Constitution a system of direct reference of proposed legislative measures to the mass of the people for their approval or rejection. It is proposed that bills of the first importance, which have passed through Parliament, should not become law till they have been ratified by a majority of the electorate of the United Kingdom, to whom they are to be directly referred.

Parliament is, in short, to legislate provisionally subject to the power of a *plebiscite* to accept or overrule its decisions.

There need be little wonder at the disgust with which men have seen the recent degradation (for it is nothing less) of our representative institutions ; still we are ourselves not prepared to abandon, on account of temporary trouble, our belief in the merits of representative government. We do not believe in plebiscites. We do not believe that government or legislation is work which the householders of a population of forty millions of people can themselves transact. Personal responsibility to the people is the very gist of the representative system, and where all are equally responsible there is virtually no responsibility at all. Moreover, unless Englishmen have changed their nature, it can hardly be but that the representatives they select are above the average of the electors in knowledge and liberality of mind, and in acquaintance with affairs. When would Catholic emancipation have become law had the Referendum been part of the British Constitution ? When Queen, Lords, and Commons have passed, after mature consideration, some great statute, essential in the belief of Parliament to the welfare—perhaps the safety—of the people, to suspend this statute after the fashion of a rule *nisi*, to be discharged or made absolute in obedience to the decision of millions of men, voting in secret, exposed to every kind of influence, the bulk of them necessarily uninstructed, and probably indifferent, is to proceed after a fashion not likely to recommend itself to practical statesmanship. Let us turn to the existing position of affairs.

For three years past the parliamentary record has been a miserable one. Failure on the part of the House of Commons to perform the duties which the country expects of it as the great council of the realm has been conspicuous. It has shown itself incapable of doing its own legislative work, or of giving strength and confidence to the Executive Government. Never did a House of Commons live in such perpetual dread of a general election. Wearily, yet assiduously, it toiled on at the work the Government asked it to perform. At the request of the Government all business other than its own was abandoned, and night after night, and month after month, the representatives of the people were kept marching through the division lobbies, and recording majorities of an almost fractional magnitude in favour of far-reaching propositions which were never destined or expected to become law. Still the Government of

Failure was kept in office. Whilst, however, the legislative projects of the Government were at a standstill, and the energies of the House of Commons were consumed in the performance of this kind of parliamentary goose-step, the political situation outside Parliament was steadily changing.

The peculiar relation of parties towards each other, created by the Gladstonian surrender to Home Rule nearly ten years ago, was evidently in its nature temporary. No wise man expected or desired that our system of government by party should degenerate into a system of government by parliamentary groups. Indeed, the tendency of our national political life towards division into two great parties has always been strongly marked. In 1793 the 'dissentient Whigs' who gave their support to Pitt at first intended to support him as an independent connexion, free from all connexion with office. Yet a very short period elapsed before they were compelled to share with their old opponents in the full responsibilities of government. The Peelites of half a century later were soon merged indistinguishably in the Liberal party. Parliamentary arrangements must necessarily depend upon and follow the political situation outside Parliament; and every one who is acquainted with the prevailing sentiments of the constituencies must recognise as hard fact the mighty change of feeling that has swept over them since 1885. On every register the lapse of ten years makes a deep change. In 1886 it was only the strongest feeling of public danger that induced Liberal and Conservative electors to vote together. Only a few months before they had been at deadly strife. Now the situation is utterly different. Hundreds of thousands of new electors have become qualified who have never been under the influence of those feelings of antipathy which it was formerly so difficult to overcome, and the older Liberals have seen in dismay their former associates dragged further and further down by their dependence upon Irish Nationalists, till the Liberalism which they knew and respected is no longer recognisable in the travesty which has taken its place. For nearly ten years two alliances have stood face to face—on the Home Rule side the alliance between the Gladstonians and the Irish Nationalists; on the Unionist side the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists—and the law which seems to govern British politics has told strongly upon both.

The fall of Mr. Parnell was the beginning of the annihilation of the separate Irish Nationalist party. His rejection

was due to the necessities of *English* party politics; and when, at Mr. Gladstone's command, Mr. Parnell's own countrymen, who had just reaffirmed their confidence in his leadership, threw him over, a blow was struck at the independence of the Irish Parliamentary party from which it has never recovered. The precise degree of intimacy at the present time between the Gladstonian and Nationalist organisations is not known to the outside world. The small group of 'Dissentient Nationalists' accuse the main body of being largely directed and largely financed by the English 'Liberal' party and its wealthy adherents. We only know that for practical party purposes it is now safe to reckon the followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy as ordinary supporters of the late Government, who from their greater solidarity have had a larger power of imposing their will upon the Cabinet than belonged to ordinary English Gladstonians. An amusing and instructive instance of this was seen in the successful pressure brought by the Nationalists upon Mr. Morley to 'throw over Oliver Cromwell.' As a distinguished *Englishman* his statue might surely have been tolerated by the Parliament of a United Kingdom of which, after all, England is a part! And let us hope that the extraordinary debate of June 17 is not to be a precedent for opening up the discussion of existing parliamentary decorations from the point of view of the outraged sentiments of Protestants and Catholics, Roundheads and Cavaliers!

The Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists have maintained distinct their two great organisations. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, and those who follow them, since 1886 held aloof from office, in pursuance of a policy deliberately adopted as being the best calculated to promote the success of their cause; but the prominent—indeed, principal—part which they took in leading the country to oppose the Gladstonian Government seemed destined, in accordance with all constitutional precedent, to make it incumbent upon them, ultimately, to take their share in bearing the responsibility and burden of government. The speech of the Duke of Devonshire, at the banquet given on June 14 to him and to Mr. Chamberlain by the National Union of Conservative Associations, marked an epoch in the history of our political parties. It marked the early approach of a new state of things in which Liberal Unionist and Conservative statesmen would, by taking places side by side in the same Cabinet, make it evident to the whole country that the defence of the Union, the

firm government of the kingdom, and the practical progress of the people in domestic legislation, would be the joint objects of an Administration having at its back the strength of a great Unionist party representing, it can hardly be doubted, a large majority of the electorate of the United Kingdom. Events have marched more rapidly than the Duke of Devonshire anticipated, for before the end of June a Unionist Cabinet was in office, having at its command the services of a greater number of statesmen of the first rank than have sat together in the same Administration for very many years. It is the great merit of the Duke of Devonshire's speech that here, as on other occasions, he was but giving recognition to existing facts. He was not proposing new arrangements out of tactical considerations, to draw together bodies of men whose opinions keep them apart, and thus to give greater importance to their voting weight than properly belonged to them; he was building a Unionist party upon realities, and making the political divisions and political arrangements of the day correspond to the real issues of opinion which divide men. Under his guidance Liberals, at a time of almost unexampled difficulty, took up the position of an independent party; and that position for ten years, through good fortune and through bad fortune, they have successfully maintained. Under his guidance another step forward has now been taken. The alliance between Conservatives and Liberal Unionists has destroyed Home Rule. It will be for the solidarity of a great Unionist party to ring its funeral knell.

It is not the habit of the Duke of Devonshire to boast of victory before it has been won.

'Do not forget,' he said to his Conservative entertainers and to the country, 'that the danger which called the Unionist alliance into existence still exists. Some of us may think that Home Rule is dead. I think that it is dead so long as the Unionist alliance exists. I think that it is dead so far as any conviction on the part of its supporters in Great Britain is concerned. But, if the Unionist alliance were dissolved, it is possible that the political exigencies of the Gladstonian party might once more revive the dead, and gather together the dead bones of Home Rule; and it is possible that in such a contingency we might once more have a Home Rule Bill forced through a reluctant, unconvinced, sullen House of Commons. We might once more have a Home Rule question reviving the bitterness of social warfare in Ireland, and retarding, if not destroying, the returning peace and prosperity of that country.'

Constitutional changes and innovations which some Liberal Unionists thought desirable, but which none thought urgent

or absolutely necessary, might, he believed, be avoided, or, at all events, postponed, whilst every effort would be made to carry out measures, about which all Unionists are agreed, for the material and social improvement of the people.

‘It is not necessary to assume that the Unionist alliance will last for ever; it is not necessary to base our policy upon any such assumption. If the Unionist alliance can endure until the danger of disruption of the Empire is absolutely overpast, if it can endure until it has carried into execution all that policy of social reform upon which the leaders of both sections of the Unionist party are practically agreed, I for one shall be content. . . . I believe that, in the opinion of most of us, when the time will have come when a new Government is formed, the responsibilities and duties of power will have to be shared between the two sections of the Unionist party. No one who has read the speech of Mr. Balfour can doubt that that is his opinion. . . . Whether it is called a fusion or an alliance, or even that more terrible word “coalition,” appears to me to be a matter of comparatively small importance.’

Men who are proud of the name ‘Liberal’ will not call themselves ‘Conservatives,’ nor will ‘Conservatives’ call themselves ‘Liberal.’

‘The accurate and scientific designation of our party is Unionist. If that be so, again, I say, the designation under which the next Government should be formed should be Unionist also. I am convinced that the more we can all be content to merge our Conservatism, our Liberalism, and our Radicalism in what seems to me to be the still nobler title of “Unionism,” the more strength we shall be able to bring to each other and to our common cause.’

The grand event of the period is the establishment of a Unionist alliance on these national and patriotic principles, and the formation of a Ministry which has shown by its disinterested services in opposition that it is capable of performing greater services in power. The important speech delivered by Lord Salisbury on the eve of the prorogation is a sufficient declaration of the policy of the Ministry. It is a policy not of political changes, but of social progress; and it recognises as its first duties the maintenance of the Union throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the defence of the just and equal rights of all classes subsisting under the British Constitution.



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ART. I.—*A History of Spain from the Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic.* By ULIOK RALPH BURKE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1895.

ACCORDING to the legend which has been told with many differing details, when the nations of Europe were ordered to send a representative to Heaven to prefer their several petitions, it was granted to France, on the request of St. Denis, to have the best of armies; to St. George, for England, to have the most powerful of navies; to St. Anthony, for Italy, to excel in art. As the representative of Spain, St. James, always galloping, arrived late and, gasping for breath, asked for the best climate in the world, for the most beautiful women, for the most luscious fruits; but when he went on to ask for the best government, he was refused on the ground that something must be left for others, and was ordered to return at once to Compostella. Hence, says the legend, Spain never has had, never can have, a good government. It has almost seemed that the same power which has prevented its having a good government has also prevented its having a good history; for, as a matter of fact, the country which has furnished warriors, statesmen, and poets worthy to stand in the foremost rank, has hitherto sought in vain for an historian, either in its own language or in any other. Chroniclers it indeed has, and these not without a certain rough charm; but the native efforts at history are crude, and those in other tongues are either scholarly monographs or clumsy and unreadable compilations—such as Dunham's, in five closely printed volumes. At length, however, we have a work which, within reasonable compass, relates the most

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romantic history in Europe in a manner that may be read and be understood. It stops short, indeed, at the date when Spain, having become one, was about to stand forth as a great, as for a time the greatest, European Power; but of Spain in the sixteenth and following centuries much has been written, both directly and in its relations to France or our own country. The special want was for the period over which Mr. Burke's book extends; for, though Mr. Lane-Poole and Mr. Watts have within the last few years given us two little books excellent in their way, they are scarcely to be considered as more than pleasantly written sketches.\*

Of Mr. Burke's work we have little to say but in commendation. The story is based on the relations of the Spanish chroniclers and historians; and we cannot but congratulate ourselves on having the matter now before us in clear, sharp sentences, every word of which tells, instead of having to wade through the interminable volumes of Mariana, Masdeu, or Lafuente. There is no doubt that the great difficulty in the way of any one who attempts to write a history of mediæval Spain is the decentralisation of the interest. Portugal, Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon, Barcelona, Cordova—have each its own story, which sometimes coalesces or clashes with those of its neighbours, sometimes diverges widely; and the picking up of the several yarns of the narrative, keeping them clear of each other till, as time goes on, they form strands and eventually a stout rope, calls for continuous care and more than a little skill. To say that Mr. Burke has in a very great measure succeeded in doing this is to award his work high praise.

We must, however, express our regret at the bitterness with which he refers to questions of religion or of papal jurisdiction, which, in the history of mediæval Spain, have an importance greater even than in the history of other countries. It is quite possible to condemn the usurpations of the Papacy and of priestcraft in a becoming manner; and the sneering tone in which he habitually speaks of matters which very many readers hold sacred is, we think, in bad taste and an unpleasant anachronism. It is a minor, though still important, flaw that the proof-sheets have been

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\* Stanley Lane-Poole, 'The Moors in Spain' (1893); H. E. Watts, 'Spain: being a Summary of Spanish History from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada.' (1893.)

very imperfectly corrected; misprints of all kinds are much too frequent, more especially in foreign names—as, for example, Amasi for Amari (i. 279), and in dates, with, in some instances, an almost comic result, as when we are told (i. 163) that Almanzor married his first Christian wife in 985 and his second in 1093.

Whether he was well advised in further loading a necessarily complicated narrative with the history of the Phœnician, Carthaginian, and Roman periods, must be a matter of opinion. Mr. Burke conceives that

‘Trajan and Hadrian, Martial and Theodosius the Great, Quintilian and Prudentius, St. Vincent and the uncanonised Hosius of Cordova, were all as truly Spanish heroes as the Cid or Berengaria; that Ayerroës, for all that he believed in Mohammed, was no less an Andalusian than Seneca; that St. Leander and St. Dominic, St. Isidore and St. Raymond Lull, were all the fellow-countrymen of Ximenez, and that Viriatus was but the forerunner of the Great Captain.’

This would open a very wide and a much-disputed question, which we are willing to pass by here with the remark that if the having been born in the same land makes fellow-countrymen with a common history, then was Caractacus or Boadicea a forerunner of Marlborough or Nelson, and Powhattan of Washington or of Lee.

Having, however, so decided, Mr. Burke opens with a clear and succinct account of the struggles of the early inhabitants against the Carthaginians and the Romans. He seems to imply that the men and women who so stoutly defended Saragossa against Verdier or Lannes were of the same race as those who, two thousand years before, defended Saguntum against Hannibal or Numantia against Scipio. It seems very doubtful indeed if, after the many waves of invading nationalities which have swept over the land, the racial characteristics are to be identified. There were not, indeed, any systematic exterminations of the people, such as took place in Northumbria or East Anglia; but the butchery was still very terrible, and the introduction of new blood must have been very great. Roman and the various nationalities that went to make up the Roman, Vandal, Visigoth, Moor, and Jew, are all, in the people of modern Spain, inseparably blended with the remnant of the Iberian or Celtiberian race. That this is so is evident, if from nothing else, from Mr. Burke's explanation of the ease with which the Vandal horde swept over the land. It was not only that the people were crushed beneath an overwhelming

taxation; it was due almost entirely, says Mr. Burke, to the decay of the Spanish manhood.

‘That the slaves and paupers who composed the greater part of the population of Roman Spain in 406 should be willing, or even able, to take up arms in defence of the Empire, was hardly to be expected. For five hundred years the free manhood of the province had marched under the Roman standards to be slain on every frontier of the Empire. The Spanish troops were not only the sturdiest in the armies of Rome, but they were perhaps the most numerous, and the Legionary never returned to Spain. He settled in far-away Roumania, where his ancient language is still spoken by his modern descendants. He killed himself with riotous living at the capital. But in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he died in his harness, fighting the battles of the Empire.’

And when we search for racial characteristics, we surely find the ‘indomitable energy’ which distinguished Maria Pita or Augustina as clearly marked in the Gothic Brunhilda as in the Iberian wives and daughters who chose to fall by the hands of their husbands and fathers rather than become the slave or the toy of Carthaginian or Roman. It is needless to tell at length how the Goths, assimilating themselves to the degenerate Romans and Iberians who peopled the land, were also emasculated and fell an easy prey to the new invader. How those invaders came into the country has been the fertile theme of legend and poetry. It is impossible to say what amount of truth there may be lurking in these. The extravagance of the legends, says Mr. Burke, ‘that have crystallised round the name and the memory of “the last of the Goths” has led some critics to question ‘whether such a personage ever lived at all.’ That Roderic was a real character Mr. Burke considers certain. The general outlines of the story, the intrigue of a disaffected governor with a dispossessed claimant to the throne, the applying for aid to a warlike neighbour, the depravity of the court prompting or contributing to the invader’s success—familiar in the history of Spain as of other countries—are, he thinks, abundantly probable, and may be accepted as substantially true. But the details on which the poets of all ages have loved to dwell are the inventions of later days, are unsupported by any evidence, and are impossible, even when they are not avowedly supernatural.

What is of more importance is the explanation of the ease with which the Moslems overran the country. The Visigoths are described as ‘the gentlest of barbarians;’ as having been received by the remnant of the Romanised in-

habitants as friends rather than as foes; as ruling over the country as one, free from civil wars and family quarrels; 'yet, after three centuries of undisputed enjoyment, their rule was overthrown at once and for ever by a handful of marauders from Africa.' Mr. Burke considers that this was due to the total decay of the martial spirit, caused by the theocratic, or rather hierocratic, form of government, which he rightly characterises as 'one of the very worst of all the various systems that have been attempted on this earth.'

'The absence of anything like the Feudal system made the position of the great landholders entirely false, their wealth without a justification, their estates without a reason, their lives without an object. If the lord had no influence, the labourer had no hope. A slave in fact, if not in name, he found the Gothic serfdom as oppressive and scarcely less demoralising than the Roman servitude. The Christian bondage, indeed, was more odious, in that it was more incongruous. The bishops were amongst the largest slaveholders in the realm; and baptised Christians were bought and sold without a blush by the successors of St. Paul and Santiago. Kings without power, nobles without influence, a clergy already corrupt, a people not yet free, it was a poor result of three hundred years of dominion. . . . At the opening of the eighth century, Spain had no industry, no commerce, no arms. Not even letters had survived; for the Catholic Church discouraged, if it did not actually prohibit, the study of polite literature.'

And not only literature: natural science, medicine, manufacture, art, were held to be equally unedifying to the devout Catholic. The so-called Gothic architecture has no relation to the Visigoths, and 'although the great province is still covered with the glorious remains of Roman constructive art, there is scarcely found trace or fragment of the rude architecture of the Visigoths to tell of their dominion in the Peninsula.'

It was probably in 710 that the Arab Tarif—whether on the invitation of Count Julian or not—crossed from Africa with a little band of some 500 men, landed at the point since known as Tarifa, and, having ravaged the adjoining country, returned to Africa with as much plunder as he could carry away. The news of the defenceless state of the country, of the riches which only waited a bold marauder, at once suggested a greater effort, and about 711—the exact year is uncertain—Taric, with an army still numerically small, landed at the rock since known as the Rock of Taric—Gebel Taric, or Gibraltar. He afterwards received considerable reinforcements, but his whole strength did not exceed 12,000 men when he met the army of Roderic, variously estimated at

from 60 to 90,000 men. In such a case, reported numbers go for very little, but we may accept them as indicating a very great disproportion in favour of Roderic, who was utterly routed, his army scattered to the four corners of the land, and himself slain, or possibly drowned in the flight. Whether this battle was fought on the banks of the Guadalete or of the Barbate, near Xeres or near Medina Sidonia, is almost as uncertain as the site of the battle of Brunanburh, though the latest Spanish authority is in favour of the Barbate. About the result, however, there is no doubt. It was even more decisive than, in our own country, the battle of Hastings: town after town surrendered to the merest handful of men, without resistance.

'The Gothic nobility fled. The bishops disappeared. The people were indifferent. Spain was abandoned to the Arab. It was something more than a conquest. It was a social revolution. The Jews were avenged of their persecutors. The slave was set free. The old things indeed had passed away. All things had, as in a moment, become new.'

It was only when the fugitives reached the Pyrenees or the mountains, where they could fly no further, that they made a stand, and a severe check inflicted on a strong Moslem force entangled in the mountains near Covadonga seems to have stayed the wave of invasion a few leagues short of the Bay of Biscay; but from the Mediterranean or the Atlantic to the mountains everything was for the time submerged. The tide rolled on, too, beyond the Pyrenees, over a great part of France, till at last stopped at Tours, some fourteen years later, by the bulwark of Christendom, the army of Charles Martel; though it was not till after thirty years that the Moslems were finally driven out of France.

Of Pelayo, the hero of Covadonga, absolutely nothing is known. Legend has described him as of the royal race. Mr. Burke, with greater probability, classes him as 'a robber chieftain,' 'a petty mountain prince;' but also as 'the founder of the Spanish monarchy.' This small beginning was indeed the little leaven that was to leaven the whole. There can, however, be no doubt that the slaves, the great bulk of the population, readily adopted the Mohammedan religion, perhaps as a natural reaction from the priestly yoke under which they had been groaning. At first, indeed, the numbers of the Moors—of whatever race, Arab, Mauritanian, or Vandal become Berber—were relatively insignificant, but they were continually swelled by fresh immigration; and in religion, in manners, and in language, the old inhabitants

were speedily absorbed and lost in the body of the new. There was certainly no wholesale slaughter, and Abdur Rahman, who established himself in 756 at Cordova, reigned there for thirty-two years, and laid the foundations of the Moorish empire in Spain, is described as

‘an autocrat, kind-hearted, judicious, merciful; quick of perception, but never hasty in action; generous in his approbation, refined in his tastes, stern in his anger, untiring in his labour for the State. Impatient of all opposition to his designs, easy of access to the poor and humble, a relentless judge of the rich and oppressive, and a munificent patron of all arts and sciences, especially of agriculture, he was the pattern of a worthy-tyrant, and as unlike the later Visigothic kings of Spain as it is possible to conceive or record. If in his royal and autocratic career are found alternate exhibitions of ferocity and of clemency, the noble assuredly predominates over the base. If heads are treacherously cut off, lives are chivalrously spared. If Moslems are massacred, Christians are protected by the impulsive Amir. . . . Christian writers have not failed to recognise his many virtues, and a mediæval archbishop has not hesitated to speak of him as The Just.’

But meantime Pelayo's son-in-law, Alfonso, was carving out an independent principality in the north. After the rude lesson at Covadonga, the Moors kept out of the way of the boulders that might be rolled down on them; and little by little Alfonso made himself master of Galicia and southward to the Douro, whilst further inland he ravaged the country which the pettiness of his numbers would not allow him to occupy. This war against the Moslem was pitiless, unsparing; and in his fierce raids the Christian who had accepted toleration and the Mohammedan, convert or native-born, fell equally before his pious zeal. It was Alfonso ‘who commenced the building of the long line of castles on his southern and eastern frontier, which secured the defence and suggested the name of the greatest of the new provinces of Christian Spain.’ When he died, in 757, his son, Fruela, succeeded

‘to a kingdom extending, by an uncertain tenure of temporary conquest, nominal tribute, and constant encroachment, over Galicia, the Asturias, Biscay, and Navarre, together with some frontier towns and debatable districts on the borders of the plain country, which were afterwards included in the kingdoms of Leon and Castile.’

But Fruela and his successors did nothing to increase their territory, resting quiet with what they held as vassals or tributaries of Abdur Rahman. The grip which this latter had on the country was illustrated rather than proved

by the celebrated expedition of Charlemagne in 778.\* A Mohammedan rebel presented himself before Charlemagne at Paderborn, begging his intervention and promising him the support of the whole Arab population if he would undertake to overthrow the existing government. The temptation to extend his empire and to bring back Spain to the true faith was irresistible, and Charlemagne led a strong force into the peninsula; but, contrary to the traitor's assurances, he was repulsed from Saragossa, and nowhere did he receive any assistance from the Moorish inhabitants. He was forced to retreat, and, sacking Pamplona on the way, pursued his route, which led through the defile of Roncesvalles due north of Pamplona, and about forty miles to the east of the sea coast at Irun.

'On the Day of the Assumption, August 15, 778, the king, with his light troops, marched first through the pass, and had already proceeded some distance on the northern side of the mountains, when the Basques or the Navarrese, naturally indignant at the destruction wrought by their Christian deliverer upon their friendly and equally Christian town, fell upon the troops—heavily laden with the plunder of Spain—and cut to pieces a great part, if not the whole, of the rear guard, and possibly of the main body of the army. The history of this great destruction is very doubtful. The trustworthy materials are very slender. But it is at least certain that many of the military leaders and principal nobles of the invading or retreating army perished at the hands of the sturdy mountaineers, and that not only the spoils of Pamplona, but such booty as had been amassed in the entire expedition, fell into the hands of the victors. How far the Basque or Gascon forces were aided by Christians from the Cantabrian and Asturian provinces, by early Spanish heroes of Leon, or by Moslems from Saragossa, who may have harassed the retreat of Charlemagne's army, it is impossible to say.'

The rest is all legend. Roland and Bernardo live, and will for ever live, in poetry and romance; but history knows nothing of them. All that we are quite sure of is that the French attempt, made nominally in the interests of Christianity, to disturb the Moslem rule, sustained a bloody repulse from the Christian Spaniards, who were ready, in such a cause, to join hands with the Moslems.

The empire founded by Abdur Rahman has long been

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\* We agree with Mr. Burke that this is a good English name for the great Emperor, and has been so recognised for many centuries. Karl der Grosse is not English, and it may be doubted whether he ever bore such a name in German. Charles the Great may mean anybody, and at any rate has no distinct assignment.

crushed out of existence, but the grand mosque at Cordova, which he began in 786, and his son completed, still stands, is still known as *La Mezquita*—the mosque—though now a Christian church; and, though shorn of much of its magnificence, is surpassed in size only by St. Peter's at Rome, and in splendour by none. It is described as having twelve hundred columns, mostly of red marble from the neighbourhood, but many of dappled grey or white, brought from Italy or Greece, and some of grey granite from Egypt; twenty brazen doors; 'the vast interior resplendent with porphyry and jasper, and many-coloured precious stones; the walls glittering with harmonious mosaics, the air perfumed with incense, the courtyards leafy with groves of orange trees.' It is, however, still more remarkable for its antiquity. Built on the site of a Christian church, which had been built on the ruins of a Roman temple of Janus, 'it perpetuates the memory of many religions and varying traditions of sanctity for over two thousand years.' The only sacred building which can at all equal it in this special interest is the mosque of St. Sofia at Constantinople, the foundation stone of which was laid in 532 on the site of the Christian temple built by Constantine two hundred years before.

'It is strange,' says Mr. Burke, 'and suggestive, that the oldest of all the mosques of Islam was built as a Christian church, and that the oldest of the great Christian churches of the world was built as a mosque at Cordova; that five hundred years before St. Peter's was commenced, four hundred years before Milan was completed, the *Mezquita* stood as now it stands, consecrated to the worship of God.'

Having regard to the size and the magnificence of *La Mezquita*, Mr. Burke's statement is beyond dispute; but there is many a secluded chapel in Greece or in Italy, rebuilt on the spot sacred of old to Faun or Hamadryad, which may carry the religious association back through a duration of time far exceeding the two thousand years of the cathedral of Cordova.

The little kingdom virtually founded by Alfonso in the north-west corner of the peninsula was practically independent of its Mohammedan overlord, to whom it paid a nominal tribute. It was, however, unable to extend itself, and though raids were common, such as the Lowlands of Scotland were subject to in the days of FitzJames and Roderick Dhu, or even later, these could scarcely be counted as territorial attacks. In 801, however, an attempt from a different quarter to beat back the Moslem met with some



success. In an assembly held at Toulouse, an association was formed for the capture of Barcelona; and a numerous army crossing the slopes of the Eastern Pyrenees overspread the neighbouring country, captured the towns, and laid siege to Barcelona. It was stoutly defended, but, being left to itself, surrendered, the garrison marching out with the honours of war. On the death of Charlemagne, in 814, the district was constituted a quasi-independent county with its capital city at Barcelona. Its counts, of a Gothic family, were counts of Barcelona, and the district known at first as Gothia, became Gothlandia, Gothalandia, till it settled into Catalonia.

But though thus dating from 801, its existence was very precarious. A few years later the Moslems recovered Tarragona, and thence fitted out a fleet which sacked and burned the suburbs of Marseilles. In 852 they retook Barcelona, to lose it again thirteen years later. In 874 the reigning count asserted his complete independence of his Carlovingian overlord, and made the sovereignty hereditary in his family. But towards the end of the next century it was again occupied by the Moors, and held till the death of Almanzor in 1002, when it recovered its independence. Similarly, during the last half of the ninth century, the petty kingdom in the north-west, with its capital at Oviedo, gathered strength, extended its limits, and conceded independence to the county of Navarre as an offshoot from itself. Alfonso III., reigning at Oviedo, an able and, for his time, an honest man, gained as much by treaties with the Moslems as his predecessors had done by force of arms, so that his son and successor was able, about 912, to move his capital from Oviedo to Leon. But the Moslem rule was, at this date, very feeble. The country was given over to rebellion and revolt.

‘The old Arab aristocracy, the descendants of the heroes of the conquest, were by this time greatly outnumbered by the other Moslem races in the Peninsula; and established as they were, for the most part, at Seville, they owed a very half-hearted allegiance to the supreme government at Cordova. The Berbers, or Moors—the wild uncultivated soldiers of Africa—were more numerous, more intolerant, and even more disaffected than the graceful and polished Arab; and their authority in Estremadura and Southern Lusitania was wellnigh independent of the Caliph at Cordova. The Renegades, or Spanish Moslems who inhabited Algarve, were no less hostile to the Ommeyad rulers of the country. Tadmira or Murcia was virtually independent. Toledo was ever in revolt. The central authority at Cordova was daily becoming weaker and less regarded.’

A brighter day was, however, about to dawn. Alfonso III. died in 910, and two years later, 912, saw the accession at Cordova of the Caliph Abdur Rahman III., who afterwards assumed the title of *an Násir lidin illah*—Defender of the Religion of God—the greatest of all the Mohammedan rulers of Spain. Although little more than a youth at the time, he devoted himself sternly and systematically to the restoration of peace and unity.

‘Distracted by constant revolts, and dissatisfied with a fruitless independence, the rebel cities gradually submitted themselves to the arms of one who was bold enough to demand obedience, and strong enough to enforce it. One by one the leading rebels were vanquished and slain; one by one the leading cities were subdued and pacified. The new Caliph was stern, but he was not cruel. His work was at once quietly and thoroughly done. Unconquered in war, he was essentially a man of peace; liberal, refined, magnificent, with an iron will and a generous heart; and after eighteen years of firm and resolute government he found himself, not only the master, but the idol of a united country. . . . Abdur Rahman an Násir died in 961. In the course of his long and brilliant reign he had restored the rule of the Moslem in Spain from a condition of anarchy, weakness, and disgrace to the highest pitch of power, of glory, and of prosperity. Beloved at home, respected abroad, renowned not only for his liberality, his good taste, and his magnificence, but for his gentleness, his justice, his generosity, his name will ever be associated with the most glorious days of that most glorious empire which was wellnigh the creation of his youth, and the idol of his maturer years.’

Of this glory, this magnificence, the city of Cordova was the visible sign. Even before his accession, in the darkest hour of his effete predecessors, it was one of the richest and best ordered cities in Europe; during the reigns of An Násir and his immediate successors it became

‘the most beautiful, the most magnificent, the most luxurious, the most civilised city of mediæval Europe in the tenth century. Its markets were always stocked with the richest and most varied products of every country. No robe, however costly, says a contemporary writer, no drug, however scarce, no jewel, however precious, no rarity of distant and unknown lands, was wanting in its splendid bazaars.’

Palaces and public gardens, aqueducts, fountains, and baths gave everywhere splendour, beauty, and delight; and more wonderful even than Cordova itself was the suburb and palace of Az Zahra. On this 10,000 men were at work for forty years, during the reign of An Násir and his son. When finished, ‘travellers from distant lands, men of all ranks and professions, princes, ambassadors, merchants, pilgrims, theologians, and poets, all agreed that they had

'never seen in the course of their travels anything that could be compared with Az Zahra, and that no imagination, however fertile, could have formed an idea of its beauties.' 'Did this palace now remain to us,' says Mr. Ferguson,\* 'we could afford to despise the Alhambra and all the works of that declining age of Moorish art. Alas! not one stone now remains, and we depend wholly on the Arabian historians; but as they describe the mosque in the same page with the palace, and do not exaggerate nor say one word too much in praise of the former, we cannot refuse credence to their description of the latter.'† But it is difficult from these dry records 'to reconstruct the fairy edifice of which we are told no words could paint the magnificence.' The enumeration of columns, fountains, pavements of choicest marbles brought from Africa, Italy, or Constantinople, does not seem to convey so much as Mr. Ferguson's summary that the boundless wealth of the Caliph was lavished on the decoration, and all the art of Constantinople and Bagdad co-operated with the taste and skill of the Spanish Arabs. But it was not only in the fine arts that the excellence of these Arabs was displayed.

'At a time,' says Mr. Burke with no exaggerated enthusiasm, 'when Christian Europe was steeped in ignorance and barbarism, in superstition and prejudice, every branch of science was studied under the favour and protection of the Ommeyad Caliphs. Medicine, surgery, botany, chemistry, poetry, the arts, philosophy, literature, all flourished at the court and city of Cordova. Agriculture was cultivated with a perfection, both theoretical and practical, which is apparent from the works of contemporary Arab writers.'

The 'silo,' lately introduced into England, was in use among the Arabs; they were excellent gardeners, skilled in forestry; seeds, roots, and cuttings were brought from all parts of the known world, and were acclimatised at Cordova.

'In small things as in great, the Arabs of Cordova stood immeasurably above every other people or any other government in Europe. Yet their influence unhappily was but small. They surpassed, but they did not lead. The very greatness of their superiority rendered their example fruitless. . . . Their political organisation was unadapted to the needs or the aspirations of Western Europe. . . . Their civilisation perished, and left no heirs behind it—and its place knows it no more.'

The total failure under what were very favourable circumstances seems to warrant the dictum of Monsieur Renan that

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\* Handbook of Architecture, p. 456.

† Ibid. p. 455.

‘the weakness of the Arab race lies in its utter want of ‘statesmanlike talent, and in its incapacity for organisation.’ By a chance sufficiently rare in Moslem history, Hakam II., the son and successor of the great Caliph, was an able man, but a student rather than a king. His reign was ‘the ‘golden age of Arab literature in Spain;’ and his most serious employment was the formation of a library in which he accumulated, it is said, 400,000 books, carefully catalogued and worthily lodged. At his death the throne passed to his infant son, but the authority went to the boy’s mother and her favourite, Ibn-Abu-Amir, known as Almanzor the Conqueror. This was a man of respectable family, but poor; a student in the university, earning—it was said—a scanty living by writing letters at the street corners. He then got some employment about the court, and, attracting the notice of the Sultana by his good looks and noble bearing, was, through her, advanced to positions of responsibility and importance. His tact, his ability, his courage won him the confidence and the trust of the Caliph; and on Hakam’s death he succeeded to the supreme power almost without opposition. He made no attempt to dispossess the young Caliph, but in his name took on himself the entire administration, repealed some obnoxious taxes, reformed the organisation of the army, and, to confirm his power, engaged in a war against his Christian neighbour. He himself took the command, whether only in name or not has been doubted, for he had not been trained as a soldier. Later on he was certainly his own general; but, from the first, victory attended his march. He recaptured Barcelona in 984; he compelled the King of Leon to become his tributary; and when three years afterwards the tribute was refused, he overran Leon, destroyed the capital, and compelled the king to take refuge in the mountains of Asturias. Ten years later he again led his army against the northern Christians, and marching through Lusitania into Galicia, took Corunna, utterly destroyed and burnt the great church and city of Santiago of Compostella, and sent the bells to Cordova to be made into lamps for the Mezquita. Five years later the great conqueror, who had subjected the whole Peninsula to his rule, died of disease. ‘The relief of the Christians at his ‘death was unspeakable; and is well expressed in the simple ‘comment of the monkish annalist, “In 1002 died Almanzor, ‘and was buried in Hell.”’

‘In force of character,’ says Mr. Burke, ‘in power of persuasion, in tact, in vigour, in that capacity for command that is only found in

noble natures, Almanzor has no rival among the Regents of Spain. His rise is a romance, his power a marvel, his justice a proverb. He was a brilliant financier; a successful favourite; a liberal patron; a stern disciplinarian; a heaven-born courtier; an accomplished general; and no one of the great commanders of Spain, not Gonsalvo de Aguilar himself, was more uniformly successful in the field than this lawyer's clerk of Cordova.'

In one thing only did he show weakness. He could not afford to have enemies among his own people. He found it necessary to conciliate the theologians and to yield to their demands to have the control of the great library of Hakam.

'The shelves were ransacked for works on astrology and magic, on natural philosophy, and the forbidden sciences, and after an inquisition as formal and as thorough, and probably no more intelligent than that which was conducted by the curate and the barber in the house of Don Quixote, tens of thousands of priceless volumes were publicly committed to the flames.'

But with him the glory of Cordova departed. The Caliph, kept in luxurious and effeminate confinement, was still the nominal ruler, and for the next six years Almanzor's favourite son, Abdul Malik, wielded the supreme power. At his death, in 1008, the government was seized by another son of Almanzor by a Christian mother, whose mixed birth gained for him the mistrust both of the palace and of the people.

'The country became a prey to anarchy. Cordova was sacked. The Caliph was imprisoned; rebellions, poisonings, crucifixions, civil war, bigotry and scepticism, the insolence of wealth, the insolence of power, a Mahdi and a Wahdi, Christian alliance, Berber domination, Slav mutineers, African interference, puppet princes, all these things vexed the Spanish Moslems for thirty disastrous years; while a number of weak but independent sovereignties arose on the ruins of the great Caliphate of the West. . . . On the death of Hisham II., Moslem Spain was divided into a number of petty kingdoms—Malaga, Algeziras, Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Badajoz, Saragossa, the Balearic Islands, Valencia, Murcia, Almeria, and Granada; and each of these cities and kingdoms made unceasing war one upon another. . . . From the death of Hisham, if not from the death of Almanzor, the centre of interest in the history of Spain is shifted from Cordova to Castile.'

The death of Almanzor, indeed, had not only opened the floodgates of anarchy and ruin on the Moslem empire; it had relieved the Christian princes of the north from a weight beneath which they were crushed. In the course of the following century they recovered their lost ground. By 1058 Ferdinand I., King of Castile and of Leon, after twenty

years of civil war, had made himself the most powerful monarch in all Spain, and now waged war against the Moslems, who were unable to offer any effective resistance. He recovered all the territory that had been conquered by Almanzor, and followed the disheartened enemy as far as Valencia, Toledo, and Coimbra. Notwithstanding, however, the happy results apparent from the union of the two kingdoms, he divided them at his death in 1065, leaving Castile to Sancho, his eldest son; to Alfonso, the second, Leon; to a third, Galicia; to one daughter, the district of Toro; to another, the border city of Zamora, 'the most debatable land in all Spain.' The division brought back the usual intrigues, quarrels, and civil wars; but, by dint of surviving all the rest, Alfonso once again united the different fractions of the kingdom, and reigned as sole monarch of Castile and Leon.

It is in the civil war which was waged between the brothers Sancho and Alfonso that we first hear of a young warrior, whose name, or rather appellation, is, to a very great number of even well-informed readers, the alpha and omega of Spanish mediæval history. This was Ruy Diaz of Bivar, who, by challenging and overcoming a noted champion of Navarre, was already known as *El Campeador* (the Challenger), but was afterwards more widely celebrated as the Cid, from the Arabic *Said* (lord). So much legend and myth have gathered round the name and memory of this man that it is worth while, with Mr. Burke, to trace the historical facts. Of the family of Roderic, the son of Diego, nothing is certainly known, though there can be little doubt that it was distinguished. He himself was born at Bivar, near Burgos, probably about the year 1040; for, though the date of his birth has been put as early as 1025, he is spoken of as still a young man in the war with Leon, which began in 1065. Six years later, he was, under Sancho, in command of the Castilian army, which was defeated at Golpejara; but, taking advantage of Alfonso's weakness in trusting to a convention agreed on with his brother, he attacked him the next day when unprepared, overwhelmed him, and took him prisoner. On the death of Sancho in 1073, Alfonso became king of Castile, admitted Roderic to some degree of favour, and entrusted him with the command of an expedition into Andalusia. Afterwards, however, in 1081, he drove him out of the country, partly, it may be, in remembrance of his old treachery, more probably on account of some new intrigue or breach of faith.

The exile took refuge at Saragossa, where a Moslem chief, named Moctadir, had established himself on the break-up of the Caliphate, and now welcomed Roderic as a Said or Cid—a lord or leader of the Arabs.

Moctadir died a few months later, and was succeeded by his son Motamin, in whose service the Cid, marching against the Catalans, defeated them with great slaughter near Lerida, and brought the Count of Barcelona prisoner to Saragossa. The victor was loaded with presents by the grateful Motamin, and invested with an authority in the kingdom subordinate only to that of the king himself. Still in the service of Motamin, he defeated the Christian king of Aragon in 1083, and in 1085 led a victorious army against the Moslems of northern Valencia. The same year Motamin died, 'but the Cid remained in the service of his son and successor, Mostain, fighting against Christian and Moslem as occasion offered, partly for the King of Saragossa, but chiefly for the personal advantage of Ruy Diaz of Bivar. A stranger national hero it is hard to imagine.' It was at this time that Alfonso of Castile and Leon, having previously obtained possession of Valencia, half persuaded, half forced Cadir, the Moslem king of Toledo, to exchange the sovereignty of Toledo for that of Valencia under the protection of Castile.

'Toledo thus became the capital of Christian Spain, and the evicted sovereign, escorted by a large force of Castilian troops, made his sad and solemn entry into Valencia, despised at once by the citizens of Toledo, whom he had abandoned to the Christian sovereign, and by the citizens of Valencia, where his power was maintained by Christian lances.'

The next year, however, Alfonso was obliged by his own needs to recall these lances, and Cadir was left to be 'threatened with immediate expulsion by the citizens of Valencia, supported by Mondhir of Lerida, the uncle of Mostain of Saragossa.' He applied for aid to the Cid, who, on his part, made a formal treaty with Mostain, agreeing that Mostain was to have the city, and he himself the booty. He then sent envoys to Alfonso to assure him that he had at heart nothing but the advantage and the honour of Castile; and so, with a combined force of Saragossa Moslems and Castilian Christians, he appeared before Valencia. Mondhir retired, and the Cid, admitted to the city, levied a heavy tribute on the Valencians, and assured Cadir of his support as long as the money was regularly paid. Mostain, finding that the city was not surrendered to him, entered

into an alliance with his old enemy, the Count of Barcelona, who advanced against Valencia, was driven back by the Cid, and in 1090 was defeated and taken prisoner. He was released only on giving security for a ransom of 80,000 gold pieces. Alfonso, equally with Mostain, indignant at being overreached, seized the Cid's patrimony at Bivar, secured the co-operation of a combined fleet of Pisans and Genoese, and advanced in force against Valencia.

'Ruy Diaz riposted after his fashion. Leaving the Valencians to make good the defence of their own city, he carried fire and sword into Alfonso's peaceful dominions of Najera and Calahorra, destroying all the towns, burning all the crops, slaughtering the Christian inhabitants, and razing the important city of Logroño to the ground. This savagery was completely successful. . . . Alfonso, thus rudely summoned to the north of the Peninsula, abruptly raised the siege of Valencia, and left his Genoese and Pisan allies to make the best of their way back to Italy.'

Alfonso's action, indeed, had but hastened the course of events. The citizens of Valencia rose, murdered Cadir, and shut the gates on the Cid, but were forced to capitulate after a siege conducted with more than usual brutality. 'The Cid then proclaimed himself sovereign of Valencia, independent of either Christian Alfonso or Moorish Mostain; and at Valencia he lived and reigned until the day of his death, five years afterwards, in 1099.' His widow maintained herself in the sovereignty for three years longer, and then retired to Burgos, carrying with her the body of her husband, which was buried in the monastery of Cardena, near Burgos; but in 1842 the bones were moved from Cardena and placed in the Town Hall of Burgos, where they now are.

This, so far as can be ascertained, is the true story of the Cid. About the main facts there is no question, and the divergence on points of detail is unimportant. It must thus appear strange that Spanish sentiment should have selected for a national hero a man who was not unfittingly described by Dr. Döllinger as 'a faithless and cruel freebooter,' who was an unscrupulous soldier of fortune, a traitor to his king and his country, fighting with equal readiness for Christians against Moslems, and for Moslems against Christians, for his native Castile against Leon, and as stoutly for Saragossa against Castile, pledging himself to many—true to none, excepting always to Ruy Diaz de Bivar. That in the course of time, as his true history was forgotten, he should be represented as a bulwark of the Church, the



support of Christendom, the terror of the Mohammedan, was a natural travesty of facts, and that Philip II. should apply to Rome for his canonisation only emphasised the prevailing ignorance. But this travesty of facts grew out of a desire to explain the Cid's position as the national hero of a Catholic people; a position which—rejecting the travesty—is 'one of the enigmas of history.'

So far as any solution is possible, it appears to be a glorification of rebellion or—to put it less crudely—of the assertion of independence. When Roderic administered the oath to Alfonso at Burgos, when he waged war against him, routed his forces, and burned his cities, he appeared, to the popular mind, to be maintaining the rights of the subject against the would-be autocrat.

'It is this rebellious boldness which contributed, no doubt, very largely to endear the Cid to his contemporaries. It is one of the most constant characteristics of his career; one of the features that is portrayed with equal clearness by the chroniclers and the ballad-makers of Spain. For the Cid is essentially a popular hero. His legendary presentment is a kind of poetic protest against arbitrary regal power. The Cid ballads are a psalm of triumphant democracy. The ideal Cid, no doubt, was evolved in the course of the twelfth century; and by the end of the fifteenth century, when the rule of kings and priests had become harder and heavier in Spain, an enslaved people looked back with an envious national pride to the Castilian hero who personified the freedom of bygone days.'

His virtues and his vices were those of the age in which he lived; and the memory of his boldness, his self-reliance, and his keen eye to the main chance, has been preserved to all time, embalmed in the proverb *Mas Moros mas ganancia*—The more Moors, the more booty.

'Admired in his lifetime, as a gallant soldier, an independent chieftain, and an ever-successful general, fearless, dexterous, and strong, his free career became a favourite theme with the *jongleurs* and *troubadours* of the next generation; and from the Cid of history was evolved a Cid of legendary song.'

Contemporary with the Cid was the rise of Aragon as an independent kingdom. On the death, in 1035, of Sancho the Great, King of Navarre, Count of Castile, and Lord of Aragon, his dominions were, as usual, divided among his sons; one of whom, Ferdinand I., as King of Leon and Castile, extended his inheritance far to the south; and another, Ramiro, succeeding to the Lordship of Aragon—a small tract of country on the west side of the little river of the same name, a poor mountainous district of some 24

leagues in length by ten or twelve in breadth—declared himself independent king, and ‘by fortunate forays and ‘bold encroachments on his neighbours, Christian or Moslem, ‘increased both the area and importance of his kingdom.’ Ramiro’s son, Sancho, followed in his footsteps, and before his death, in 1094, had extended his dominions as far as the Ebro. His granddaughter, Petronilla, married Ramon, Count of Catalonia, about 1140; and in their son Alfonso, surnamed the Chaste, the two States of Aragon and Catalonia were united in 1161. After an uneventful, peaceful, and prosperous reign of thirty-five years, Alfonso was succeeded, in 1196, by his son Peter, surnamed the Catholic, on account of his consenting, in 1203, to do homage to the Pope for his kingdom and to pay tribute. The States of his realm, however, formally protested against the submission, and refused to pay the tribute, which, as a matter of fact, was not paid; and Peter himself, in his later years, had no scruple about ignoring the homage and refusing the implied service. After taking part with Alfonso of Castile in the celebrated victory over the Moors at the battle of *Las Navas de Tolosa* he took up arms in support of the Albigenses of Languedoc against Simon de Montfort, and fell in 1213 in the battle of Muret, to be succeeded by his infant son James, afterwards known as *Don Jayme*, or more correctly in Catalan, as Mr. Burke explains, *En Jacme lo Conqueridor*.

Of the troubles of a long minority it is needless to speak. Even as a boy, James showed remarkable ability and force of character; and by 1228, when he was twenty-one, he had reduced his kingdom to order. ‘The most powerful nobles ‘were vanquished; the most turbulent rebels were pacified; ‘the royal authority was at last supreme; and an adventurous ‘and capable king was free to turn his attention to the great ‘work of the destruction of the Moslem by land and by sea;’ and first of all, to the conquest of the Balearic Islands, ‘a ‘nest of Moorish pirates which seriously hampered the ‘growing trade of Barcelona.’

‘The taking of Majorca was not only a brilliant feat of arms and a profitable commercial enterprise; it was an important political event, and tended greatly to confirm the power of the young king and commander. Minorca was soon after (1232) subjugated and occupied by the Aragonese, and the conquest of Iviza in 1235 secured the Catalan merchants from all danger of molestation in the neighbouring seas.’

The conquest of Valencia followed in due course. The war continued for six years, but in 1238 the city of Valencia

surrendered, the Moors marching out with the honours of war. The rest of his reign was occupied with quarrels with his neighbours of Castile, or with schemes for the partition of Aragon among his sons; but when he died in 1274, the kingdom which he had so much enlarged was left undivided to his eldest son, Peter.

'James I. of Aragon,' says Mr. Burke, 'though most irregular in his domestic life, was less cruel to his enemies and far more faithful to his friends than most of his contemporaries and predecessors. Towering, like Saul, a head and shoulders above all his subjects, he was, like the greater son of Jesse, ruddy and of a fair countenance; and he was a king of a thoroughly masculine type. Fiery, cruel, inexorable in warfare, until his enemies were vanquished and submissive, his harshness turned to gentleness as soon as victory had converted his former foes into subjects and vassals; and it was with difficulty that he could be induced in times of peace to sign an ordinary death-warrant. . . . And with all his faults he was anything but a mere *conquistador*. His *Commentari* or *Chronicles of Aragon*, written in the language or dialect of the Catalans, in a style at once simple, vigorous, and picturesque, . . . is a work which honourably distinguishes King James from the rude and uncultivated manslayers who for over five hundred years bore the title of Kings in Christian Spain.'

It was while Don Jayme was thus extending and confirming the kingdom of Aragon that after many changes—many unions and many separations—the kingdoms of Leon and Castile were finally united in the person of Ferdinand, son of Alfonso IX. of Leon and Berengaria, daughter of Alfonso III. of Castile—who, by his victory over the Moors at *las Navas de Tolosa* in 1212, had carried the borders of Castile as far south as the Sierra Morena—and of his queen Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. of England. The marriage of Alfonso of Leon and Berengaria, first cousins, solemnised without a papal dispensation, was annulled, but after a long struggle their son Ferdinand was pronounced legitimate; and when, after the death of her father in 1214 and of her brother in 1217, Berengaria became Queen of Castile, she at once resigned in favour of Ferdinand, then eighteen years of age. Two years later—having defeated and pacified his father, the King of Leon, who, jealous of Ferdinand's honours, had waged war against his own son and his own wife—he married the Princess Beatrice of Suabia, first cousin of the Emperor. In 1230 his father died; and Ferdinand, agreeing to pension his half-sisters, daughters of Alfonso by a second wife, became also King of Leon.

Guided by his mother, who had inherited from her English

grandfather the strength of character and love of justice for which he had been distinguished, the two kingdoms grew together, and Ferdinand, freed from the internecine strife which had for so long drained the strength of both countries, was able to carry on a successful war against the Moslem. In 1236 Cordova surrendered; Murcia was afterwards conquered, and a great part of Andalusia. With all their intelligence so often boasted, the Moors were unable to see that their only hope was in union. The Moslems of Granada concluded an alliance with Ferdinand, and in 1248 sent an army to co-operate with his in the siege of Seville, which, invested by land and blockaded by sea, capitulated in November. After a brilliant and fortunate reign Ferdinand died in 1252, leaving the wide-extended territory which now bore the name of Castile to his son Alfonso X., afterwards known as *El Sabio*—the Learned.

Alfonso was absolutely one of the most learned men of Europe at the time; his studies in chemistry, mathematics, and astronomy, as well as in polite literature, were worthy of a philosopher or an historian, but were little appreciated by the rude nobles of Castile, who knew nothing of science or history, 'had no aspirations beyond the slaughter of 'Moors, no amusements but fighting, no occupation but 'intrigue.'

'The Spanish chivalry, unlike that of every other country in Western Europe, had never joined in the Crusades; they had their own unbelievers close at hand; and thus, while the knights and lords of France and of England, of Italy and of Germany, were ever bringing back to their feudal castles some of the refinement and some of the science and some of the luxury of Oriental civilisation, and recognised at least the greatness of the world beyond the frontiers of their fatherland, the Castilian nobles, as a rule, had never left Spain. They knew nothing of the imperial traditions of Byzantium, of the material glories of Damascus, of the wisdom, of the splendour, and of the greatness of the East. Thus the Castilian knight differed from his fellows in France or England much as a Somersetshire squire in the eighteenth century may have differed from his brother who had fought under Clive at Plassey, or his cousin who had visited half-a-dozen European cities as the envoy of King George.'

Now, indeed, this was about to change. The Moors were driven out of Castile; the Christian knights, weary of unwonted peace, welcomed the minstrels and ballad singers; they became familiar with the glories of Cordova and of Seville, and, though slowly, realised that there were other things to live for than fighting and murder. And the first,

the quickest, among them to act on the knowledge was their king, Alfonso X. It may be that he derived much of the sense of the importance of learning from his German mother, and of civilisation from the family traditions descended from his great-grandmother, strengthened by the marriage, in 1254, of his sister Eleanor to Prince Edward of England, afterwards Edward I.; but the fact remains that he

'was not only a lover of letters and a lover of science, but was himself an accomplished mathematician, an astronomer, a poet, a musician, and a linguist. He was the author of the first history, and possibly the first prose composition, in that noble language, which grew into greatness under his master hand, and he was the compiler of a national code of laws which forms the basis of the common law of Spain, and is still quoted with respect before the tribunal of two worlds.'

Literary, philosophical, and scientific studies, however, are not the true work of kings; we have seen in our own time how devotion to them led to the dethronement of an amiable and upright emperor; and, notwithstanding his learning, Alfonso was neither a fortunate sovereign nor a successful statesman. Ambitious he was and—claiming the Duchy of Suabia in right of his mother—he aspired to the imperial crown. His aspiration was fruitless, and the history of his reign in Spain records little of importance beyond petty risings of tributary Moors, and still more troublesome revolts of his Spanish subjects under the leadership of his own son, the unworthy Sancho, who succeeded to the throne on Alfonso's death in 1284. Meanwhile the throne of Aragon was occupied by the son of James the Conqueror, Peter III., surnamed the Great, who succeeded his father in 1276. Mr. Burke aptly contrasts the political condition of Aragon and Castile at this time: --

'In Aragon,' he says, 'there were no more Moors to conquer, and the fighting men of Aragon were compelled to turn their eyes and their arms abroad to Sicily, Naples, Rome, and even Constantinople, while the ecclesiastics sought to combat rather the heretic than the infidel, and the lawyers of every degree had leisure to criticise the constitutional shortcomings of their kings. Thus, throughout the whole of the fourteenth century, while Castile was the land of civil war and domestic intrigue, Aragon was the country of foreign adventure and constitutional purism. The Kings of Castile had the virtues and the vices of the warrior; the Kings of Aragon those of the politician.'

The reign of Peter III. was, however, mainly distinguished by successes beyond the sea. In 1260 he had married Constance, daughter of Manfred, King of Sicily,

who fell in the battle of Benevento, in 1266, when Charles of Anjou seized on his kingdom. In 1282 the people of Sicily rose in wild fury against their foreign oppressors, slew a very great number of them, though we need not believe in the recorded 28,000; and when Charles, having collected a fleet and an army, hastened to take vengeance on the insurgents, he was manfully withstood by Messina. Petitions for assistance were sent to Peter of Aragon, the representative of Manfred, in right of his wife; and Peter—who had been for some time secretly preparing a fleet—appeared off the coast of Sicily in September. Messina was relieved, Charles fled into Calabria, the French fleet was destroyed by the Catalan, under the command of Roger Loria, and Peter was proclaimed king. After a short campaign in Calabria, Charles was obliged to return to France; and Loria prevented any return by successively destroying the papal fleet in 1283, and a more powerful French fleet in Naples Bay in 1284. The Pope had already excommunicated Peter, and now proclaimed a crusade against Aragon, with a definite donation of the country to the younger son of Philip the Bold of France. Philip felt no difficulty about accepting the gift, and in May 1285 led an army of 100,000 men into Spanish Roussillon. Destruction, fire, and massacre marked his progress; but Girona held out stoutly, and when the French communications were cut by Loria, who brought a strong squadron from Sicily and destroyed the French fleet in the Bay of Rosas, famine completed the work which sickness had begun. Girona, indeed, surrendered, but the besiegers were unable to profit by their conquest; great numbers of them perished, and the miserable remnant, with Philip and his sons at their head, fled in confusion across the Pyrenees.

The exigencies of space have compelled Mr. Burke to pass lightly over this war, known to English readers only in name, and he has treated of it mainly as illustrating papal arrogance and usurpation; but, studied in detail, it is still more interesting as an exposition of what Captain Mahan has well called ‘the influence of sea power.’ It was their superiority at sea which enabled the Aragonese to drive the French out of Sicily, to prevent their return to it; and, still more markedly, to repel the formidable invasion of the French King supported by the spiritual power.

But the year 1285 was curiously fatal to all the beligerents. Charles of Anjou died in January, and the Pope, Martin IV., in March; Philip the Bold, in October, fell a

victim to the fever which made such havoc in his army; and the victorious King of Aragon died in November. His son, less fortunate, relinquished his claim to Sicily to the French, accepting in return the sovereignty of Corsica and Sardinia, which belonged neither to the French King nor to the Pope, and which, eventually, he had to win against a prolonged resistance. Sicily, on the other hand, refused to be ceded to France; elected Fadrique, a younger son of Peter III., to be their king; maintained their election by force of arms, and, with the exception of two short intervals, closely followed the fortunes of Aragon till the outbreak of the French Revolution and the Spanish declaration of war with England in 1796.

While Aragon, under capable and politic kings, with a free constitution, was extending its territory beyond the seas, and pushing its commerce to the furthest parts of the known world, Castile, under vicious, imbecile, or infant sovereigns, was a prey to anarchy and confusion, which, towards the end of the thirteenth century, led to the formation of bands of free citizens, under the name of the *Hermanidad* or Brotherhood. These were pledged to defend their rights, their property, and their lives from the depredations of the nobles and their followers. Called into being by the existing anarchy, they bore, in many respects, a close resemblance to the Vigilance Committees which, some forty or fifty years ago, sprang out of a similar state of disorder in California. The association of thirty-four towns or cities rapidly extended itself, till within twenty years it included a hundred.

‘Its affairs,’ says Mr. Burke, ‘were conducted by deputies, who not only maintained the rights and liberties of the members of the brotherhood, but actually promulgated laws, which they transmitted to the king himself. An armed force made their decrees respected. Disobedience was visited with death. If a noble deprived an *Hermano* of his property, his house was razed to the ground, and his movables confiscated to the *Hermanidad*. If the king’s tax-gatherer demanded an unlawful impost, he was slain. But the brotherhoods, though vigorous, were never tyrannical. They were obviously unconstitutional, but they were necessary, and they were universally respected.’

Alfonso XI., who, while still a mere infant, succeeded to the throne in 1312, was able, when he came to man’s estate, to reduce his kingdom to something like order, availing himself of the assistance of the various factions to subdue, one by one, the leading disturbers of the peace. ‘Surnamed ‘as he was *El Justiciero*, or the doer of justice, the king was

‘not, perhaps, very much juster than his neighbours, but he bore not the sword in vain, and rebels and enemies were at least satisfactorily executed, whatever may have been the imperfections of their trial.’ But even illegal and tyrannical severity was better than the imbecility which had torn the kingdom to shreds, and by enforcing some degree of unity permitted Alfonso to seek a vent for the turbulent passions of his subjects in a war against the Moors, whom he defeated in a great battle fought near Tarifa, on October 28, 1340. The fame of the victory spread through Europe, great numbers of errant knights, in quest of earthly glory or heavenly grace, flocked to his standard; but it was not till 1342 that he was able to lay siege to Algeziras, which did not surrender till two years later. Among the many foreigners of distinction who are named by the Spanish chroniclers as having taken part in this siege were the English Earls of Derby and Salisbury, who were, in fact, joint ambassadors to Castile in 1343, and in their attendance on the king were necessarily in the camp before Algeziras. A truce followed; but in 1350 the war was renewed, and Alfonso was preparing to lay siege to Gibraltar, when he died of the plague, leaving the crown to his only legitimate son Peter, then seventeen, who, ‘combining the worst qualities of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather,’ won for himself, almost before he became a man, the distinctive title of ‘the Cruel.’

We have no occasion to speak in detail of the sickening horrors of this monster’s reign, of his murders and infamies. Every Englishman knows how, when driven out of his kingdom by a popular rising in favour of his illegitimate half-brother, Henry of Trastamara, supported by a large force of free companies from France under the command of Bertrand du Guesclin, he fled to Bordeaux, and succeeded in persuading the Black Prince to undertake his restoration; and how, when the enemy was defeated, the Black Prince found himself left destitute, without the money or provisions which Peter had solemnly pledged himself to supply. It was said that he attempted to rid himself of his ally, no longer useful, and of his creditor, become inconvenient, by a dose of poison, from the effects of which the Prince never recovered. Peter’s character renders the charge far from improbable; but the recorded symptoms of the Black Prince’s illness do not lend it any support, and it may be that of this particular villany Peter was guiltless. He was shortly



afterwards put to death by his brother Henry, only one degree less bloodthirsty than Peter himself.

In 1372 John of Gaunt married Peter's elder daughter, Constance, and preferred a claim to the crown of Castile, to which Henry, who had already seized on it, responded by sending forth the navy of Castile to crush the English fleet under the Earl of Pembroke, off Rochelle, on June 23, a defeat which, more distinctly than any other one event, led to the overthrow of the English rule in Guienne. When Henry of Trastamara died in 1379, John of Gaunt revived his claim to the throne, and in 1381 an English expedition was sent out to the assistance of Portugal, then claimed by John I. of Castile, the successor of Henry. By the victory of Aljuzarotta, in August 1385, Portugal established her independence under the sovereignty of John of Avis, who was joined in the summer of 1387 by the Duke of Lancaster with an English army 20,000 strong. The King of Portugal now married Philippa, the duke's daughter by his first wife, Blanche of Lancaster; but, after an unsuccessful campaign, it was judged advisable to treat. It was agreed that Henry, the son of John of Castile, should marry Catherine, the daughter of John of Gaunt by his second wife, Constance, who was to resign her claim to the throne in favour of her daughter. On his father's death Henry succeeded to the throne by the combined right of his own birth and his wife's.

His son John, who succeeded in 1407, afterwards married Isabella—the granddaughter of John of Avis, King of Portugal, and his wife Philippa—and had three children, one of whom, Alfonso, died young, not improbably poisoned as the nominal leader of a rebellion against his brother. The other two, lineally descended on both sides from John of Gaunt and Edward III., were of curiously different characters. The elder, a boy feeble in mind and body, the slave of unworthy favourites, who, whilst King of Castile, as Henry IV., restored the reign of anarchy, rapine, and murder in more than its former virulence; the younger, a daughter Isabella, who was destined to have a principal share in raising the kingdom of Castile to a dominant position in Europe. During her brother's reign Isabella's hand was naturally the focus of many intrigues, the more so as it appeared unlikely that the king would have issue. Under peculiarly shameful conditions he had divorced his first wife, Blanche of Navarre, and his second, Joanna of Portugal, was generally recognised as the mistress of her

husband's favourite, Beltran de la Cueva, so much so that the confederate nobles of Castile refused to accept her daughter, Joanna, as heir to the crown, and by common consent stigmatised her as La Beltraneja. Isabella had, however, declared her resolve to marry her cousin Ferdinand, the heir to the crown of Aragon, and, notwithstanding the pressure put on her by her brother, carried it out in 1469. She was then just nineteen.

Ferdinand of Aragon was a year younger than his bride. 'Tall and well-proportioned, with a fair complexion, a bright eye, and a persuasive tongue, inured to fatigue, and already skilled in every military exercise, he had all the vivacious intelligence and bold activity of his mother, with much of the astuteness and determination of his father.' That as he grew older he should develop cunning, greed, selfishness, cruelty, was a matter of course, if there is any truth in the doctrine of hereditary transmission of character. Few of the early kings of Christian Spain were examples of the Christian virtues; lying, greed, robbery, and murder were habitual to most of them, and John of Aragon was not one of the exceptions, though distinguished above all others by the keen intellect and the unscrupulous selfishness which directed his crimes. That on the death of his first wife, Blanche of Navarre, he should dispute the inheritance of his and her eldest son was a matter of course; that, finding this son's existence troublesome, he should have it put an end to was a familiar expedient; but the deliberate murder of his daughter Blanche, the divorced wife of the King of Castile, exceeded the bounds of even Spanish mediæval usage. It is thus that Mr. Burke describes it:—

'By one of the articles of a treaty of peace and amity between France and Aragon, which was signed at Olite, in April 1462, it was provided that the Princess Blanche was to be handed over by her father to the tender mercies of her younger sister Eleanor, and her brother-in-law, Gaston de Foix. Banishment in such a case was but a diplomatic preliminary to execution. From the Convent of Roncesvalles, on her way from her beloved Navarre to the place appointed for her murder, the unhappy queen wrote a letter to Henry IV. of Castile, who had once been her husband, ceding to him all her rights over Navarre, and appealing to him, in the most touching language, to interfere, at least, for the protection of her life. But the wretched Henry, worthless in every walk of life, remained unmoved, or, as usual, impotent. And Blanche, after a brief captivity, was poisoned at the Castle of Orthez, as had been arranged between her father, her sister, and Louis XI. of France.'

Each of the three, of course, had an eye to the crown of

Navarre. By hereditary right it passed to Eleanor; and her husband, Gaston de Foix, encouraged by Louis XI., endeavoured to seize it. This was not at all what John had intended, and gave rise to a war between him and his son-in-law, which lasted for nine years, and was only ended by a compromise that John should be titular king, and that Gaston and his wife should act as his viceroys. Gaston died in 1472; and on John's death, in 1479, Eleanor became Queen of Navarre. Her reign was but short; and her grandson, who succeeded her, died soon afterwards. His sister Catherine then became queen, and married Jean d'Albret, a French seigneur, whose estates marched with her kingdom. Thirty years later, her grand-uncle Ferdinand, then King of Aragon and Regent of Castile, wrested from her all of her territory which lay to the south of the Pyrenees, and annexed it to Spain. It was her granddaughter, Jeanne d'Albret, who, by her marriage with Anthony of Bourbon, was the mother of that Henry of Navarre who finally united what was left of his little kingdom—the part north of the Pyrenees—to the crown of France, and reigned over the two as Henry IV.

It will now be clear that it was strictly in accordance with the family traditions that when Henry IV. of Castile died, in November 1474, Ferdinand, who, after his wife, was next in succession to the throne, should endeavour to put Isabella's claims on one side, and to have himself declared king in his own right. To this Isabella demurred; and, after examination of precedents, it was formally pronounced that a female could undoubtedly inherit the crown of Castile. A compromise was then come to. Many of the prerogatives of the sovereign were shared with Ferdinand; the administration of justice, proclamations, and charters were to run in their joint names; coins were to bear the heads of both; the arms of Aragon were to be impaled with those of Castile on the royal seal; but all municipal and ecclesiastical appointments rested with the queen, and the governors of fortified towns paid homage to her alone. This delimitation of their respective powers, though it did not entirely satisfy Ferdinand, was accepted by him, and seems, in the end, to have led to harmonious action. That Isabella's tact had much to do with the settlement of the dispute is clear; but, in addition to tact, she had a large fund of unyielding determination, and the same strength of will which had enabled her to resist her brother enabled her also to resist her husband. Eventually, as Ferdinand realised her strength, the two

'kings'—*los reyes católicos*—were probably the better friends and firmer allies from the knowledge that they were two, acting together for one end, rather than one, ruling and virtually suppressing the other.

But the character of Isabella has been much under-estimated. It has been supposed that, because she was beautiful, graceful, and gentle, though dignified, she was necessarily a timid girl, thinking only of the precepts of religion and the practice of good works. So far from this being the case, a stronger will, a firmer resolve was never planted in woman's breast. She determined that her country should be peaceful at home and powerful abroad; she determined to extirpate anarchy and heresy; her husband—as strong as herself, and, if less honest, more crafty, and perhaps more practical—agreed with her; together they succeeded in their aims, and if not always by methods that win the approval of nineteenth century morality, we should, at least, remember that exception might often be taken to the methods of 'good Queen 'Bess' a hundred years later. But the first and crying evil was the anarchy which had grown up under the weak and impotent rule of Isabella's father and brother.

'To the turbulent aristocracy of ancient Castile that fought and plundered in the time of John, his wretched successor,' says Mr. Burke, 'by a profligate abuse of his sovereignty, had added an upstart nobility, with all the vices, and none of the virtues, of the older race of grandees; and the nobles of every degree and condition, with rare and remarkable exceptions, agreed only in oppressing the people and defying the authority of the Crown. The great military and religious orders were the resort of worthless bravos, and their vast estates were but an object of plunder to contending Grand Masters, while the knights were content to keep out of the way of their Moslem enemies, and to occupy themselves only in the robbery and plunder of their Christian neighbours. The secular clergy was grossly ignorant; the regular clergy was scandalously immoral. The Court had long been an example of all that was contemptible in vice and all that was shameless in depravity.'

Under a pure and womanly queen the Court was now cleansed, and throughout the country private war, rapine, and crime were suppressed with a relentless purpose that had nothing feminine about it. At this critical time the queen supported herself by an appeal to the people. The Cortes readily consented to her scheme for the recognition and reorganisation of the existing police, now to be known as the *Santa Hermandad*—the Holy Brotherhood. It was to consist of 'two thousand horsemen, with an appropriate 'number of archers on foot.'

‘Nothing was spared to give authority to the new institution. Don Alfonso of Aragon, the king's brother, was entrusted with the chief command of the constabulary. A supreme *Junta*, composed of deputies from every province in Castile, judged without appeal such questions or causes as were submitted to it by the local *Alcades*. The *Santa Hermandad*, consisting thus at once of a constabulary and a judiciary, combined the functions of catchpole, judge, and executive. Highway robbery and assaults, housebreaking, rape, and, above all, resistance to authority were the crimes more especially submitted to its authority; but it is probable that any local evil-doer would have found its powers abundantly sufficient for the disposal of his particular case. A plea in bar of its jurisdiction would doubtless have been treated as resistance to authority, and would have been disposed of by the amputation of a leg or an arm, if not by the more convincing argument of a brace of arrows. . . . Two *alcades* were established in every village. The officers of the Brotherhood were posted in every hamlet. The proceedings of these local tribunals was summary. Their decisions were final. Their punishments were tremendous. It was not surprising that this *Santa Hermandad* should have been by no means popular with the classes whose violence it restrained; and a great number of prelates and grandees met at Cabena early in 1480 to protest against so unconstitutional a force.’

To this protest Isabella returned a haughty answer, and proceeded to establish the Brotherhood upon a more permanent footing. She was, above all, says Mr. Burke, ‘an aristocrat.’

‘Gracious and gentle in her manner, she brooked no opposition from prince or peer; and she soon made it known and felt throughout Spain that, although she was the daughter of John II. and the sister of Henry IV., her will was law in Castile. Beautiful, virtuous, discreet, with that highest expression of proud dignity that is seen in a peculiar simplicity of manner, with a hard heart and a fair countenance, an inflexible will and a mild manner—something of a formalist, more of a bigot—Isabella united much that was characteristic of old Castile with not a little that was characteristic of new Spain.’

Mr. Burke rightly lays stress on the personal influence of Isabella:—

‘An accomplished horsewoman, a tireless traveller, indefatigable in her attention to business of State, the Queen with her court moved about from place to place, swift to punish crime and to encourage virtue, boldly composing the differences and compelling the submission of rival nobles, frowning upon the laxity of the clergy, denouncing the heresy of the people, and laying a heavy hand upon enemies of every degree and evil-doers of every class. In Andalusia the unaccustomed and unexpected presence of the sovereigns was everywhere productive of peace and order. Even in the remotest districts of Galicia the royal power was felt. Over fifty fortresses, the strong-

holds of knightly robbers, were razed to the ground, and fifteen hundred noble highwaymen were forced to fly the kingdom.'

These measures, all important as they were, only laid the foundation of further reforms. It was necessary, not only to check the depredations of the nobles, but to curtail their power, to crush their rebellious instincts.

'The weakness, the favouritism, and the unbridled license of the last three reigns had rendered most of the grandees of the kingdom at once impatient of authority and unfit for power. The time for reform had arrived. And the reforms of Isabella were radical, drastic, complete, without any of the cruelty of Peter, without any of the prodigality of his brother of Trastamara. The young queen, by her firmness, her justice, and her uncompromising severity, gradually converted the most turbulent aristocracy in Europe into that magnificent, if somewhat submissive, band of nobles, whose loyalty, whose chivalry, and whose devotion to their beautiful sovereign made them, at the close of the fifteenth century, the admiration and the model of Christian Europe.'

This, however, was a work of time, but a first step towards it was enacted by the Cortes, which met at Toledo in 1480. The acts and resolutions of this assembly are among the most celebrated in the constitutional history of Spain, and one of its earliest was what was virtually an Act of Resumption. The Cortes was practically at this time a popular assembly; the nobles were rarely summoned to it; but on this occasion, when the question of the forfeiture or resumption of grants was to be considered, they were invited to attend, and were persuaded or constrained to give their sanction to an Act

'resuming the extravagant grants and pensions that had been lavished upon many of the great nobles during the last unhappy reign. . . . The simple rule was adopted that pensions or estates granted without good consideration were absolutely forfeited to the Crown; and that grants on account of services performed were to be reduced to an amount commensurate, in the opinion of the Queen's Confessor, with the value of the services actually rendered.'

The value of the grants thus resumed was enormous. When Isabella succeeded to the throne in 1474, the revenue was less than 10,000*l*. By 1482 it had increased to about 125,000*l*.; and in 1504 the actual receipts of the Exchequer were more than 400,000*l*.

'Within a dozen years from the Queen's accession, a debased currency had been replaced by sterling money; private mints had been abolished; trade had been delivered from many oppressive burdens; roads and bridges were constructed and repaired; tolls and

taxes were, as far as possible, repealed ; industry and commerce had alike revived ; agriculture had needed but a decade of peace to be prosecuted once again with marked success. The towns recovered even more than their former glory. Manufactures sprang up on every side ; Spanish wool regained its old reputation in the markets of Europe, and especially in England ; the breed of horses was improved ; the armour of Segovia, the fine steel of Toledo, the woollen stuffs of Cuenca, the silver-work of Valladolid, were sent throughout Europe by the merchants of Barcelona ; and before the end of the century, the silks of Granada had become one of the exports of triumphant Spain.'

Among the many reforms and measures which Isabella, with the concurrence of her husband, introduced, there was one which, in popular opinion, lies very heavy on her memory—the establishment of the Inquisition. Mr. Burke shows, conclusively enough, that the responsibility of it rests entirely with *los reyes* ; that throughout the Middle Ages the Spaniards were distinguished above all the people of Europe for religious independence and religious toleration. Jealousy of foreigners was a marked feature of Spanish character ; the Moors were hated as intruders rather than as infidels. 'For long years of Spanish history, the interference of an Italian priest would have been nearly as much resented as that of a Moslem warrior, whose assistance might possibly have been welcome in a foray upon some Christian potentate ;' and we have seen how, as a matter of fact, Spanish Christians and Moslems did join hands in Roncesvalles to crush a Christian invader from the other side of the Pyrenees. That Isabella's manner of thinking on many points, political or economical as well as religious, was not that of the nineteenth century, is abundantly clear. She considered, and her advisers considered, that the best thing to do with a highwayman or a housebreaker was to shoot him on the spot ; and the immediate result proved that the remedy suited the existing conditions. She believed also that the toleration of Judaism or of Judaized Christianity was an offence to her religion, a danger to the State, and she took stringent measures to have the foul blot removed.

We are in no way called on to defend either the Inquisition or its procedure. From our point of view and as far as we understand it, this latter was detestable ; but as to the institution itself, there is little doubt that it was frequently, if not habitually, a political or civil as much as a religious court of inquiry. In point of fact, however, we know very little about it. We had hoped to find in Mr. Burke's pages some satisfactory evidence, one way or the other. We have

been disappointed. He repeats, indeed, the customary allegations, but offers no better authority than that of Llorente, on which he lays great stress. We, on the contrary, refuse to accept Llorente's testimony without direct corroboration. A renegade priest, the servant of a foreign usurper, who divided his time between translating indecent novels and—under the guise of history—piling up tales of infamy and horror on the name of the institution from which he had been expelled, is not, of himself, worthy of credit. But under the influence of very strong feelings Mr. Burke's judgement loses its customary balance. He cites Llorente as his authority for the statement that between January and October, 1481, 'three hundred New Christians perished by fire in the city of Seville alone, while within the narrow limits of the ecclesiastical province, over two thousand innocent persons suffered death at the stake as heretics.' Now Llorente does not say 'innocent persons,' but 'judaizantes,' which is not quite the same thing; and with an impudence peculiar to a renegade, he gives as his authority 'Mariana, "*Historia de España*," lib. 24, c. 17,' where no such statement is to be found. On the other hand, it is asserted by writers of unquestioned honour, that 'the thousands of victims whose suffering and deaths are recorded by Llorente are mere chimeras, stupendous absurdities.' 'If so,' says Mr. Burke, 'then, indeed, is Llorente a liar.'

We find no difficulty in accepting the conclusion, even though we do not believe that the stories of suffering and of death are altogether chimerical or absurd; though we believe, on the contrary, that there is in them a real and painful substratum of truth, enormously exaggerated by ignorant, foolish, or designing men. But a court which shrouds itself in mystery and secrecy and terror invites such exaggeration or misrepresentation. Added to this, the difference of time, of customs, of feeling is very commonly lost sight of. The mere idea of death by burning is now so horrible that only by a violent effort can we remember that in the Middle Ages it was considered the most merciful form of capital punishment, and on that account was specially ordered for female culprits. The rack, too, as a means of extorting evidence from an unwilling witness, has been so long disused that people are very apt to forget that it was once as common and as commonly applied as, in our own time, the venomous tongue of an unscrupulous barrister; and to imagine that it and its kindred abominations were



peculiar to the Inquisition, of which sensational descriptions are not rare. It is well, therefore, that we should be reminded that, in England, heretics were put to death by fire as late as the reign of James I.; that executions for witchcraft were frequent during the seventeenth century, and were not unknown in the first half of the eighteenth century; and that—legal or not—the use of judicial torture was common under Elizabeth, and occasional even under Charles I.

It is, however, quite certain that under the corrupt influence of Ferdinand, the son of John II., King of Aragon, the Inquisition was often used as an instrument for stripping some poor wretch whose chief if not sole crime was the possession of wealth. Even in theory it was a powerful financial agent; in practice it was much more so, and as such was maintained by Ferdinand and his successors, often in direct contravention of positive orders from Rome. It seems to have escaped Mr. Burke, as it has others who have looked on it as purely a religious institution, that if so, it would have been immediately subject to the authority and the control of the Pope. That it was not is a corroborative proof that it was largely a civil and, for baser purposes, a fiscal court. In any case, however, its establishment must be conceived as part of the queen's determination to weld her whole kingdom into one, and as a powerful factor of her success. That it afterwards became an intolerable abuse is as true of our own court of the Star Chamber, and is scarcely an argument of much weight against the sovereign who conquered Granada from the Moors, conquered Naples from the French, and left behind her a kingdom which, in the course of the next hundred years, included within its bounds the whole Peninsula south of the Pyrenees, the greater part of Italy and the Low Countries, and was mistress of the rich trade of Mexico, Peru, and the gorgeous East.

We would fain dwell on the glories of the later years of Isabella's reign—the capture of Granada, the celebrated campaigns of the Great Captain in the south of Italy, the discovery of America, the apportioning of the world yet unknown between Spain and Portugal, the two kingdoms of the Peninsula. But the story, though fascinating, is comparatively familiar, and it is of more importance to speak of Isabella's children as those intended to carry on the work which she had begun. Of these children there were five, one son and four daughters. John, the son, born in 1478,

married, in April 1497, Margaret, the one daughter of the Emperor Maximilian by Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, and, in her own right, Duchess of Burgundy. He is described as a youth of great promise, amiable, intelligent, highly cultivated. Destined apparently to fill a proud position among the monarchs of Europe, his death a few months after his marriage was unquestionably a severe blow to the fortunes of Spain. His elder sister Isabella, born in 1470, was married first to Alfonso, the heir to the crown of Portugal, and afterwards, in 1497, to Emmanuel, the King of Portugal. By her brother's death, she became heiress to the united crowns of Castile and Aragon. On August 23, 1498, she died in giving birth to a son, who had, apparently, the high destiny of uniting the whole Peninsula under one sovereign. He died, however, when only two years old. Maria, the third daughter, afterwards married her sister's husband, Emmanuel. Of Catherine, the youngest, the sad story is familiar to all Englishmen.

The still sadder story of Joanna, the second daughter, is more closely connected with the history of Spain. In the end of 1496 she was married at Lille to Philip, the Emperor's son and brother of the Margaret whose marriage with the Prince of Asturias was arranged by the same treaty. It seemed a union likely to bring her and her eldest son to great power, and still more so on the successive deaths of her brother and elder sister. In 1500 she gave birth to a son, who was named Charles, after his great-grandfather, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; but on her visit to Spain in the company of her husband, two years later, both her father and mother seem to have conceived a bitter hatred of Philip, which passed also to his wife, their own daughter. It is well known that, after Isabella's death in 1504, Joanna was declared insane, incapable of reigning; and that after her husband's death in 1506, she was kept for three years a prisoner at large, and then, in 1509, secluded in the fortress of Tordesillas, where she remained till her death in 1555. Mr. Burke, minutely examining the details of her history, comes to the conclusion that, though probably passionate and hysterical, Joanna was not insane; that the story was a plot devised by her mother—possibly out of fear lest the kingdom so laboriously built up might fall to pieces in her feeble grasp; and by her father—certainly in the design to keep the kingdom himself. This is essentially the same conclusion that was arrived at nearly thirty years ago by Bergenroth, and seems now established.

'Expediency,' says Mr. Burke, 'is, no doubt, always attractive and may even find a justification in certain phases of political life; and it may not unnaturally have seemed as unwise as it would have been distasteful to Ferdinand . . . to retire to Saragossa and hand over Castile . . . to the uncertain if legitimate government of his weak and wayward daughter. Religion, patriotism, policy, every good and noble feeling that might be found in the king's nature, must have combined to lend colour to the self-satisfying suggestion that it would have been not only foolish but wicked for him to neglect his great opportunities. That he should have been troubled by any consideration of abstract moral rectitude was assuredly not to be expected by friends or foes. That he should have poisoned his son-in-law, as he may have done, and imprisoned his daughter, as he certainly did, in order that he himself might reign in Castile as well as in Aragon, must have seemed but a small matter to a son of John II., though it may strike the inconsiderate reader as a somewhat exaggerated display of what may be called mediæval opportunism.'

We have followed Mr. Burke's interesting volumes mainly as a guide to the political history of the country, with a view to trace the growth of Spain, from very small beginnings, into a mighty kingdom. But Mr. Burke has set forth much besides this. He has passed in review the history of Spanish literature, music, art, architecture, and much more, which our space permits us only thus briefly to refer to. It is all most interesting; it is all admirably told.

The foregoing remarks were in the hands of the printers when we received the melancholy intelligence of the death of the accomplished author of the work before us, at the early age of 49, when he was on his way to fill an important position in Peru, and had just completed his most successful and important literary work. We borrow from our contemporary, the '*Athenæum*,' the following graceful tribute to his memory:—'Mr. R. Ulick Burke was born in 1845, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1867, and called to the bar in 1870. A tour in Spain led him on his return to bring out a charming little volume containing an annotated collection of Spanish proverbs. He went to India in 1873, and practised as a barrister at the High Court of the North-West Provinces till 1878. While there he had put together a short biography of Gonzalo de Córdoba for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. From 1885 to 1889 he practised his profession at the bar of Cyprus. After that he acted as Clerk of the Peace for the County of Dublin. Last year he brought out a "*Life of Benito Juarez*," and a short while back his "*History of Spain*," on which he had been at work for the last four years. He was a most amiable man and agreeable companion, had travelled widely and read largely, and possessed a great variety of information.' His death is a deplorable loss, not only to his numerous friends, but to English literature.

**ART. II.**—*The Annandale Family Book of the Johnstones, Earls and Marquises of Annandale.* By Sir WILLIAM FRASER, K.C.B. and LL.D. 2 vols. 4to. Privately printed. Edinburgh: 1894.

THE Highlands of Scotland do not possess a monopoly of romantic sites, of brawling rivers, of purple moorlands, or of historic castles. The 'Water of Tweed,' the 'Braes of Yarrow,' 'Tintock Top,' 'Flodden Field,' 'Tantallon Castle,' and 'St. Mary's Loch,' are all names to conjure with, and familiar—we had almost said sacred—to the whole English-speaking race. In the same way it would be an error to imagine that the Highland clans and their chieftains had a monopoly of feuds and forays, *spulzies* and violence. The Border clans were during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries as ferocious in their pugnacity as if they had been Highland kerns and gillies, and their histories leave, in the matter of battles, murders, and sudden deaths, little or nothing to be desired.

The Lowland houses were of vast importance. Often consanguineous with royalty, and as often as not a standing menace to the Crown, the sayings and doings of the men who wrote themselves Arran, Angus, Lindsay, Douglas, Johnstone, Maxwell, and Hamilton acquired a wider than local celebrity and influence, and as such they stand out from the rougher Highlanders who were leaders of men and lifters of cattle. Nor was their warfare always internecine. The great Border lords, lieutenants, and wardens of the Marches had English antagonists, foemen worthy of their steel, knights like Hotspur, like 'the bold Heron,' and like the 'keen Lord Scroope,' than whom 'better captains in Christentie were 'not.' Then besides such servants of the king we have the outlaws, with 'the world's room' before them where to choose; and brave ladies ever ready to 'stand on the castle 'wa';' and gipsies with their charms, and sportsmen with 'gude bend bows,' and 'gude grey dogs,' whose hunting is now all done, though it once caused generations unborn to rue the bloodshed that it provoked. We have, in short, all the *dramatis personæ* of the ballads of that rude, pathetic world of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which our boyhood delighted.

To the democracy of the present day it may seem absurd for us to devote time and care to bundles of old family papers. What, it may be asked, is the meaning of this consideration for the memoirs of fierce and unscrupulous

chiefs? 'Erano tutte cattive gente,' as Mrs. Norton's daughter-in-law said when she learned a lesson of early history. Those men lacked, as King James remarked, little 'that a king should have,' and no doubt it was their immunity from fears that rendered them so inconsiderate of the rights of others, while in all their 'jealous intercourse' but small consciousness of good could be observed. Yet when they stand arraigned at the bar of that world's story which Schiller tells us is also the world's judgement hall, the historian finds something to plead in their behalf. Warlike as were their habits, and selfish as may have been their tribal and their personal aims, those great families preserved the nationality of Scotland. It was not only that to the English crossbow-men they opposed a bold front, or that they often surged up to Carlisle's walls. In time of peace, as well as in time of war and tumult, they managed to withstand powers mightier than any at the command of Scotland and of Scottish kings. England was already leavened through by two of these powers: by the feudal system, and by its great congener, the Catholic hierarchy. They had combined to alter the face of England, and it could not be said of their influence that it was profoundly national. The head of the one system was the old Roman Empire, the spiritual head of the other was the heir of St. Peter; and the two systems when combined made up an inimitable and a most formidable organisation. They were civilising agents, and their existence rendered it possible for Norman kings to be at once English sovereigns and princes in Aquitaine; but they certainly did constitute a serious danger to nationality, and had not a strong reaction against them prevailed, they would, by the middle of the seventeenth century, have conduced to the famous *régime* of 'Popery and wooden shoes' which the English dreaded.

That the double system never became so powerful in Scotland as it did in the southern kingdom was owing to the great Celtic houses. To the Celtic mind the feudal system was absolutely antipathetic. Its tendencies were all tribal; the Celts were patriarchal in their loyalty, they overtly sneered at 'sheepskin titles,' while they preferred to any royal 'charter' the good old plan 'that he should take who has the power, and he should keep who can.' Profoundly lawless may have been such a theory, and very masterful was their practice, yet it is certain that the Norman tyranny, opposed by the Border lords when it

sought to cross the Tweed, would have spread easily in Scotland but for the elements which compelled feudality to work but slowly in the northern kingdom. The animosity against the English of Alnwick, Durham, Bamborough, and Carlisle was not confined to the borderers: it animated all the motley tribes which peopled Scotland. We call them motley, because the Danes of the four most northern counties had no more in common with the men of the Isles than the men of Lothian had with the true 'Lavernani,' or Highlanders, or than with the Picts of Galloway.

That these kindreds and tongues ever came into a Catholic unity was owing to the work of the Church, and the wilderness and waste of cruelty only began to wear a fairer dress when the Crown under David (died 1158) recognised in the abbots the best civilisers of their kingdom. Scottish history was first ecclesiastical, and it was only fair that when early Scottish annals began to be printed and preserved, it should fall to the lot of the southern abbeys to wake and find themselves once again famous. The 'Liber de Melros' was presented to the Bannatyne Club by the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry. Next came the 'Liber de Calchon' prepared by the Duke of Roxburghe, and these chartularies were followed by Mr. John Spottiswoode's 'Liber de Driburgh,' while by the Marquis of Lothian the records of Jedburgh were collected. Only after mitres and stoles did the swords and coronets claim to have their day, and family histories were first represented by the correspondence of the first Earl of Ancrum, and of his son, the third Earl of Lothian (1616-1667). The Herries of Terreagles, not less public-spirited, put together their 'Book of Caerlaverock,' along with an inventory of the muniments belonging to the Maxwell, Herries, and Nithsdale families. The correspondence collected in the Pollok-Maxwell book is a storehouse of accurate historical information, preserving a detailed history of one of the most powerful of the Border families. The feuds between the Maxwells and the Johnstones might well entitle them to be looked on as the Montagues and the Capulets of Scotland, so much so that it would seem natural for us to pass directly from the Pollok-Maxwell volumes to that Annandale book which is to form our present theme. But justice ought first to be done to the books of the 'Scotts of Buccleugh' and of the 'Douglas.' These stand as pillars for the history of their native land, and if from

the book of the 'Douglas' we pass to the 'Annals of the House of Percy' (1887), it is that we may say of these sumptuous volumes that without them the history of the Scottish and English Border could be neither truly known nor yet accurately written.\* The Annandale book is certainly inferior to none of its predecessors, and to render it more exhaustive the muniment rooms of Drumlanrig, Douglas, Glamis, and Killochan have been put under heavy and most generous contribution, while the whole mass has been digested by Sir William Fraser with his usual fortunate skill. There could not be an annotator more zealous or more accurate, not insensible to the romance of history, and yet unapt to set anything down in malice. His detailed Memoirs of the House of Annandale embrace a period of five and a half centuries, and treat of eighteen generations of the Johnstones of Johnstone, Earls and Marquises of Annandale.

For the earlier generations the materials are naturally scanty. Private letters hardly exist, and though there was an age of charters, yet, as the Duke of Argyll remarks, a slip of parchment a few inches in length served to convey lands and baronies as grants to subjects whom the sovereign might delight to honour, or to betroth heiresses whom brave men were glad to wed. In the case of the Johnstones, their earliest records were wilfully destroyed by fire when the rival family of the Maxwells succeeded in burning the ancient tower of Lochwood. It is therefore through the contemporary charters of the Bruces of Annandale, where the names of the Johnstones occur as witnesses, that their identification becomes possible.

What, asks an English reader, is Annandale? It is the valley or *Thalweg* of the Annan, a stream which, as the old ballad says, 'peaceful flows,' and 'laves its low-laid level vale.' As a district it comprises the subsidiary dales known as Moffatdale and Evandale, and it has high ranges of hills, Hartfell, in Moffatdale, being one of the highest points in the south of Scotland. In olden days three great castles dominated the territory of the Johnstones: Lochmaben, standing near the centre of the dale; Auchencass,

\* Most of these family records have been reviewed from time to time in this Journal, and as they have all been printed in very limited numbers for private distribution, not for sale, we believe there is no other public notice of the series. They constitute a unique body of local and domestic history in Scotland.

midway between Lochmaben and the northern end of the valley; and Annan, which stood on, and as a ruin still fills, its southern extremity. Of these piles, Lochmaben has a priority of interest, not only by reason of its size, but because it was for long a stronghold of the Bruces, especially in the person of a Robert de Brus (1166). The Norman race which influenced so many European countries and communities was well represented by this family of Brus, Brix, or Brueys. Physically powerful, beautiful, and brave, they were gifted with as much prudence as courage, and before the war of independence with which their name is for ever associated, we find them owning as great estates in England as in Scotland. They came to possess the district of Carrick through a marriage with its heiress, and they got Annandale as a gift from King David I. To the Crown they stood one degree nearer, when the number of generations was counted, than did the family of Balliol, who could, however, claim a more direct descent from the Princess Devorgilla of Scotland. Robert the Bruce and his father were long undecided how, where, and when first to strike for their own interests. But the hour was to come, and with it the man required to deal with that most truly critical period of Scottish history, the first years of the fourteenth century. After he became king, Robert the Bruce severed his tie to Lochmaben, and relinquished Annandale to his nephew Randolph. The Johnstones, who next acquired the fief, are proud of their long tenure of the old royal nest, but they reckon themselves to issue not from it, but from the tower of Lochwood. It was to avenge the burning of that eyrie by Lord Maxwell that the battle of Dryfe Sands was fought (1593). The Maxwells there suffered heavily for their misdeeds, but no amount of bloodshed could restore the materials for history which perished in the burning of Lochwood, so that the early history of their conquerors must remain a matter of difficulty.

One of the wildest episodes of this great feud is the murder of Sir James Johnstone by Lord Maxwell. Materials for its elucidation are not wanting; in fact they exist in such profusion that we run a risk of wearying the reader with the developements of a quarrel which lasted through several generations. Suffice it to say that each side could boast of having lost a leader by a rival's hand, and of the whole struggle it may fairly be recorded that 'plus cela varie, plus c'est la même chose.' There were the same grudges, surprises, recriminations, and jealousies, and the same anxiety



on the part of the relations, henchmen, and subordinate actors to stand well with their principals, and only to eclipse themselves when punishment threatened.

Among these subordinate but masterful sympathisers were the Johnstones of Wamphray, reported to be a very turbulent gang. A certain William Johnstone of Wamphray headed a party of the Johnstones in a predatory incursion on the lands of Lord Crichton of Sanquhar. Johnstone of Wamphray, being taken redhanded, was summarily hanged by my Lord Crichton, who, if he had been robbed of his herds, possessed unchallenged the right of 'pit and gallows.' But the Johnstones, choosing another leader under whom to organise their raid, made a renewed attack on the Crichtons, killed tenantry, stole cattle, devastated the lands, carried off spoils, and generally behaved in a cruel manner. Their exploits, as sung by Sir Walter Scott in his metrical legend, 'The Lads of Wamphray,' form pretty enough reading; but the injured Crichtons appealed for redress, not only to the Maxwells, so ready to insult or quell the clan Johnstone in any of its branches, but even to the king and the Privy Council.

'Poor women were deputed to travel to Edinburgh, and there, with fifteen bloody shirts, stated to belong to the slain husbands, sons, brothers, and other relations, they craved from king and council legal retribution on the Johnstones. The authorities gave them an unfavourable reception, so they appealed to the people. On July 23, 1593, the women marched in procession through the streets of Edinburgh, the bloody shirts being carried by *pyoners* in front of them. This spectacle evoked from the crowd both indignation at the apathy of the king and council and demands for vengeance.'

The feeling thus excited constrained the government to take some action; but when we find the royal commission against the Johnstones entrusted to Lord Maxwell, we know what to expect. Summonses to surrender were treated with contempt, the clans mustered strong on both sides, and the short and sharp battle of Dryfe Sands proved disastrous to the Maxwells. After the death of Lord Maxwell, the king named Sir James Johnstone warden of the West Marches, a step which the sovereign was convinced would lead to fresh violence, so that his Majesty exacted assurances from both sides. Let no one imagine that these haughty vassals either submitted or suffered in silence. They took the court and the council and the whole 'country-side' into their confidence, and, while they admitted that their quarrels were 'vnhappy and vngodly wark,' forswore themselves with

matchless gravity. A Corsican *vendetta* could not have been more cruel, but it never could have been half as solemn as reads this temporary—very temporary—agreement, this truce of God between men thirsting to revenge their parents' wrongs by taking each other's blood :—

' Forsamkill as I, schir James Johnstone of that ilk, and of Don-skelly, considerand Godis glory and Kingis Maiestyis gryetness, and the Commonwelth of this countrie, persaveand ane girt troubill to fall out in respect of the last vnhappy and vngodly wark that fell out betwext the Lord Maxwell and his friendis and pertakeris and me and my friends and partakeris, the quilk I take God to witness and all guid men, how that troubill com on me in consideration of the great skaithis of fyres, heirschips, and Slauchteris done by the aforesaid Lord upon my umquhile father and our friends.'

And so on, till it ends by a protest that Sir James had 'dispenssit and buryit all that materis in my part.' In spite of this assurance, and of the actual presence of the king in Dumfries, Lord Maxwell's hand was against every Johnstone, burning and terrifying by his sudden visits all who had 'dippit in the feud.' In 1605, and after Lord Maxwell had expiated some of his crimes by an imprisonment in Edinburgh, it was sought to have the great quarrel healed. In presence of the council, Lord Maxwell took Sir James by the hand, and protested that he remitted any rancour against him and his friends for the slaughter of the late John, Lord Maxwell, his father. So far so good ; but the new treaty of peace proved a hollow truce. In spite of a recognisance to the value of 5,000*l.*, Sir James asked for, and obtained, a royal remission for all past crimes ; this was granted under the great seal, but it can have been regarded as little more than a formality, since Johnstone was almost immediately afterwards 'warded' in St. Andrews. The tragic story of his death by the hand of an assassin now remains to be told. Lord Maxwell was also warded ; but, contriving to escape from Edinburgh Castle, the king expressed himself displeased at this contempt for authority, and it was hoped that Lord Maxwell, feeling himself under a cloud, might be disposed to meet his adversary in a more submissive and friendly mood. As a mediator, Sir James selected another Maxwell, his own brother-in-law, and his foeman's cousin, and, attended by him, he went out to meet Lord Maxwell near Beal. We quote from Sir William Fraser's dramatic sketch, which is reproduced in great part from the 'Book of Carlawerock ;' for Sir William deals

impartially with his clients, 'Tros Tyriusve,' engaged in these broils.

'Johnstone and Maxwell having joined company, the attendants of both parties were commanded by their respective chieftains to ride off from them, and also from each other. Lord Maxwell and Sir James, after mutual salutations, rode together, Sir Robert Maxwell being in the middle, suitably to his character as a relative and a mediator between them.'

An altercation in the meantime began between the two attendants, and

'Charles Maxwell, evidently determined to fasten a quarrel upon his fellow attendant, fired his pistol at William Johnstone, and shot him through the cloak. In return William attempted to fire his pistol, but it would not go off; whereupon he cried out, "Treason!" Sir Robert, afraid of the consequences of this sudden attack, endeavoured to seize the bridle of Lord Maxwell's horse, but, missing it, caught hold of his lordship's cloak, which he held with the design of restraining him from any act of violence, and deprecatingly called out, "Fy' my Lord! make not yourself a traitor and me baith." "I am wyttless," responded Lord Maxwell. In the meantime, Sir James Johnstone had ridden away, and was making for the relief of his attendant, when Lord Maxwell, bursting from Sir Robert's grasp, hurried after Sir James Johnstone, and fired his pistol at him with fatal effect. Sir James was mortally wounded. He kept his seat on the palfrey for a short time, but the animal growing restive, the girths broke, and Sir James fell to the ground. He again staggered to his feet, and while William Johnstone of Lockarbie, who had come to his help, was standing beside him, Charles Maxwell again fired at them together. William endeavoured to put his wounded chief on horseback, but, failing to do so, set him on the ground, and holding him up, enquired what he had to say. Looking up to heaven, Sir James cried, "Lord! have mercy on me! Christ! have mercy on me! I am deceived!" and soon after expired. "Come away," cried Lord Maxwell to his follower Charles. "My Lord," was the reply, "will ye ride away, and leave this bloody thief behind you?" "What rak of *him*?" said Lord Maxwell, as if his thirst for blood had been slaked by the death of the slayer of his father, "for the other had enough." Then they rode away together.'

This picture lacks nothing: the surprise, the treachery, the armed and mounted men, the spring sunshine of the April day, the flash of the pistols, the restive palfrey, the words of the dying man, and the murderer's flight. Swift and righteous retribution was immediately planned; but Lord Maxwell, baffling all the efforts made to seize him, escaped to France. He was tried in absence, all his goods were confiscated, and his estates parcelled out among the favourites of the king. Weary of exile, the guilty man returned to Scotland, but, hard pressed in his own country, he

fled to Sweden. There, thanks to the protection of the Earl of Caithness, he hoped for safety ; but, himself guilty of most cruel treachery, he was treacherously sold to the king, brought to Leith, and lodged in the Tolbooth. The son, the widow, and the mother of Sir James Johnstone begged to have the death sentence against him executed ; but the friends of Lord Maxwell tried to conciliate mourners whose vengeance could not bring a murdered chief to life again : their petition was unheeded, the king gave an order for the execution, dated Whitehall, May 4, 1613, and Lord Maxwell lost his head on the block. One of his sisters, Sara, the widow of his victim, had insisted upon his punishment ; while another sister, Margaret, Dowager Countess of Lothian, gave burial to his headless remains in the cemetery of Newbattle Abbey.

The feud between the two clans had cost both so dear, that, fierce and vindictive as it had been up to this payment of a life for a life, it terminated with the execution of Lord Maxwell. Sara Maxwell contracted a second marriage with the Earl of Wigton, and again with the Viscount of Airdes in Ireland. She survived till 1636, when she was buried with great pomp in the abbey church of Holyrood, the clan of Johnstone mustering strong round her grave, while the memoirs of her son, James Johnstone, first Earl of Hartfell, serve to keep her memory green.

This wild story of wrath and vengeance has distracted our attention from the growing Protestantism of Scotland. The clergy, who had once been the makers of Scottish history, were now its opprobrium. As temporal grandees there could not be two opinions about men who flared their pride, their amours, and their abuses in the face of a people capable of a stronger and purer religious life. Hamilton's Catechism (1551) gives the keynote of that spontaneous action and demand for reform which convulsed Scotland. The horizon, it must be said, was at the moment very dark. No trust could be placed in Wolsey, or in any of the English neighbours ; France was busy with her Italian wars ; the Highlands were unquiet ; Cardinal Beaton, in his castle of St. Andrews, played a selfish game ; martyrs had to prove their sincerity at the stake ; and all men, whatever their opinions, felt not only the danger and perplexity of the moment, but the difficulty of combined and responsible action. It was this that rendered Knox's return from France in 1559 such an epoch-making event.

John Johnstone, first warden of the Marches, appears to

have joined the Protestant party at the Reformation, and was a member of the Parliament which, in August 1560, ratified the first Confession of Faith; but his time was chiefly occupied in futile attempts to repress crime on the Border. The political importance of Sir John Johnstone is first realised at the time of the raid of Ruthven (1582).

‘On the last day of the year 1580, James Douglas, Earl of Morton, formerly Regent, was committed to ward on the charge of being accessory to the murder of King Henry Darnley, and this, as is well known, led to his trial and execution six months later. In him Johnstone lost a staunch supporter, and one who had befriended him in all his quarrels with his rival, Lord Maxwell. With the decline of Morton’s influence, Johnstone’s enemies began to make head against him, and in the early part of the year — various reports were made to the king that the warden was relaxing in the performance of his duties. . . . It is evident that Johnstone was considered a partisan of Morton and of the Earl of Angus, as after the execution of the first, and the flight of the second into England, he was taken bound to enter in ward “benorth the water of Erne,” and also to deliver up all the wardenry papers remaining in his hands.’

We now pass to the raid of Ruthven.

‘The two noblemen who had directed affairs in Scotland since the arrest of the Regent Morton were Esme, Duke of Lennox, and James Stewart, Earl of Arran, the former of whom was the King’s favourite, while the other was the usurper of Arran. Taking advantage of the temporary absence of both of these from Court, the Earls of Gowrie, Mar, and others secured the person of the young king, and proceeded, in his name, to administer the government. Arran was seized and imprisoned, while Lennox was compelled to retire to France. The change of politics thus effected had its influence on the fortunes of Johnstone, as his rival Morton fell under the displeasure of the new government.’

A counter revolution brought the government of the Ruthven raiders to an abrupt conclusion in 1583; the Earl of Arran came again into power, while in the following year Stirling Castle was seized by the Earls of Gowrie, Mar, and Angus. It required an army of 10,000 men to quell the insurgents, and Johnstone’s zeal in joining the royal forces at such a crisis certainly brought him into notice at court, and procured for him the rank of knight.

We have said that the women of this family history furnished episodes for Border ballads. Let us select Margaret Scott, Lady Johnstone of Dunskeilie, wife of Sir John Johnstone, because she possessed the force of character conspicuous in her own great Border clan of Buccleugh. It was her aunt, Janet Bethune of Creich, who after the death of Walter

Scott of Buccleugh, in a nocturnal encounter with Sir Walter Ker of Cessford in the streets of Edinburgh, paraded the same streets on horseback at the head of the Scott clan, to encourage them to redress her husband's death. This bold Scottish woman was credited with possessing supernatural knowledge, but natural enough were the weapons used by her nephew, the first Lord Scott of Buccleugh, who, as the boldest of the bold, carried out that most famous exploit, the rescue of 'Kinmont Willie,' a feat which is sung in many ballads, and which, thanks to the breaking open of Carlisle prison by eighty followers, occasioned notable correspondence between the sovereigns of two kingdoms. In 1585, Margaret Scott, 'Lady Johnstone,' had influence at court, and, presuming upon her position, she ventured to impugn the Earl of Angus, the Lords Hamilton and Maxwell: they, not willing to be outdone in such offices, obtained an order from the Privy Council for her apprehension. Lady Johnstone was not disposed to submit to a trial, so she absented herself, with the result that an order was issued to arrest her: the charge ran that if she had passed to 'houssis of Strenthis' the assailants might 'assege the 'houssis, raise fyre, and use all kynd of force and weirlyke 'ingyne that can be had for wyning and recovery thair of.' Such amenities among county neighbours show that manners have softened since 1586.

Of a different type of great ladies was the Countess Henrietta of Annandale and Hartfell, *née* Douglas, to whose excellence her husband owed his greatest happiness. He writes to her in this strain: —

· Edinburgh, 28th July, 1663.

'Deirestt Comfortte,—God willing I intend to observe anent my home coming as mentioned in former letters. *This* I only write to let you know how much my deercest love is by me, and what satisfactions I have in the thoughtts of seeing thee shortly. This I houe will make you dispense better with it since you may believe that the whole erthe cannot in the leist divertt frae thee who artt the only desirable objectt of my heartte. So praying the Lord to preserve thee and the childtine, I am, my deercest soulle, thy owne intyrlie till dethe, Annandale.'

This much-loved Henrietta Douglas survived her husband only eleven months, dying at the age of forty in 1673. She had had eleven children, and of these the eldest surviving son, William, became the first Marquis of Annandale.

This great chief of the Johnstones lived through the reigns of six sovereigns. Born a few years after the restora-

tion of King Charles II., he survived till after the succession of King George I., while under James VII., William and Mary, and Queen Anne, he filled prominent official positions. Of personal distinctions received from these sovereigns there was no lack, and it is remarkable that it was after his sympathy with a plot for the restoration of King James VII. that King William advanced him to the dignity of Marquis of Annandale, Earl of Hartfell, Viscount of Annand, Lord Johnstone of Lochwood, Lochmaben, Moffatdale and Evandale.

The generosity of the sovereign had the desired effect, and Annandale in a letter to the Earl of Portland bewails the 'unjustificable and false stepp I made some years agoe,' and urges his hope that 'a perfite sense of his crime, with 'constant sincerittie, fidelittie, and honestie in their majesties 'service may remove annie remembrance or resentment.' He adds that the world will see he 'gratefullie remembers 'that he owes his life and fortunate to their majesties.' Annandale fought at that battle of Killiecrankie (1689) which was claimed as a victory for King James, but which, if it were a victory, was too dearly bought by the death of his ablest general, Dundee. He was further fated to be mentioned in 1695 upon an even more ominous page in the history of Scotland. The government of King William was so little secure as to be like the celebrated French peace, '*boiteux et mal-assis*,' when an event occurred calculated to cover it with eternal obloquy, of which the reports were almost incredible. When the facts became known, public opinion justly decided that they were more abominable than any tyranny of the Stewart kings. An inquiry into the circumstances of the tragedy of Glencoe was instituted in 1693. But so unsatisfactory were its results, and so amazing the details brought to light by it, that the king had to appoint a more comprehensive commission, which, meeting under the great seal, comprised nine of the most competent and important nobles and gentlemen. John Hay, Marquis of Tweeddale, then Lord Chancellor, was at its head; and after him came the Marquis of Annandale, with Lord Murray, and Sir James Stewart, and three Senators of the College of Justice: viz. Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Archibald Hope of Rankeilloar, Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, Sir James Ogilvie, and Adam Drummond of Megginch. The principal persons connected with the slaughter of the Macdonalds were ascertained to be ten in number, and they had little

cause to be proud of their unwarrantable inhumanity. First in rank was the joint Secretary of State, Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair. He wrote the instructions of the king, and the legend says wrote them on the back of a playing-card, one of the *diamond* suit, still known among old-fashioned players as 'the Curse of Scotland.' Apart from the formal warrants which Sir John Dalrymple obtained from the king, the private letters of the Secretary of State breathe the fiercest expressions against the Glencoe men, and when he gives instructions 'to be exact in rooting out that damnable 'sect, the worst in all the Highlands,' it is impossible to read any other meaning into the passage than Dalrymple's keen desire to have the Macdonalds extirpated. His subordinates, living in an age which was by no means tender, took their cue from the chief officer of the Crown, and they do not seem to have been shocked at passages which describe the mauling of the men of Glencoe in the long, cold February nights when no one can live in the mountains, about 'striking swiftly, silently, and secretly,' and about 'not 'troubling the Government with prisoners.' The question remains how far King William was to blame, and Sir Walter Scott, in the thrilling description he gives of the massacre, observes 'that the fatal instructions were both superscribed 'and subscribed by the king himself, whereas in most State 'papers the sovereign only superscribes, and they are then 'countersigned by the Secretary of State, who is answerable 'for their tenor.' Bishop Burnet, the intimate friend of the foreign prince who reigned in England, was familiar with his methods of transacting public business, and he avers that the king signed the two warrants prepared by Secretary Dalrymple against the Glencoe men without any inquiry, being too apt to sign papers without examining into their importance. If this be so, the real culprit is the Secretary of State. The address certainly blames him as the chief cause of the slaughter of the Macdonalds, and the strength of public feeling against him may be gauged by the way in which it realised the falling of a curse on his own hearth. The romance of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' has, through its inimitable pathos, rendered his family tragedy as immortal as his crime. No one can look at the signatures of bride and bridegroom, of the parents, brother, and best-man at that ill-starred wedding (which ended in madness and murder) without sharing the general conviction of the Scottish populace, who saw in this catastrophe a sacrifice to the *manes* of the murdered Macdonalds of Glencoe.



After the official report was transmitted to the sovereign, Annandale, as president of the Parliament, issued a warrant against the actual perpetrator of so much barbarity—against Lieutenant-Colonel James Hamilton, who, under Colonel John Hill's orders, had taken the troops from Fort William to Glencoe, and cleared the glen of its men, women, and children. This officer evidently realised his own guilt enough to decline to face the court of inquiry into his conduct. He wrote to the Earl of Annandale, and his excuses, preserved in the family charter chest, have been printed for Sir William Fraser's work. The writer implores 'Almighty God to judge of his innocency, and hopes to 'have access to the king, when and to whom I will declare 'the whole of what I can say.' Though Colonel Hamilton managed to evade his jurisdiction, Lord Annandale's opinion had been taken upon another breach of the peace in the Highlands, when some of the Stewart of Appine's men had been injured by troops of Colonel Hill's engaged in taking provisions to the garrison of Fort William. The Highlanders made a prisoner, and in consequence Colonel Hill sent 'a partie of four hundred men with his major, and 'brought away his own man, the Laird of Appine, and 'severall other gentlemen, and brought them prisoners to 'Fort William. The council ordered them to be brought 'to Glasgow for their better accommodation; but, beleive 'it, they will be put to libertie.' Such were the amenities of warfare in the Highlands. In time the excitement about '*the manner the Glencoe men were killed in February 1692*' died out, but the recollection of this atrocious piece of cruelty will never really be effaced, and it remains a blot upon the policy of the king and upon the character of his Secretary of State.

The correspondence of the Earl of Annandale proves in what estimation the President of the Council was held. Perhaps the most flattering letter of any was written to him by Hans, William Bentinck, first Earl of Portland. It is in French; and when we remember the close, the tender tie of friendship between the sovereign and this foreign subject who had saved his master's life in sickness, the letter has a pathetic interest. Portland excuses himself for delay in writing, and gives as a reason that '*notre vive 'douleur pour une si grande perte n'est qu'une trop juste 'excuse pour mon silence.*' The letter is dated Kensington, 1693, and the event to which he refers is the death of Queen Mary. His master had just lost the wife of whom he said that

through all the seventeen years of their married life she had never once offended him. The account of her death as given to Lord Annandale by the Secretary of State is pathetic :—

‘London, December 28, 1694.

‘People’s concern for the queen is inexpressible, but none such as the king’s. My Lord Portland and the archbishop upon her death caryed him to his own room, but he sleeps none. She said all along that she believed she was dying, since they all told her it was so, but that she felt nothing of it within. She had her senses to the last, and suffered very few moments, or none at all. She received the sacrament, and told the archbishop she had always been against trusting to deathbed repentance, and therefore had nothing to doe. . . . The king is not to be spoke to. . . . I know not what to say as to your coming up, since it may be long before wee can speak to the king.’

There are some excellent letters written to Annandale by Carstairs, and by Cockburn of Ormiston; but our space forbids us transcribing them here. We must pass to the steps taken for the union between England and Scotland. Their success could not fail to depend on the great families, on the great houses which had been so strong in the days of mediæval warfare, and which, since the Reformation, had absorbed the Church property, and prospered accordingly.

The repeal of the Border Laws after the accession of King James VI. to the English throne had in it the project, or at least the presentiment, of an incorporating union between the English and those neighbours of whom Lord Bacon had said that ‘they were not only ingenious, ‘but in labour industrious, in courage valiant, in body ‘hard, active, and comely. They are,’ he adds, ‘of one ‘part and continent with us, and the truth is we are ‘participating both in their virtues and their vices.’ Such an expression from such lips is refreshing at an epoch in English history when, at the close of the nineteenth century, we have been asked to re-establish something approaching to a Heptarchy, but the repeal of the Border Laws did not at the moment do all that was expected from the measure. A preamble stated that ‘all memory of hostility and of dependence thereof between England and ‘Scotland was intended herewith to be effaced, and all ‘occasions of disorder were to be repressed from time to ‘come.’ But ‘the gods’ are proverbially ‘hard to reconcile;’ civil wars came to vex the island; and, finally, the Revolution settlement and its manifold entanglements had to be lived through. For that settlement it must be urged that it was not only appreciated by the great Whig and

Protestant houses of Scotland, but that a firm government came to be established through the country, strong enough to bear the inevitable steps which must lead on to the true union of the two countries in 1707. All romances end, or ought to end, in a marriage; and here, also, we have to listen for the wedding bells. The dangers and the discussions to which the union was exposed were like the battle of the lawyers over a marriage contract; but all is well that ends well, and the national energy of Scotsmen, eager to participate in English trade, has since justified all that was hoped from it by patriots like Fletcher of Saltoun.

The struggle was a stiff one, for the days were evil, and it is a curious instance of the way in which centuries of turbulence had hardened the public conscience, and it must be added the private one, when we find Lord Annandale and Fletcher of Saltoun prescribing slavery for the colliers and salters and cottars of the Lothians. We should be at a loss to understand their attitude were it not that these men who 'blamed tyranny and arbitrary power in all its common shapes of standing armies and personal prerogatives,' beheld in the social and economical measure they proposed a method of compelling the idle and the vicious to labour for the commonwealth and the common weal.

The last session of the Parliament of Scotland was begun at Edinburgh on October 3, 1706, with Queensberry as commissioner.

'The Earl of Annandale was present on the opening day, and during the whole session he attended, and voted with the Dukes of Hamilton and Atholl, and others, against the union. On November 4, in the debate of the first article of the treaty, when the vote was about to be taken he offered two alternative resolutions against an incorporating union with England, which he said would be subversive of the fundamental constitution and claim of right of the kingdom, would threaten ruin to the Church as by law established, and would create distractions and animosities among themselves, and jealousies between them and their neighbours. His resolutions were to the effect that they enter into such a union with England as would unite them in their respective interests of succession, wars, alliances, and trade; reserving to each their sovereignty, independence, immunities, constitution, and form of government both of Church and State as then established. His lordship did not press the resolutions upon the House, knowing they were not acceptable to it.'

Annandale recorded his vote against the first article, but he voted with the Government in favour of that second article of the treaty of union which made the succession to the crown of Scotland the same as in England; while against the third article, which placed England and Scot-

land under one parliament, he unflinchingly recorded his vote, the Dukes of Hamilton and Atholl and the Earl of Errol adhering to Annandale's protest. In spite of the number of important *non placet* votes, the treaty of union was finally ratified by Parliament, and touched with the sceptre on January 16, 1707; and the Marquis of Annandale, though he had opposed the union when the bill was before Parliament, did his best to render the measure beneficial to the country after it had become law. Though not chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage in 1707, he had an opportunity of becoming a candidate for the election at Holyrood in the following year, and then wrote to the Earl of Sunderland 'that no man living will 'make itt more his business to make thiss present union 'and settlement happie to this nation than I shall doe now 'that the kingdoms were united.' His election was furthered by this expression of opinion, and Annandale, along with the Earls of Sutherland, Marchmont, and Lord Ross, had to petition the House of Lords 'claiming to have been really 'elected to be representative peers of Scotland by a greater 'number of legal votes than others of their peers who were 'returned to serve in parliament.' After the scrutiny which he demanded, Annandale was successful in claiming his election, and thus became one of the representative peers in the first Parliament of Great Britain.

The death of Queen Anne in 1714 reopened many questions, which hardly took politicians by surprise, though their settlement required foresight as well as activity. Coming events in the case of Lord Annandale had thrown their shadows before; he had travelled and, by way of preparation for the Hanoverian settlement, in which he concurred, had gained the favour of the Electress of Hanover. She wrote to him in November 1712:—

'My Lord, I have learned with much pleasure that you have been so well pleased with the Court of Berlin, and also with that of Wolfenbuttel. I cannot altogether claim the merit of this, seeing you have everywhere met with persons of discernment who themselves have recognised your worth, and have seen that I told them the truth. I thought it my duty to render you this little service in return for the affection you declare you have for me and for my house, having no other way in which I can show you that I am, my Lord, yours very affectionately to do you service,  
SOPHIE, Electress.'

The tone of this letter is almost obsequious, and shows the importance to the Guelph princess of each and every vote among the nobles of Scotland. Annandale, re-elected to Parliament in 1715, exerted himself zealously on behalf of King George, and as soon as the Jacobite rising began he

got himself named Lord Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief over the shires of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Peebles. One of the Jacobite plans was to surprise and capture such an important friend of the House of Hanover. The town of Dumfries was for this purpose surrounded by a party of rebels commanded by Jacobites as distinguished as the Earls of Nithsdale, Winton, and Carnwath, who, with the Viscount Kenmure, rendered the position of the Lord Lieutenant extremely hazardous. Major Fraser, one of Lovat's attendants, describes what took place :—

‘No sooner the cloth was laid on the table, a cry came to the door that the enemy was entering the town—viz. Kenmure and his party. My Lord Lovat left dinner, and came up with the marquis of Annandale, who stood with his whole party upon a rising ground at the end of the town. The marquis told the Lord Lovat that he was very glad of his coming, seeing he had more skill to model his horse and foot, having been in the army. Lord Lovat and the major were putting them in the best order they could. Countrymen were coming in from all parts, telling the enemy was coming in this way and that way. The marquis ordered so many men with axes to hew down a good many trees by way of barricade. In end they were wearied standing there, and no enemy appearing. On October 13 the rebels, with increased numbers, again approached Dumfries, and came within a mile of it. But by this time the people of the well-affected parts of Galloway were come in considerable numbers to the defence of the place. They were lacking in arms, ammunition, and officers. These wished to attack the Jacobite head-quarters, but the Lord Lieutenant deprecated it, and calling a meeting of the clergy then in synod, he delivered an address to them and to the people, praising the zeal that had brought them together, but pointing out that they were without officers and discipline. He added that in the contest the first success or failure told upon the spirits of the party greatly beyond its real value; that their enemy, engaged in a desperate cause, and better armed and horsed than they were themselves, should not be dispersed; they might yet gain possession of Dumfries, become masters of the south of Scotland, and obtain a formidable impulse to their bad cause.’

The prospects of the rebels were certainly good, but by the end of October the tide had turned, Lord Stormont surrendered to Annandale, who kept him a prisoner, and received a letter of thanks from the king for a zeal in behalf of the Protestant and Hanoverian cause, which, as far as Lord Annandale was concerned, was not again to be put to the test.

This Marquis of Annandale was both better liked and better hated than any of his contemporaries, for his was a personality difficult to overlook, and a character not intended to live in the shade. One of his biographers says of him that in his fiftieth year ‘he made as fine a figure in the ‘Parliament House as he does in his person, being tall,

‘lusty, and well-shaped, with a very black complexion; extremely carried away by his private interests, possessing both good sense and a manly expression; but not much to be trusted.’ The Lockhart Papers draw an even less favourable portrait of such a leading statesman, at a time when political morality was not even professed, and when a Scotch judge could pique himself on ‘never having given a case against a Dalrymple.’ Lord Annandale is described as having gone backwards and forwards so often that no man trusted him; ‘even those of the Revolution party only employed him as the Indians worship the devil, out of fear.’ His meeting with Simon, Lord Lovat, during the rising of 1715, would have furnished, to any third person who might have contrived to be present, a very curious study in character. It is said to have been partly ‘convivial,’ so perhaps the augurs both laughed and unbent over their claret.

The Marquis of Annandale died in Bath in 1721. He left five sons, who all died without issue, so that his daughter Henrietta, married to the first Earl of Hopetoun, practically became the heiress of his time-honoured line. Her grandson, the third Earl of Hopetoun, added the name of Johnstone to that of Hope; but he entailed the Annandale estates on his second daughter, Lady Anne. She possessed them for two years, petitioned the king for the restitution of the peerages of Annandale and Hartfell, but died before proceedings were taken to prove her right. Her son twice attempted to make good a claim, but the House of Lords ruled, on both occasions, that he had failed to make out his claim. The Annandale case is one of the longest and of the most celebrated that have ever engaged the attention of the House of Lords; and though many eminent Lord Chancellors have heard and adjudged upon the claims, Lord Brougham’s contradictory letters and judgement, and Sir Walter Scott’s letter to Lord Eldon, seem to lend an additional interest to it, which turned upon a very dry point of Scotch feudal law. Sir Walter Scott expressed his regret ‘that the name of Johnstone, whose estates were so extensive, and still are so nearly entire, should have dropped from the roll of Scottish peerages.’ The family of Hope Johnstone have fought an honourable battle, and fought it in a way that does them credit. The great Border lords, and the acute statesmen who wore the Annandale title, are now represented by country gentlemen of the very best type—of the type which recalls Keats’s lines:—

‘One scale contains the sum of human weal;  
And one the good man’s heart.’

- ART. III.—1. *The Story of the Highland Brigade in the Crimea*, founded on Letters written during the Years 1854, 1855, and 1856. By Lieut.-Colonel Sir ANTHONY STERLING, a Staff-officer who was there. London: 1895.
2. *Letters from Camp during the Siege of Sebastopol*. By COLIN FREDERICK CAMPBELL, late Lieut.-Colonel, 46th Regiment. London: 1894.
3. *The Crimean War from First to Last*. By General Sir DANIEL LYSONS, G.C.B. London: 1895.

FOR many reasons, interest in the medley of events which we are accustomed to designate as the Crimean war is unflagging. Few campaigns lend themselves less easily to military analysis; few are less suited to serve the purposes of instruction, either in strategy or tactics; but very few are so replete with dramatic incidents, or so rich in the human element, which, whether national or individual, never fails to confer fascination upon the pages of history. Begun without a clear understanding of the issues, planned—if it can be said to have been planned at all—without any knowledge of the conditions, carried through with admirable persistence in face of tremendous risks only half realised, and ending—for Great Britain—in military failure, yet in moral triumph, the Crimean war stands a thing apart in the copious annals of great contests. It is a national memory at once glorious and humiliating, inspiring and pathetic. It called forth a brilliant display of fighting strength, and illustrated every other phase of military weakness. It abounded in inconsequence and sharp contrasts. It has been chronicled, with a wealth of detail accorded to no other campaign, by a writer possessing an almost unrivalled charm of style and expression. Finally, in spite of controversies and investigations, it has left behind problems only half solved.

Given the conditions which existed in April 1854, it would have been safe to predict that the conduct of the war would develop many surprises. As the result of a long period of peace, the armies of all the combatants had no practical knowledge of European war. Of the three powers which had united their naval forces for the destruction of the Turkish fleet in October 1827, two had now become the avowed champions of the Ottoman Empire, the destruction of which the third was said to contemplate. But the ill-assorted allies, thus united for a temporary purpose, were influenced by

motives absolutely diverse. No common danger threatened them, no common interest inspired their action. Austria, the one power directly affected by the Russian occupation of the Principalities, gained her ends without war, and subsequently displayed Russian proclivities. The European concert, which had been expressly based upon the 'defence of the interests of Germany,' thus broke down completely, and the two Western nations, taking up new ground after the Russian retreat from the Danube, proceeded to grope painfully and in the dark for the attainment of a new object. The protection of the Turkish Empire from invasion had been the original *res proposita*. This achieved, mainly by the military measures taken by Austria, a new and a vague vista at once presented itself. Russia was to be permanently crippled in the interests of Turkey, and France and England, accepting this self-appointed task, stepped forth into the unknown.

An active siege of Sebastopol having been determined upon, geographical conditions practically ruled the course of subsequent events. The besieging armies would require immense supplies of every kind; they must, therefore, have secure harbours close at hand. Thus quickly arose a military situation without precedent. An inferior force with its back to the sea, holding only a few square miles of rugged and wholly unproductive country, affected during a rigorous winter to besiege a superior force in a strongly fortified position with the supplies of a great arsenal close at hand, and behind them all the resources of the greatest army of Europe with communications which, however long and difficult, were unassailed. Moreover, both the so-called besiegers were utterly unprepared for the work before them, and England, at least, was barely able to keep her soldiers alive during the winter. It followed that for long months the relative positions were reversed; the besiegers, struggling under every disadvantage, were themselves besieged.

Such conditions, if presented in the abstract to a student of war, would unhesitatingly be regarded as involving inevitable disaster. How that disaster was averted; how the sufferings of the winter were borne; how the deficiencies were made good, and the British army, which had nearly perished, was restored, strengthened, and well equipped for further action—all this constitutes the intensely interesting story of the Crimean campaign.

Grand strategy was excluded by the accepted plan of operations. For generalship in its more showy aspects there were no opportunities. Of marked vigour, military



insight, and administrative capacity in the highest ranks there were no signs. The fending off of disaster and the ultimate fall of Sebastopol were alike the achievements of the fighting forces, who, here as elsewhere, proved able to counteract the ills and repel the dangers arising from inefficient commanders.

For this reason Crimean letters have a special value, and are invested with a peculiar interest. Truthfully reflecting the daily lives and thoughts of the men who were in direct touch with the army, and revealing pictures of suffering and of hope, of discouragement and of high aspiration, of toil and of its alleviations, such letters not merely supplement but outweigh the despatches of generals and the reports of commissioners. They alone throw a true light upon the miseries of the winter on the Upland, and enable us to understand the causes of failure and success.

The late Sir Anthony Sterling desired, by will, that the letters which he had himself collected should be published, and his executor has wisely judged that the time has now come when these valuable records might receive the recognition which they richly deserve. 'I am sensible,' states their author in a preface written in 1857, 'that many persons will be annoyed by my remarks; for which I am sincerely sorry. There is, however, nothing set down here which I do not consider to be perfectly true; and if the people of England wish to have that truth—a wish which has been continually expressed by them—here it is, in a form of minute detail not hitherto attempted.'

The Sebastopol literature has been profuse; but no more valuable contribution than these admirable letters has ever been made to its increasing volume. The author possessed every qualification as an historian of the inner life of the army during the arduous campaign. Serving on the staff of the most capable and experienced general present, whose full confidence he had gained; a well-read student of war, and a close observer of the siege of Antwerp; gifted with keen insight and broad views, and equipped with a literary style bearing the marks of a strong individuality, Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling was exactly fitted to observe and to criticise the operations in which he took part. If the descriptive power which conferred fascination upon the letters of the late Sir E. Hamley \* is wanting, there is more searching

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\* The highly interesting life of General Sir Edward Hamley by Mr. Shand might here claim a place, for the letters and reminiscences of

into causes, and more recognition of the personal element, which, rather than mere regulations, rules the affairs of an army. Strictures were inevitable, but they are never unjust or extravagant. Warm sympathy for the sufferings of the private soldier and worthy tributes to his great military virtues are constantly recurring. And throughout the letters there breathes a spirit of unfaltering manliness, which shows the national character at its best. It is impossible not to regret that the press and public opinion during the Crimean war frequently drew their inspiration from sources infinitely less pure and less instructed.

To Lord Wolseley the causes which nearly led to the annihilation of the army in the Crimea appear simple and direct. 'Our sufferings had their origin in the folly, 'criminal ignorance, reckless parsimony, and ineptitude of 'the gentlemen who were then Her Majesty's Ministers.\* With far more wisdom and statesmanlike moderation Colonel Sterling sums the matter as follows: 'The sufferings of the army were at one time very great, and it is 'now decided to lay them on the system; that, I think, is 'the most generous and most manly view to take of the 'case. Let us try and do better next time.' And he proceeds to show that 'sufferings are not unusual in war.' As wisely and as moderately wrote Sir E. Hamley: 'The army 'once before Sebastopol, and dependent on a military 'system so deficient in much that is essential, no arrangement or forethought within the scope of human intelligence could have averted the disasters which followed.† Blunders of every kind were indeed committed, but 'the 'system' to which they were due had its roots deep set in the political and social conditions of the country. No Pitt at the head of the Cabinet of 1854, no Wellington in command before Sebastopol, could have shaken himself clear of the complex trammels which long custom had imposed. The administration of an army cannot be effectively reformed when the fighting forces are in face of an enemy.

The work of the campaign opened with the extraordinary

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that distinguished officer—distinguished alike in literature and in the Crimean and Egyptian wars—present a vivid picture of the scenes in which he played a conspicuous part. But unhappily this narrative is interspersed with personalities, and has given rise to a controversy, in which we are not prepared to take any part, and which had better be forgotten.

\* Preface to 'Letters of Lieut.-Col. Colin Campbell.'

† The War in the Crimea.

project for the fortification of Gallipoli, which was in full swing when Colonel Sterling reached the Bosphorus. How it came to be regarded as necessary to provide the Allies at starting with a Torres Vedras remains a mystery. The Russian army was then amply occupied with the siege of Silistria, and the Western powers stood pledged to resist the invasion of Turkey. Who could possibly have imagined that the enemy was capable of undertaking the long and difficult march from the Danube to the Sea of Marmora, in face of the armed opposition of three great military powers, possessing command of the Euxine? We now know, however, that the French commander was in favour of establishing himself behind the Balkans to wait events, but that this preposterous plan was overruled by Lord Raglan.

The early letters, written from Scutari, breathe high hopes and anxiety for action. 'Our army is quite healthy and in high spirits, longing to be at them. . . . When we meet the enemy, I augur nothing but success: such a body of men, led on by the chivalry of England, must succeed.' In truth no finer body of troops, for its size, could be imagined than the force which was preparing, amidst much confusion, for the movement to Varna. Regarded as an army, however, it was deficient in most essentials, as Colonel Sterling was quick to perceive. Transport and a trained staff were alike wanting.

'Our army has never been kept on a proper establishment. The French Algerine army landed here with tents, transport, and corn-mills, and baked bread for themselves within twenty-four hours.' (May 5, 1854.) The army 'is quite unfit to move at present; and if the newspapers are attacking Lord Raglan for inactivity, they are doing him injustice. He cannot move without baggage animals.' (May 10.) 'When I consider the composition of our staff, the prospect looks dubious. In the quartermaster-general's department there is only one officer who ever served in that department before. . . . The adjutant-general is a very amiable man, a perfect gentleman, and a good Christian, but as innocent of the meaning of discipline as a sucking baby.' (10th June.)

Another acute observer, Lieut.-Colonel Lysons, was at this moment commenting in even stronger terms:—

'Our arrangements have been infamous; there is no commissariat, the men are half starved. . . . No generals, except Sir C. Brown, have arrived, and no staff. There are no mules for us; in fact, no organisation whatever. What a contrast to the French army, which arrived and landed by divisions and brigades, with their generals and full staff, commissariat, provisions, mules for everybody, pack-saddles

all complete, and ready to march the moment they landed without the slightest confusion !' (April 24.) 'The regiments move extremely well and know their work, but the generals and staff are very deficient ; it is really wonderful, with the blunders of the staff, how our men can work at all.' (May 19.)

These and doubtless many other equally significant warnings were thus reaching England four months before the landing in the Crimea, which the 'Times' and the bulk of the English press urged upon Lord Aberdeen's Government with all the force at their command. There was still time to repair some of the material deficiencies. Was the need then pointed out in unmistakeable terms to the Cabinet, which could not be expected to gauge the wants of a field army ? The press, at least, engrossed in promoting the invasion of the Crimea, sounded no note of warning and displayed no prescience. The fleeting opportunity was lost. Ill provided and ill administered, the splendid battalions were transported to the deadly camping-grounds of Varna.

'Just at dark' on June 14, 1854, the two brigadiers of the First Division, with their staffs, 'were all shot ashore . . . about four miles from the town of Varna, horses, bag and baggage.' Here for two and a half months the army was destined to remain. It had been despatched from England to secure Turkey from invasion ; but it was unable to march to the sound of the guns of Silistria, plainly audible. 'This morning,' writes Colonel Sterling on June 25, 'we heard of the Russians' retreat from Silistria, which is 'very fortunate for Lord Raglan, as we are not yet ready to 'advance.' The flank movement of the Austrian forces had produced its inevitable result, and the Turks under Captains Nasmyth and Butler had not only proved able to repel the besiegers of Silistria, but, also under the leadership of British officers, had successfully carried the war across the Danube. Speculating in ignorance of the undercurrents in England and France, but fully alive to the deficiencies of the army, Colonel Sterling doubts the probability of an attack on Sebastopol.

'Without a large force . . . we dare not venture there : the risk of a catastrophe to England's only army would be too great. At the same time, it is the only way to bring Russia effectually to reason ; and if the English Minister is in earnest he must do it sooner or later.' (July 16.) However, 'if we can only bring our men into line opposite the Russians, I have no fear of the result,' and 'if we can but hit a blow before the winter sets in, our dear Bull will be pleased. The animal has no notion of waiting till we are ready.' Meanwhile 'the siege train is arrived at Varna.'

The 'dear Bull,' understanding nothing of the situation, but eagerly stirred up by the press, determined on the invasion of the Crimea, to which the Duke of Newcastle, perhaps alone of Ministers, was also disposed. His wish to add twenty-five thousand men to the army and to make effective use of the fine fighting material available in the Turkish Empire was never realised. Military prejudice at this period would probably have rendered the latter project impossible. 'Everybody,' writes Colonel Lysons, 'would gladly go over to the Russians and help them against this wretched nation, if it was only the policy of England.' And throughout the war, undertaken ostensibly to secure the integrity of Turkey, the innate fighting capacity of her population was turned to little account. Such troops, however, as defended Silistria, attacked and defeated Soimonoff at Giurgevo, and held Kars for five months against greatly superior forces, were surely capable, under competent leaders, of useful employment.

As Colonel Sterling fully realised, if a decisive blow was to be struck, Sebastopol must be the objective. As he could not then know, the invasion of the Crimea entailed the virtual defection of Austria and Prussia from the coalition. The Duke of Newcastle's secret despatch of June 29, read to a dozing Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge,\* enjoined upon Lord Raglan the concerting of 'measures for the siege of 'Sebastopol,' but left full discretionary powers to the British commander-in-chief. The step might be taken,

'unless with the information in your possession, but at present unknown in this country, you should be decidedly of opinion that it could not be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of success. . . . This decision should be taken solely with reference to the means at your disposal, as compared with the difficulties to be overcome.'

Similar instructions were sent to the French commander, who, somewhat reluctantly, accepted the decision at which Lord Raglan arrived. The lead, which throughout the preliminary stages of the war seems to have been assumed by the French Emperor, now passed, at a crucial moment, to the British general. On July 19 Lord Raglan announced his decision, adding the following significant words:—

'The fact must not be concealed that neither the English nor the French admirals have been able to obtain *any intelligence on which they can rely* with respect to the army which the Russians may destine for operations in the field, or to the number of men allotted for the defence of Sebastopol.'

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\* Kinglake, vol. ii. p. 94.

In absolute ignorance of the military conditions, the people of England, instigated by the press, clamoured for the invasion of the Crimea; in equal ignorance, the Cabinet weakly transferred the power of decision to the general; in avowed ignorance of everything that it was essential to know, the general accepted the task, in 'deference' to the presumed 'views' of the Cabinet.

'Expedition,' wrote Bacon,\* 'is not so much required in the first preparations for war as in the subsequent matters that administer to the first; for there is no error more frequent in war than, after brisk preparations, to halt for subsidiary forces and effective supplies.'

The wisdom of these words was soon to be proved. 'Preparation goes on fast and furious,' wrote Colonel Sterling, 'embarking artillery, gabions, fascines' (August 28). 'The subsequent matters' were easily left out of sight.

The army with which the plunge into the unknown was to be made suffered much during August. Cholera had appeared in the preceding month, and 'we lose men daily.' The French advance into the Dobrudscha proved disastrous.

'Varna has been half burned and many stores destroyed. . . . The French are much dilapidated, and I can quite imagine it possible that nothing may be done till spring. The commissariat is very bad. To carry on this affair you must discard economy, especially when transport or food for the troops is in question. . . . There are too many forms, too much time lost in obtaining any object, however important.'

Throughout their long detention near Varna the troops had been indifferently fed, and the transport had never sufficed for the mere work of the camps. The commissary-general had estimated the requirements of the army at 14,000 animals, but he subsequently stated† that this number was based on the idea of a march to the Danube, and the needs of the force intended to invade the Crimea and undertake the siege of Sebastopol do not appear to have suggested themselves. Having decided upon this great operation, it was surely the plain duty of the generals to demand what was needed in language which could not be mistaken, even to make the invasion conditional on receiving adequate supplies. The Cabinet could not be expected to know what was required. Was there any one to convey words of warning? In the words of the com-

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\* Perseus, or War.

† The Commissariat in the Crimea.

mittee of investigation, the operation, 'planned and undertaken without sufficient knowledge, was conducted without sufficient care or forethought.'

The extravagant caution which inspired the fortifications of Gallipoli was succeeded by the excess of temerity which dictated the landing on the shores of the Crimea. From September 7 to 14, 23,000 British troops, 25,000 French, and 5,000 Turks, with 130 guns and stores of every kind, were at sea. The French ships of war were crowded with soldiers and unfit for action. The duty of protecting the vast flotilla devolved upon the British squadron of ten line-of-battle ships, two frigates, and thirteen steamers. The Russian fleet within three hundred miles of Varna numbered fifteen ships of the line and twelve steamers, of which, however, the 'Vladimir' alone was a powerful vessel. It is impossible not to believe that a vigorous naval attack directed against the crowded and widespread transport fleet might, even if ultimately defeated, have sufficed to ruin the expedition.\*

Cholera was still rife, and many of the troops were in a low state of health; but the British regiments, and the Highland Brigade especially, were in this respect superior to their allies. 'It is evident from the orders,' writes Colonel Sterling,

'that our leaders expect to land without any opposition. We are to carry nothing on shore with us except ammunition and three days' provisions, and I suppose it is intended to throw up entrenchments until the ships can return and bring up the remainder of the baggage horses, mules, &c. . . . It is a remarkable expedition, and will have many historians to record our exploits and recount our success or our failure. The latter I think scarcely possible; but there is always a chance of it, and if that chance should turn against us, the memory of the defeat will be stamped in such characters of blood as will put half England in mourning.'

Meanwhile, on the heights of the Alma the Russian army awaited the attack of the ill-equipped forces which landed on the open beach between September 14 and 18. Colonel Sterling does not attempt to describe the battle; but he quotes Sir Colin Campbell's modest despatch, and gives

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\* After the battle of the Alma Prince Menschikoff gave orders to Admiral Korniloff to sink ships across the entrance to the harbour. The admiral, however, seems to have wished to put to sea and attack the allied fleet and transports; but his captains considered, rightly, that it was then too late for such an attempt. The favourable opportunity had passed.

some interesting details of the decisive flank movement of the Highland Brigade.

Of the large number of generals present with the army, only one had ever commanded a considerable force in the field. Many had never commanded a force of any description. It was in full keeping with British precedent that the one tried general should, at the age of sixty-two, be a simple brigadier, serving under others who had no previous training for command. At the Alma the wide experience of Sir Colin Campbell bore rich fruit.

‘When C. [Sir C. Campbell] got into the bed of the river and could see along the left bank, he perceived that the Light Division was in a mess. “By God!” said he, “these regiments are not moving like English soldiers.” He immediately ordered the 42nd to form as rapidly as possible on the south, or enemy’s, bank, and sent orders to the 92nd and 79th to do the same. The Duke at this time came up to him, and C. energetically recommended an immediate advance, saying that he “foresaw disaster unless we did so.” The 42nd was at once pushed forward by him, marching over the 77th Regiment, which was lying down. . . . The effect of this manœuvre was foretold by C. before the 42nd moved, showing the advantage of a general with a true tactical eye. We made a deliberate parade movement of regiments in echelon right in front up the highest hill. . . . The men never looked back, and took no notice of the wounded. They ascended in perfect silence, and without firing a shot. On crowning the hill we found a large body of Russians, who vainly tried to stand before us. Our manœuvre was perfectly decisive, as we got on the flank of the Russians in the centre battery, into which I saw the Guards rush in as the Russians abandoned it.’ (September 21.)

Thus passed the dangerous crisis of the battle, and we can well understand that ‘Lord Raglan’s eyes filled with tears ‘when he shook hands with C.’

The extraordinary flank march, during which the head-quarter staff, followed by a long train of guns, leading the way, narrowly missed a Russian division moving in equal ignorance of the situation, placed the army on the south side of Sebastopol. So far fortune had certainly favoured the adventurous, and the Russians had proved no match for the Allies in the open field. The false position in which the invaders were placed, and the terrible results of inadequate means, were soon to be apparent.

‘The original plan,’ writes Colonel Sterling, ‘had been, there is no doubt, to make a *coup de main* against Sebastopol. . . . The only thing really to impede its success would have been the fire from the Russian fleet in the harbour.’

A siege train had, however, been provided, which could



not have played any part in a *coup de main*. The possibility of a siege must therefore have presented itself, and 'no instructed military mind can approve of an attempt to besiege without investing.' Such an attempt the Allies now made, and when once the *coup-de-main* project was abandoned there was no reasonable probability whatever of rapid success. Sebastopol was full of resources of all kinds; the supply of guns was almost inexhaustible. So long as fine weather lasted troops and stores in any number could be thrown into the place. Nevertheless, exaggerated expectations were, perhaps naturally, formed of the performance of the siege train. Some of the orthodox fortresses in the Peninsula had succumbed to battering by a comparatively small artillery, followed by an assault. It was true that the losses of the assailants had been heavy; but here, at Sebastopol, a powerful siege train was to be employed, and the effects of its fire would surely correspond. The absolute difference of conditions was easily forgotten. The Russian fortifications arose far more rapidly than the siege works of the Allies, and these fortifications, however roughly constructed, were far better able to resist the effects of artillery fire than the elaborate defences of Badajoz or Ciudad Rodrigo. 'I have not the slightest doubts as to the result of the affair,' wrote Colonel Lysons. 'Sebastopol will fall within a fortnight' (October 12). The letters of Colonel Sterling reveal far more grasp of the situation:—

'The defences look stiff and are increasing. We may easily be kept here some weeks. . . . The ground is very unfavourable for digging. . . . It is said Menschikoff means to try and relieve the place, which he certainly ought to attempt.' (October 3.)

He believes, however, in the siege train, for

'it is supposed that we shall not fire a gun till the whole 199 are ready to open with a grand crash, smashing ships and works and town into an everlasting ruin. (October 4.) Meantime, speed engineers; get up the heavy guns. The Russian troops are no doubt streaming down from the Danube, where the Austrians have set them free; and it is on the cards that our prey may still be rescued from us. . . . Unless we can silence their artillery we dare not storm; the loss would be too frightful, besides the risk, in case of failure, of not being able to make good our retreat to the ships. It is a nervous moment for the French and English generals, and more of a toss-up than I like for the sake of my country. . . . We want an army here to take the place, and another larger to beat the enemy again in the field.' (October 6.)

The military situation could not be more accurately defined. Whatever may be believed as to the prospects of

an assault delivered immediately after the victory of the Alma, it is certain that the strength of the Allies was wholly inadequate to their new resolve. Sebastopol being left open, no attempt being made to grip the Isthmus of Perekop, and no large reinforcements being available, it was inevitable that the Russians, disposing of troops sufficient to hold the growing defences on the south side, and at the same time to maintain an army in the field, would be able to reverse the position and beleaguer the allies. From the military point of view this contingency would have arisen even if grave difficulties of another kind had not confronted the British commander. For the moment, therefore, the only hope of achieving any result before the Crimean winter set in lay with the siege train, to be directed by a veteran of seventy-two.\*

The trench-work was actively pressed forward, and 126 guns were placed in battery, to which the Russians 'opposed 118; besides which, 220 pieces would bear upon 'attacking troops.'† On the morning of October 17 the bombardment opened, Admiral Dundas consenting, 'with 'reluctance,' to a naval attack on the sea front. The apparent effect of the fire of the siege batteries was considerable. Many of the Russian guns were silenced; the Malakoff tower, the one example of permanent fortification on the south side of Sebastopol, was almost ruined. At the same time the main magazine in the French lines was fired; and, as might have been confidently expected, the naval attack on the harbour forts failed almost disastrously. Whether an assault would have succeeded cannot be known, but, considering the strength of the enemy, the result seems more than doubtful. In any case, as the French could not co-operate, the attempt fell through. The siege train had done all that could be expected of it, but

'dawn had disclosed a new feature in the problem. . . . Before morning the parapets had been rebuilt, the batteries repaired, and fresh guns from the inexhaustible supplies of the ships and arsenal had occupied the embrasures.'‡

'The Russians stand to their guns splendidly,' writes Colonel Lysons. 'I do not think the British artillery have 'effected quite so much as they hoped for,' states Colonel Sterling, who, on October 14, had moved with his chief, on

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\* Sir John Burgoyne was the oldest officer present with the army.

† Hamley, 'The War in the Crimea.'

‡ Ibid.

sudden orders, to Balaclava. 'It is of vital importance to 'the army,' he adds, 'that we should maintain ourselves 'here.'

A grave danger was, in fact, impending, which could not escape Lord Raglan's notice. The harbour of Balaclava was vital to the supply of the British army, and the position which Sir Colin Campbell was called upon to hold with about 2,000 British infantry and 4,500 Turks was practically *en l'air*. Close at hand, on the right bank of the Tchernaya, lay Liprandi with 22,000 infantry, 3,400 cavalry, and 78 guns.

The measures taken for the security of Balaclava have not received adequate recognition at the hands of the historian of the war. Colonel Sterling shows how hard was the work and how unremitting the vigilance of Sir Colin Campbell. For the advanced redoubts, which, with their guns, were easily captured from the Turks on October 25, he was not responsible. 'C. never liked these redoubts . . . 'which we had been ordered to construct. . . . The 'impossibility of holding these works, which, it is probable, 'was the reason for not trying to retake them, ought to 'have been a good reason for not attempting to fortify 'them. A strong picquet . . . would have answered every 'purpose.' It was a striking instance of the futility of treating fortification as a science apart from tactics. These luckless redoubts were 'ordered' by some one at headquarters, quite irrespective of the strength available for the defence of Balaclava, which was wholly inadequate to such an extended position. Like the Sandbag Battery at Inkermann, they were a source of weakness and of heavy losses. It is not clear that the Russian attack of October 25 was seriously intended against Balaclava; but the steps promptly taken by Sir Colin Campbell show that he exactly understood the possible situation. 'Had the 93rd been broken,' writes Colonel Sterling, 'there was literally nothing to hinder the 'cavalry which came down on the 93rd from galloping 'through the flying Turks and destroying all the stores in 'Balaclava.' The splendid charge of Scarlett's heavy brigade definitely checked the Russian cavalry, and their infantry was not pressed home. The danger was averted; but the captured redoubts were retained, and the guardianship of Balaclava was for a long period an anxious task.

The battle of Inkermann, won at great cost by sheer hard fighting, and guileless of tactical purpose, the near approach of winter, and the hurricane of the 14th, threw

a gloom over the army, which finds expression in the letters. 'Everybody is getting rather down in the mouth,' writes Colonel Lysons; 'we seem to get no further. I hope our chiefs know what they are about.' To Colonel Sterling, who from the first shows a remarkable grasp of the situation, the outlook now seemed fraught with doubt, and even danger. He is never an alarmist, but he sees clearly that dark days are at hand; and he does not know what preparations have been taken.

'Our Government must send us some more men, and they must do it without stint. It is even now a question in my mind whether we can hold our own here till succour arrives. We are besieging an enemy equal to ourselves in numbers, with another superior one outside and threatening us continually. . . . The matter looks graver every day; a *duel à mort* with despotism requires numbers as well as bravery.' (November 7.)

As regards supply:—

'So long as we can hold Balaclava all is well; only I do not know what transport the commissary-general has to carry up things to the camp before Sebastopol. The roughest, rudest side of war is now presented to us: all pretensions to finery, or even decency, are gone. We eat dirt, sleep in dirt, and live dirty; but our hearts are high. . . . Nevertheless, send us 30,000 Englishmen; for if the enemy were of my mind, we should be hard pressed enough now, and we may be so any day.' (November 12.)

The transport difficulty was now to assume the most serious aspect. Provisions, warm clothing, and huts were soon pouring into Balaclava, but there were no means of transporting them to the worn and suffering troops on the Upland. The commissary-general had repeatedly applied to Lord Raglan \* 'for instructions to guide my preparations; but not till October 12 were any orders given, and then only to lay in a stock of fuel at Balaclava.

At length, three days after Inkermann, it was announced that the army would winter in the Crimea. Meanwhile, on September 19, 2,000 tons of hay had been demanded from England, of which only one-tenth reached Balaclava on November 30. In January 1855 the commissariat possessed only 333 packhorses and mules and 12 camels. To the want of forage has been attributed the neglect to procure transport animals; but both forage and animals could have been obtained within a short distance of Balaclava, if there had been any one to give the orders. Captain

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\* The Commissariat in the Crimea.

Colin Campbell, who visited Sinope in January 1855, writes :—

‘I asked him [the commissary] if baggage animals could be bought there in any quantity. His answer was that the French had taken away 400 only the month before, and that there were at that moment 740 bringing down barley for him, all of which might be bought at prices varying from 5*l.* to 12*l.* I asked about forage, and he said he would engage to supply 8,000,000 lb. in the next two months. Would you believe it that not one packhorse has been bought there by the English, although it is only twenty-one hours’ steam from Balaclava?’

And earlier he vividly contrasts the French transport with our own.

‘When one sees our commissariat mules, one sees a set of half-starved, dying animals, savagely thrashed along by Poles, Bulgarians, Tartars, and every sort of blackguard. What a contrast in the French animals! They pass our camp in long lines of hundreds daily; they walk in a row, every mule as fat and sleek as if he were a pet, and stepping along cheerfully. To every three mules there is a workmanlike, well-appointed Frenchman, a soldier who, when he has nothing else to do, chats to his mules as if they were his friends. This is only one of the points in which they beat us; it is the same in everything.’

December, January, and February were months of real suffering. Fuel was usually unobtainable; even food occasionally ran short, and vegetables, sorely needed by the scurvy-stricken troops, were wanting. Without warm clothing and in threadbare tents the bitter cold had to be endured. Yet these necessities were for the most part close at hand. ‘Early in November,’ wrote the commissary-general, 800,000 rations of charcoal arrived, and ‘remained untouched till December 4.’\* On December 19 20,000 lb. of lime-juice was received; but for weeks the medical department appears to have been unaware of its existence. It was ‘no part of the duty of the commissariat ‘to provide vegetables, which had always been supplied ‘under regimental arrangements.’† When, therefore, a large supply reached the Crimea, there were no means of distribution.

‘At length,’ writes Captain Campbell, ‘one day there appeared an order that “captains of companies might obtain vegetables for their men on application to the Commissariat at Balaclava.” They might as

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\* The Commissariat in the Crimea.

† Ibid. Until December 10 it was not recognised that a free supply of vegetables was necessary.

well have told us we could obtain them in Covent Garden. How on earth was a captain, who probably did not possess even a donkey, to carry up vegetables daily for fifty or sixty men ?'

Masses of vegetables, therefore, either rotted on the beach at Balaclava, or were thrown into the sea, or were carried off by the heterogeneous crowd of camp-followers which had collected there. Waste and direst need were thus companions.

Colonel Sterling, with his warm sympathies for the suffering troops and clear insight into causes, gives a vivid picture of these months of struggle for bare existence.

'Yesterday, for the first time, there appeared a general order to the commissary to carry fuel to the soldiers at the front. It remains to be seen whether he has the means of doing so. Fancy all these men without fuel ! How can they grub for roots of trees under the snow ? Sure I am that in this deep snow and hard frost, without fuel, many must perish ; and that this morning, when daylight comes, thousands of them will have nothing to cook with. Raw meat, biscuits, and rum, is all they can get. Why was not this order given a month ago ? Why ? Because there was still a little brushwood to be obtained by hard work on the part of the men, already overtaxed by their labour in the trenches. Exquisite reason !' (January 15.)

'The men here get scarcely anything but salt meat, and they do not eat it now. The French have always had fresh meat for their officers, and every other day for the soldiers. I do not approve of the distinction, but that is the fashion of their army. . . . England will cry for her men. Fame will point out their graves on the bleak Tauris. Let us hope that a noble revenge will be taken by pardoning, when possible, the faults which are not to be attributed so much to the individuals as to a system which we must abandon or we perish as a military nation.' (January 23.)

The railway was now to be begun, and the first thing asked for by the contractor was

'labour and horses—500 men, and I know not how many horses ! Really, now, is it not provoking ? If we had had labour we could have made a good road without him ; and if we had horses we could even now send up our stores without a railway.' (January 29.)

These extracts explain much. There was no lack of goodwill and of energy at home, no need of the violent outcry in the press ; but everywhere knowledge was wanting. Such system as existed did not contemplate war, and of the military chiefs before Sebastopol none was qualified by vigour of character or by experience to inaugurate rough and ready measures for dealing with an emergency. The power and responsibility which are inseparable from

command in the field were not realised; necessary orders were not given, or given too late; and the letters of Captain Campbell even afford evidence that the real state of the army in the Crimea was deliberately concealed from its chief. 'Lord Raglan's fault,' writes Colonel Sterling, who strongly resented the attacks made upon the Commander-in-Chief, 'has been the not refusing to act at all till his army 'was fit to move, and complete in every respect. . . . I 'hope he can prove that he represented that his army 'was not properly provided with transport.' It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the military advisers of Lord Aberdeen's Government had any idea of the requirements of an army employed to besiege Sebastopol during the winter. Twenty years previously Von Moltke, then an unknown captain on the Prussian staff, had published valuable information on the climate and military conditions of the Crimea, which was translated by Colonel Sterling and sent to the military authorities. 'But they would not be 'warned,' he writes from the camp at Balaclava.

The purely military administration of the army was as defective as that of the supply and transport services. The defence of Balaclava was entrusted to Sir Colin Campbell, but the place itself and the troops there were taken out of the hands of this experienced general. The inevitable result was confusion and friction, of which Colonel Sterling bitterly complains. By the maladministration of the base, due to this extraordinary arrangement, the 'winter troubles' were greatly aggravated. The position was intensely trying to the brigade-major. 'I have neither rank nor power,' he writes, 'but I do my best, with a despairing heart, to make 'things go right.'

By the end of February the British army had more than 13,000 sick, and the French, strongly reinforced, had taken over part of the trench duty, which was rapidly destroying the troops. Regiments dwindled away. 'The 63rd had 'only *seven* men fit for duty the day I left,' writes Captain Campbell. The siege works languished on the side of the Allies; but the Russian defences steadily grew, and on February 22 the fortifications of the important position of the Mamelon were begun. 'The aristocracy are trifling with 'the safety of the army in the Crimea' was the verdict of the 'Times.'\*

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\* February 3, 1855,

March brought fine weather and the Commissioners, whose proceedings aroused some natural resentment.

‘The burden of their song is: Give us some men and we will do such and such things. Now, if we had been able to afford the men, we could, if we thought them wise things, have done them ourselves. It was just men that we wanted, and do want. . . . They put me in mind of the old times with the French armies in the Revolution. They have not, however, the power of getting our heads cut off.’

As naturally, Colonel Sterling writes with some warmth of the drain of men caused by the demands of the lady nurses. To men accustomed to see power feebly wielded the proceedings of Miss Nightingale conveyed a sense of shock, and allowance must be made for the feelings of a staff officer.

‘We are now obliged to take our finest men just as if they were going on guard, and we are forbidden to relieve them. The same men are compelled to remain until they become sick; then we are ordered to send others to replace the men so expended. . . . In the last twenty-four hours I have sent nine fresh orderlies from the Brigade of Guards—great big Grenadiers! . . . No wonder our nominal army is so small in effective strength.’

The lady nurses, filled with enthusiasm for their great undertaking, could not be expected to reflect what their demands implied to the shrunken forces in the Crimea.

Spring swiftly wrought wonders before Sebastopol. Privation disappeared; the great efforts made in England began to bear fruit. Captain Campbell writes:—

‘I find the greatest change in the spirits of both officers and men. The few men that are left are as cheerful as if in England, and the officers are getting up races, &c. . . . Our men turned out to-day in their new clothing, and really looked (with the exception of their long Turkish boots) as clean and smart as when they left Windsor.’ (March 9.)

Meanwhile Sebastopol had grown into a formidable fortress, and the Allies were not yet ready for a new bombardment. Colonel Sterling states:—

‘I hear of more batteries being begun, which only puts off the longer the time for opening fire. . . . From something which dropped from a French general, I think the French are no longer so confident as they were in the success of an assault. They say, “We will try; if we fail, we must mask the place, and attack the enemy in the field.”’

The French attack of February 23 on the newly occupied site of the Mamelon had been repulsed with much loss, and the defenders of Sebastopol, though avoiding great offensive operations, showed everywhere an unabated vigour,



At length, on April 9, the second bombardment opened from 400 guns, and was maintained for ten days. No assault followed, as appears to have been originally intended. Napoleon was occupied with other plans at this moment, and Canrobert's instructions were interpreted as precluding the French infantry from a grand effort. A general sense of disappointment appears to have pervaded the allied armies, and the active operations of the siege again languished for some weeks.

'I do not think the *morale* of this army is improving,' writes Captain Campbell; 'one often hears the men sneering at the progress of the siege, and, although they are in excellent health and spirits, evincing more desire to go home than to go into Sebastopol.'

Colonel Sterling's mind, like that of Louis Napoleon, turned towards operations in the field.

'The place, . . . in my opinion, will not fall till we can send out a force from Eupatoria of 70,000 or 80,000 men to attack the Russians.'

On May 3 the Highland Brigade was taken away from its general and embarked for Kertch under the command of Sir G. Brown. It was a hard trial for Sir Colin Campbell and his staff. 'Fancy our indignation! . . . I never saw 'C. so much vexed.' The expedition was, however, recalled by Canrobert just before landing, to start again on May 22, and to achieve easy, yet important, successes.

In Pélissier the French army at length found a commander-in-chief. 'S'il n'entre pas, personne n'entrera,' had been General Vinoy's verdict, expressed to Colonel Sterling. 'Pélissier,' said Marshal Vaillant, 'will lose 14,000 more for a great result at once, while Canrobert would lose the same number by dribblets without obtaining any advantage.' With the new appointment an era of increased activity at once began. On the night of May 22 the French attacked some new works near the head of Quarantine Bay, and on the 25th two divisions crossed the Tchernaya, driving back the Russians and relieving the right flank of the besiegers from all pressure. On June 6 the third bombardment was opened, followed on the morning of the 7th by a desperate assault from the French and British trenches. The Mamelon and the quarries in front of the Redan fell to the Allies. 'I cannot think,' writes Colonel Sterling, 'that many days will pass over before we shall make some more important move. It is now under debate whether we shall advance from here (Balaclava), or wait till we have the town.' Pélissier, how-

ever, remained firm of purpose, opposing the projects of Louis Napoleon, and receiving the support of Marshal Vaillant. Hope ran high.

‘Our long labour and endurance are likely to close soon, unless some stupid peace is made . . . and we may hope that the following summer’s campaign will have, for the present, effectually clipped the power of Russia. . . . It will be a lesson for a century, before the expiration of which the millennium may be introduced. Then, as now, the art of war will be no more learned; moreover, that study will then be unnecessary.’

On June 17 the allied batteries reopened, and a general assault was arranged for the morning of the following day, to be delivered after an artillery fire of two hours had silenced the Russian guns. Pélissier, however, anticipated the time agreed upon, for reasons which have never been explained, and the British commander felt bound to attack without artillery preparation. The result was failure, which told with fatal effect upon Lord Raglan’s shattered health. The First Division, which had been moved from Balaklava, was present in reserve, and Colonel Sterling expects that the Highland Division would head the next assault,

‘for it is a maxim of war that when troops have been roughly handled, as the Light Division was at the Alma, and ever since, besides failing in an assault, they ought to be placed in reserve to recover themselves.’

This maxim, which escaped the attention of the British staff, was understood by the experienced French commander.

‘Pélissier has sent down the troops which failed in the assault, and brought up these fresh ones (Vinoy’s Brigade). He knows war well, and the effect of punishment on the *morale* of the soldier.’

For seven weeks the gallant defenders of Sebastopol still held their own. The siege works were pushed forward where the ground permitted, and the daily drain of men on both sides was considerable. Todleben’s resources were, however, approaching exhaustion, while those of the besiegers steadily increased. The Russian losses in the three bombardments had been enormous; Sebastopol was already in ruins; a still heavier bombardment must be expected. Under these circumstances Prince Gortschakoff determined to make a final attempt against the right flank of the Allies on the Tchernaya. Inkermann, though unsuccessful, had crippled the siege operations. A similar result may now have been hoped for. The attack, delivered with great

bravery on August 16, failed completely, and the fate of Sebastopol was sealed.

On September 5 the last bombardment commenced, the general assault being ordered for the 8th at noon ;\* but to the ablest and most experienced of the British generals was assigned the rearmost position. With true prescience Colonel Sterling writes on September 7 :—

‘I cannot find that Simpson has asked any advice from C. about this assault. It is a pity, for he has seen so much fighting, and understands the soldiers so well. The troops which assaulted on June 18 are very much pumped out ; some of the regiments suffered frightfully at the Alma ; they have been kept all this time in the trenches, losing men ; they have made one assault, and failed. Of course many of their best and bravest officers and men have been killed or disabled. . . . The heart is out of them. . . . God help us ! We are in strange hands.’

Ample evidence existed of the unfitness of these troops, largely consisting of young recruits, for the tremendous task of assaulting the Redan ; but the headquarter staff appear to have been blind to the risks. To inexperienced generals and battalions whose *moral* had been grievously shaken the honour of the British army in the final struggle for Sebastopol was inexcusably committed, The difficulties which confronted the French were less in some important respects ; but their successful assault on the Malakoff was well planned, well managed, and brilliantly executed. Vinoy, the friend and colleague of Sir Colin Campbell at Balaclava, was the hero of the day ; ‘he got in, and maintained himself, and thus won Sebastopol, ‘which became untenable when the Malakoff was gone.’ In glory well earned by the French, and in disaster and discredit to the British army, preventible by obvious means, the memorable siege ended. Nothing is more certain than that Sir Colin Campbell with his Highlanders would have taken the Redan, and when it was all too late ‘C. was summoned by General Simpson, who gave him orders to assault ‘the Redan on the morning of September 9.’ The cautious veteran represented that his troops

‘had marched twelve miles, and gone straight into the trenches, and would spend the night there, and that they had no food. “Oh ! but the young people about me,” meaning his aides-de-camp, “are so anxious that it should be done !” A nice general ! The devil help England ! No one else will help a nation which puts its reputation in such keeping. The one capable man they have to be so commanded !’

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\* In accordance with Pélissier’s wish,

Sir Colin Campbell was, however, to be again superseded for the third or fourth time, but, nevertheless, he loyally returned to the Crimea, at the personal request of the Queen, to serve under the general who had failed at the Redan. 'Je vois que chez vous tout se fait par politique,' was General Vinoy's natural comment upon the extraordinary selections for commands in the Crimea.

Till May 10, 1856, with the exception of some weeks at Malta, Colonel Sterling remained at his post. On the 8th he writes for the last time :—

'You will never, in all your life, receive another letter from Crim Tartary. That scene is now closed. The curtain is dropped, the tears are dried up—and to supper with what appetite we may !'

It is impossible within the limits of a review to do justice to these brilliant letters. In their breadth of view, their wisdom, and their sympathy, they reveal the spirit of the true soldier and patriot. What can be finer in tone than the following, coming from one who had keenly felt the inevitable evils arising from incompetent commanders?

'Incompetence is no crime ; the crime is to place incompetent men in critical positions. The honest verdict should run : "These officers do not all appear to have been good selections for the posts they filled ; perhaps they may, nevertheless, have been the best that could be made at the time. They have erred, if at all, out of ignorance, and they did all that they thought they were empowered to do. Where fault may be found with them, the blame should fall on the shoulders of the person who appointed them ; we do not know who that was."'

How true the following prophecy !—

'Patience in taxpaying cannot go on for ever ; you will all be tired of the war ; Russia will quietly slip back to Sebastopol, build new ships, scheme new schemes.'

Generous tributes to the patience and the sterling worth of the private soldier abound.

'They are the true England, stars whose brilliance will be historical when aristocratical names are forgotten or covered with immortal shame. . . . What we have a right to admire in war is the display of very admirable qualities called out by it in poor, uneducated, brave men, who have nothing to gain except, perhaps, the approbation of the company they belong to, and of their own conviction or conscience, or that thing which we cannot shake off, which is so variable in its quality that the same might belong to an angel or a demon at different moments.'

It is still widely believed that the press saved the British army before Sebastopol. The facts do not bear out this view ; but at least it may be claimed that the newly invented war

correspondent awoke throughout the length and breadth of England a warm sympathy with the sufferers on the Upland, the very existence of which was a moral gain to the nation. If the gain to the army was perhaps uncertain, there can be no doubt as to the disadvantage. Colonel Sterling was quick to note what Mr. Kinglake termed the 'blazing indiscretions' of the press.

'The mines ought to be a profound secret, but I hear they are mentioned in the English papers. . . . O freedom of the press, what an implement of war art thou! . . . How can an army go on with every soldier reading such assaults against its general?'

A single letter, to which Lord Raglan called the attention of the Duke of Newcastle, detailed the losses by cholera, informed the world that twelve tons of powder were stored in a mill whose position was duly defined, and added other information of the greatest value to the Russian commanders. Another letter suggested the ease with which the British shipping in Balaclava could be set on fire. 'I can safely say,' wrote Lord Raglan,\* 'that during the whole of the war in 'the Peninsula the Duke of Wellington was never supplied 'with such details as are to be found in the letter to which 'I am desirous of attracting your attention.' In this, the infancy of war correspondence, both writers and editors were doubtless ignorant of the injury which they combined to inflict upon the army. Ten years later General Sherman bitterly complained of the license permitted to the Northern newspapers.

'Who gave notice of M'Dowell's movement on Manassas, and enabled Johnston so to reinforce Beauregard that our army was defeated? The press. Who gave notice of the movement on Vicksburg? The press. Who has prevented all secret combinations and movements against our enemy? The press. . . . What has paralysed the Army of the Potomac? Mutual jealousies, kept alive by the press. . . . As to the press of America, it is a shame and a reproach to a civilised people.'†

This difficulty, mainly due to the immense developement of telegraphic communication, is now better understood, and the Japanese have recently proved able to utilise the press for their own military advantage. That Colonel Sterling fully appreciated the risks to which the army in the Crimea was exposed at the hands of ignorant or reckless correspondents

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\* To the Duke of Newcastle, January 4, 1855.

† Correspondence between General and Senator Sherman from 1837 to 1891.

is shown by the words of caution with which he invariably accompanied the excellent sketches forwarded from time to time. An expert surveyor, who had gained much credit for his military map of the Toronto District, Colonel Sterling employed his little spare time in reproducing the features of the ground and the works before Sebastopol, and the sketches, which the editor has wisely introduced, form a valuable adjunct to the letters.

The story of the Crimea, however told, forms a heart-rending episode in the national annals. Mismanagement in every aspect dogged the hapless troops from first to last, and paralysed their action. Only the firm endurance of the rank and file and the devoted gallantry of regimental officers averted a great catastrophe. The war was entered upon 'without that serious and solemn feeling of responsibility which ought to pervade a country while engaging in 'an enterprise pregnant with privation and suffering to 'many of her sons, with grief and desolation to many of her 'families.'\* The military system of England, the product of long years of peace, was rotten to the core. The requirements of war had passed out of remembrance. Deficient in essentials, and commanded for the most part by generals possessing neither knowledge nor experience, the army was thrown upon the shores of the Crimea. From the day of the flank march to Balaclava its position, having regard to its strength and resources, was strategically false. Badly handled at the Alma, it had practically no handling at Inkermann, which resembled a struggle by gallant tribesmen imbued with strong military instincts, rather than a battle fought by trained European forces. Siege operations closely follow the analogy of field tactics. A siege is a battle in which the movements are protracted. At Sebastopol, partly on account of the difficulties which inevitably attend the proceedings of allies, but also by reason of defective knowledge, the operations lacked definite purpose, and failed in that concentration of effort upon decisive points which is the very essence of military success. Life and labour were thus expended for wholly inadequate results. It was useless to assault the Redan until the Malakoff had fallen, and the concentration of all available means upon the latter object would have hastened the end and saved many losses. The plan and execution of the

\* Sir Harry Verney, Bart., 'Our Quarrel with Russia,' 1855.

final assault were faulty in every respect, and proved that the plain lessons of the past had escaped recognition.

Yet it is certain that there were with the army men who could have guarded its honour. 'The most remarkable blunder made by the Government at home,' writes Colonel Sterling, 'was in not appointing Sir Colin Campbell to command when Lord Raglan died.' Incomprehensible as were most of the selections made in the Crimea, the supersession of Sir Colin Campbell was the most inexcusable. 'I find it reported,' says Colonel Sterling, 'that he could not get on with the French.' The commander of the Highland Brigade was, however, the one general for whom our allies had a real admiration. 'Je ne vois jamais cet homme sans avoir envie de l'embrasser,' were the words of Pélissier. 'Ils renvoyent leur meilleur général et leur plus brave soldat,' said Vinoy when Sir Colin went home after being ignored. The network of intrigue and of unabashed self-seeking in which the army of the Crimea was involved shows painfully throughout these letters, and the heart-burning which followed each fresh act of injustice stands sadly revealed. To have shared with the troops the peril and the suffering of the winter of 1854-5 was an actual bar to an officer's promotion, and those who succeeded in escaping from the period of greatest trial were the first to be decorated.

The British army has undergone many changes since Colonel Sterling wrote. Some of the evils of which he justly complained have been removed. The privileged rank of the Guards has disappeared; the administrative departments are no longer starved; the nation deals generously with the fighting services. Yet, in the fabric of the system so frequently repaired in detail and so enduring in principle, there remain many elements of weakness which the stress of a great war would at once reveal. In the success which has necessarily attended the minor operations of recent years, and in the disproportionate importance which inevitably attaches to them, defects are easily forgotten. Cool observers will, however, trace in our small campaigns much which recalls the painful experiences of the Crimea, and will doubt whether, even now, England has learned how to prepare and to administer an army with a single eye to the needs of war.

ART. IV.—*The Cambridge Natural History*. Edited by S. F. HARMER, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Vol. III. Comprising—1. *Molluscs*. By the Rev. A. H. COOKE, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge. 2. *Brachiopods (Recent)*. By A. E. SHIPLEY, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. 3. *Brachiopods (Fossil)*. By F. R. C. REED, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London and New York: 1895.

FOR gathering rare shells upon a foreign shore Caligula was denounced as a trifler. Because he chose to adorn his cabinet with the bright and handsome valves of cockles and scallops, instead of maiming and murdering the inhabitants of these islands, we treat his memory with an ungrateful contempt. In like manner Domitian is reproached for persecuting hordes of flies in the retirement of his own chamber. To such misunderstandings are all exposed who tread the paths of wisdom in advance of their contemporaries. The beginnings of knowledge are regarded as frivolous and unpractical. In spite of his exalted rank, the august student of dipterous insects has been sneered at for centuries, because the ignorant historian could not recognise either the entrancing interest or the imperial importance of entomology. With diffidence Cicero mentions, as a thing almost beyond belief, that men of such eminence as Scipio and Lælius, in their hours of relaxation, amused themselves like boys by gathering shells and smooth pebbles on the beach. He has not the faintest conception that in such gatherings there could be anything for a student to observe, for a philosopher to admire. But if the investigation of organic life was unfrequent and inconsequent before the Christian era and during its earliest centuries, all traces of it seem to disappear in the long, silent period that supervened between these and the revival of learning. At that famed epoch, however, the study of living forms was taken up with an eager emulous enthusiasm, which has survived every shaft of ridicule and sarcasm directed against it. In collecting, describing, and classifying all attainable animals, in noting their habits, in comparing their structures, in tracing their genealogies (both recent and remote), there has been found to be work adapted to almost every variety of opportunity and talent. The



parish clergyman recruits his energy by dredging in the fiords of Norway, the barrister fills up the interstices of a busy life by writing an elaborate book on mites, the nobleman builds a museum, the sportsman bags a new species of rhinoceros, the marvels of pond-life are studied with zest by persons of leisure, and exhibited with applause before the lads and lasses of the village school.

Within the circle of culture in these days every one is expected to know something about everything. Among the fashionable parts of knowledge natural history is in the ascendant. From a thousand channels new facts and theories about zoology are continually accumulating. Land and sea are ransacked for specimens. From the uttermost parts of the world, and from all depths of the ocean, they are brought to the laboratory to be dissected with needles or sliced by the microtome. The depths of the earth also are searched for the zoological archives of an undated past. In coping with the abundance of the material even specialists find themselves at fault. The efforts to attain a sort of miniature omniscience, which were futile in the days of Whewell and Brougham, are still more hopeless in the present generation. As for the general reader, not only are the limits of human life miserably inadequate for enabling him to learn all that 'every schoolboy ought to know,' but sometimes, while he is still painfully endeavouring to master the lesson, the teaching itself has become obsolete. It is probably to meet the requirements of those who wish for knowledge, administered in moderation, and warranted to be of the latest and most approved pattern, that just now the English literary market is abounding in serial works on natural history. Another cause of the phenomenon is doubtless to be found in the scientific activity of our universities and other places of education. The talent, which in a former age would have sought to conquer fame by editing a Greek play or producing a manual of Latin composition, now finds a readier outlet in a disquisition on centipedes or a monograph of the jelly-fishes.

'The Cambridge Natural History,' we are told, 'is intended, in the first instance, for those who have not had any special scientific training, and who are not necessarily acquainted with scientific language. At the same time an attempt is made not only to combine popular treatment with the latest results of modern scientific research, but to make the volume useful to those who may be regarded as serious students in the various subjects. Certain parts have the character of a work of reference.'

As the intention is to comprise the whole of zoology within a series of ten volumes of about 500 pages apiece, this programme reminds one of the boy in the fable who put his hand into a narrow-necked jar and grasped so many nuts that he could extricate neither nuts nor hand. The volume before us is certainly very fairly executed on the lines of the programme. But the grasping endeavour to meet contradictory requirements defeats itself. At every turn the author is hampered by the limitations of space. Moreover, much of his book must be trivial to 'the serious student,' and still more of it unreadable and useless to those who are seeking only to be amused by a popular sketch. Such an amalgam might be tolerated, or possibly welcomed, if it occurred but once in our current literature. The exasperating thing is, that men of ability should be employed to do the same work in the same way for the same class of readers on several almost contemporaneous occasions. While this mischievous waste of competitive energy is going on, really comprehensive and satisfying works on different branches of zoology are left to be produced by foreign authors and the Continental press.

The rapid march of science during the last few years in every department of biological research may be thought to justify the issue of new manuals at short intervals. To a certain extent it does so. Yet there may easily be more haste than good speed. Mr. Cooke, for example, tells us in regard to *Spirula*, the animal of which is so rare and the shell so common, that the single species of the single genus has not yet been thoroughly investigated, and that the last whorl of the shell, though projecting slightly on the dorsal and ventral sides of the animal, is even there covered by a thin fold of the mantle. But before these statements were published, the 'Challenger' report on *Spirula*, by Dr. Pelseneer, had at length appeared, distinguishing three species of the genus, minutely describing the organism, and in regard to the dorsal and ventral projections affirming that at those points 'there is no portion of the integument, 'however thin this may be, which passes over the shell.' Important as it is for the teacher and the advanced student to be acquainted with the latest discoveries and the newest systems of classification, in the latter respect, at least, there is no great necessity that a popular manual should be in the very front of the fashion. It is easy to be premature. In his chapter on Recent Brachiopoda, Mr. Shipley speaks of 'the now discarded group of Molluscoidea.' But who have

discarded it, and why should it be discarded? It is agreed that the Brachiopods are not Mollusca, though surely they come in any system somewhere near them. It cannot be disputed that they resemble in general appearance the bivalve molluscs. What more appropriate name, then, could be devised than 'Molluscoidea' for these mollusc-like neighbours of the Mollusca? It is true that the Ascidians are no longer included in the group, but that is no reason for refusing the name to the Brachiopoda and Polyzoa. When a technical term by long usage has become moderately familiar, it is a real injury to have another substituted, for the sake of some fanciful, pedantic, or visionary improvement. As far as the present volume is concerned, nothing is said to explain why the Brachiopods are severed from the Polyzoa, or why they are discussed in consecutive chapters with the Mollusca. Well as the chapters on the Brachiopoda are written, there is surely nothing in them which Mr. Cooke himself would not have been competent to produce. Still less reason could there be for apportioning two subjects so essentially cognate as the recent and fossil Brachiopoda to two different writers. No harm, perhaps, has resulted, except that the volume is left without any reasonable title. To compensate for this, it must be admitted that a small incidental advantage has accrued. For, while Mr. Cooke and Mr. Shipley allude to the Cambrian strata as the oldest, or among the oldest, geological formations, it is only Mr. Cowper Reed who refers to their antiquity with the important limitation conveyed in the epithet 'fossiliferous,' and with a recognition of the vast duration of pre-Cambrian times. A Roman of the Empire might have been proud of his ancestry if he could trace it back to the year of the foundation of the city, but human history does not begin at that precise date. Similarly, a Cambrian fossil has a proud pre-eminence of antiquity among fossils, but the enormous thickness of the Laurentian system, though hitherto barren, or almost barren, of definite zoological relics, is nevertheless a witness to geological ages, compared with which the Cambrian must be considered modern. In comparing the sizes of recent and fossil Brachiopoda, Mr. Shipley contrasts the largest known recent specimen, measuring a little over 3 in. long, with a fossil one  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length. A few pages later Mr. Reed points out that a fossil Brachiopod is known 1 ft. in width, and he might have added that its length is nearly as great as its breadth. In regard to one especially interesting genus, Mr. Reed himself seems to be scarcely abreast of

modern science, since he places *Lingula* in the Cambrian, without any notice to the unwary that such is no longer admitted to be its true position. In the 'Geological Magazine' for last February, Miss Agnes Crane makes a strenuous effort to dispel 'the persistent illusion respecting the 'primeval antiquity of the genus *Lingula*, and its unchanged 'persistence since Cambrian time.' In the March number of the same periodical, she remarks :—

'It has been repeatedly observed in recent years by Hall, Clarke, Beecher, and Schuchert that true *Lingulae* first appear in the Trenton series of the Lower Silurian epoch. The Cambrian species, formerly referred to that genus, are now known to belong to more primitive genera, *Lingulella* and *Lingulasma*, and [it is known] that these were preceded by various Otoloids and Obolelloids and the radical *Paterina*.'

Some allowance may perhaps be made for Mr. Reed, if he thought the point in question too much of a novelty for explanation within his limits. His chapter on the fossil Brachiopoda covers twenty-one octavo pages. The mere bibliography of the same group by Davidson and Dalton in 1886 extends to 160 pages in quarto. A memoir on the development of some Silurian Brachiopoda, by Dr. C. E. Beecher and Mr. J. M. Clarke, was published in 1889. The material for it was derived from a collection weighing seven tons, from which 'fifty thousand specimens of Brachiopoda 'were washed out, sifted, selected, and referred to their respective genera and species' ('Geological Magazine,' March 1895). 'Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem!'

The great obstacle to combining systematic science with anything like a pleasing literary effect lies in the inevitable uncouthness of the names and terms which have to be employed. The popular author would fain content himself with speaking of cuttles and squids, of limpets and ear-shells, crown-melons and fighting trumpets, Torbay bonnets and periwinkles, cones and cowries, sea-slugs and land-slugs, clams and cockles, razor-fishes and ship-worms, fountains and watering-pots, tongue-shells and helmet-shells and lamp-shells, with various other more or less familiar trivial names, which have been locally, and often very vaguely, applied to a few of the multitudinous species of Mollusca. But as soon as he attempts to take a survey of the whole sub-kingdom, and to show his readers its orderly arrangement and the interdependence of its parts, his efforts to keep himself within the confines of vernacular English are at once discomfited. In the present volume the utmost desire for

simplicity of language yet leaves Mr. Cooke under the necessity of dividing the Mollusca into the four classes: Cephalopoda, Gasteropoda, Scaphopoda, Pelecypoda (preferably Pelekypoda). It cannot be claimed for these names that they have any enticing elegance of sound, and yet they are advantageous. They are a kind of coin which will pass current in all nations, and this would not be the case were they done into English as head-footed, belly-footed, spade-footed, axe-footed. It will at once strike the attention that all these names have the same ending. That is very convenient for indicating that the groups are co-ordinate. Moreover, it will incline the least inquisitive beginner to ask for an explanation. Most persons nowadays come to know, without being specially taught, that vertebrate animals, under one disguise or another, are all practically quadrupeds, that all insects have six legs, spiders eight legs, the higher Crustacea ten legs or fourteen legs, and centipedes a larger number, to be reckoned by the score or the hundred. But legs or feet are not so readily attributed to the ordinary ideal of a whelk or a garden snail, and a world peopled with one-legged animals might very well be thought to exist only in imagination, the product of a fancy rather eccentric than ingenious. The 'foot,' however, of a mollusc is in no way homologous with the jointed limbs of either vertebrate or articulated animals. It takes its name, not from any agreement which it has with those limbs in structure, but only from a certain correspondence in function. It is 'a thickening, on the ventral side, of a portion 'of the integument of the animal, modified to serve different 'modes of motion.' In many of the Gasteropods it subtends the whole of the body. Sometimes there is observable a tripartite division of its area. The front portion is most strongly developed in genera which crawl about in wet sand. 'In such cases it seems to serve as a sort of fender or snow-plough to push the sand away on both sides of the path 'the animal is traversing.' But sometimes the foot is widely extended on all sides, so as to slide over the sand instead of ploughing through it. In one division the lateral edges of the foot, known as parapodia, are frequently produced into broad folds or wing-like extensions, by the wavy motion of which the animal is enabled to progress through the water. In the pretty and delicate Pteropoda, or wing-footed molluscs, which are now subordinated to the Gasteropoda instead of forming a separate class by themselves, the lateral portions of the foot are modified into fins, a kind of

swimming wings, which derive their nerves from the ganglia of the foot.

‘In the Cephalopoda the arms and funnel represent the modified foot, the sides of which are prolonged into a number of very long specialised tentaculæ. In the adult Cephalopod some of the arms have assumed a position in advance of the mouth, the latter being in fact surrounded by a circle of arms. But in the Cephalopod embryo the mouth opens as in the Gasteropoda, *i.e.* in advance of the arms, and it is only gradually that it becomes encircled by them. Arms and funnel alike are found to be innerved from the pedal ganglion.’

The Scaphopoda are as remarkable for paucity of numbers as the Gasteropoda for their exuberant abundance. The class contains but three genera. Of these the common *Dentalium* is well known as far as regards its tusk-like shell open at both ends. From the anterior and wider aperture of this the animal can protrude its small elongate foot for digging, it is supposed, into its native mud. The Pelekypoda, or bivalves, have, in a great many instances, a pointed axe-shaped foot, probably modified from the flattened ‘sole’ of the Gasteropoda to adapt it for a burrowing organ. ‘In genera which burrow but slightly it is small and feebly developed, while in genera which habitually excavate, it becomes the largest and strongest organ of the body.’ But in sedentary or attached genera it tends to disappear. Thus the bedridden oyster is footless, while the deep-burrowing and active *Solen* or razor-fish has the foot powerfully developed.

Through an oversight, or possibly a change of mind, Mr. Cooke at the outset speaks of his four principal divisions of the Mollusca as orders; but subsequently, and in his prefatory scheme of classification, he calls them classes. So also in one place a minor group, the Aplacophora, is an order, but elsewhere a sub-order. Uniformity in the use of such terms is obviously desirable.

By the form of the name the Brachiopoda seem to be brought into line with the divisions of the Mollusca. But this is due to a misapprehension on the part of Cuvier. He was the first to distinguish them from the Pelekypoda, and, supposing erroneously that the so-called arms or breathing organs were a locomotive apparatus, he devised the hybrid name Brachiopoda, meaning arm-footed animals, a term which would have been more suitable to monkeys, for whom the name *quadrumana* was afterwards proposed by Owen. Soon after its invention the name Brachiopoda was adopted by Duméril, and it has been allowed to hold its ground

ever since. These animals are practically all stationary in adult life, almost all of them being actually attached to some support by a stalk or by one of their valves, so that they are then in no need of a foot for migrations which they never attempt. According to Miss Agnes Crane, 'an 'occasional yawn seems to be their only diversion,' and they cannot even gape very widely. It is a puzzling thing to beginners to find that, although in all their very numerous species the Brachiopods have two valves, they are, nevertheless, not 'bivalves.' That term is reserved for the Pelekyopoda, including mussels and cockles and scallops and oysters and a host of other species, which are called bivalves in distinction from the univalve Gasteropods, such as snails and periwinkles. The differences of internal structure which separate the true bivalves from the Brachiopoda are very considerable, although they might not be suspected from the external aspect of the respective shells.

The recently instituted Malacological Society of London bears witness in its title to the great change which has come over the study of Mollusca in modern times. The members of a Conchological Society are interested first and principally in the shell, and only incidentally in the soft parts of the animal which the shell supports or covers. A malacologist, on the other hand, is concerned first with the molluscous animal, and only in a subordinate manner with its shell, if it happens to have one. There is, perhaps, rather too much tendency at present to sneer at collections of shells and at those who are interested in them, as though a kind of crusade were wanted against the devotees and the venerated objects of an effete superstition. While admitting that various considerations have tended unduly to exalt the value of the shell compared with other parts of the organism, Mr. Cooke judiciously observes:—

'At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the old systems of classification, which were based almost entirely on indications drawn from the shell alone, have been strangely little disturbed by the new principles of arrangement, which depend mainly on structural points in the animal. This fact only tends to emphasise the truth that the shell and animal are in the closest possible connection, and that the shell is a living part of the organism, and is equally sensitive to external influences.'

A striking illustration of these remarks is afforded by the Pteropoda, which Péron and Lesueur in 1810 divided into two sub-groups, those without shells and those with shells. This division, established, as Dr. Paul Pelseneer says, on

the very empirical character of the presence or the absence of a shell; has been found to be quite justified by the anatomical differences, and that too, notwithstanding the circumstance that the naked Pteropods 'possess a shell at the 'beginning of their larval life.'

It is true, no doubt, that those who trust to the shell alone may occasionally be led widely astray in their classification; but that is only a particular application of the lesson now generally well understood, that a natural system, sound and true and unimpeachable, is waiting for the day of complete knowledge. Every part of every organism needs to be studied before it can be decisively ascertained which parts are of more, and which of less, importance. In every animal account must be taken of intricate and interdependent arrangements for respiration, nutrition, sensation, motion, reproduction, self-defence, and acquisitive conflict. For determining affinities the least conspicuous among these arrangements may chance to be of the highest consequence. But the most complete anatomical investigation of an animal at any one period of its life is now regarded as a mere fraction of what is requisite. A paramount rank is conceded only to embryological studies. In every stage of its existence, from the egg onwards, the anatomy of a creature should be known. The museum attendant who apologised for the smallness of the skull which he was exhibiting as that of Oliver Cromwell, on the ground that it belonged to the Protector 'when he 'was a boy,' may have had a glimmering sense of the needs of the modern biologist. It would be highly convenient if the infant mollusc could be first dissected and then allowed, notwithstanding, to attain the adult stage. Under existing conditions, it is seldom easy to obtain all, sometimes difficult to obtain any, of the desired details about the young of many marine animals.

In the meantime there are not a few matters of interest revealed by mere shells. In the Brachiopoda, for example, many of the species have calcareous structures forming curious loops and spirals, which are quite foreign to anything found in the true bivalves. These pieces of framework are, in fact, the supports of the branchial arms. The intimate structure of the shell is also so distinct in the two classes that even a small fragment, it is said, of a brachiopod shell can on this ground alone be properly classified. In both classes the muscular impressions, or scars, as they are called, are interesting features in the interior of the valves, giving some



indications of the habits and constitution of the several animals. The bivalves have by some authors been divided into two groups, according as they exhibit two muscular scars in each valve or only one. Mr. Cooke points out that in some genera there are two equal scars nearly equidistant from the hinge on either side of it and representing muscles of equal power; in others, owing to the shape of the shell, one scar is brought close to the hinge, where the muscular pull will be comparatively ineffective, and in these cases the other scar is remote from the hinge and large, representing a muscle capable of doing almost all the work; and, finally, in some genera, 'the anterior muscle having drawn into line 'with the hinge and the posterior muscle, becomes atrophied, 'while the posterior muscle, having double work to do, has 'doubled its size.' For this reason there is only one muscular scar apparent in the oyster and in the scallop. There are many interesting instances, chiefly among the Brachio-poda, in which the embryonic shell persists or preserves some record of itself in the adult. Between the full-grown and the young shell in the Mollusca there are occasionally some surprising differences. The common *Magilus antiquus*, from the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, in the young form is shaped like a small whelk. As the coral to which it attaches itself increases in size, the mollusc develops a long calcareous tube, which it solidifies to the rear, while taking care that the aperture in front shall keep pace with the growth of the coral. But for this precaution its host would become its sepulchre, a misadventure to which there is good reason to believe that coral-frequenting animals occasionally succumb. In *Teredo navalis*, known as the ship-worm, which bores deeply and destructively into timber, the valves are quite small throughout life, but the siphons secrete a shelly tube from twelve to thirty inches in length. Its mode of burrowing is said to have suggested to Brunel his method of tunnelling under the Thames. Still more extraordinary is the watering-pot shell, *Aspergillum vaginiferum*, which has the minute valves embedded in the lower end of the wall of a long cylindrical tube, the tube itself being closed below by a perforated disk, a singular point of resemblance to the equally remarkable silicious sponge with netted lid, the *Euplectella aspergillum*, or Basket of Venus. *Patella*, the common limpet, when young, has a nautiloid shell, but we are still entirely ignorant, Mr. Cooke declares, of the transition stages which convert the nautiloid into the familiar conical shell. *Fissurella* is a genus very distinct from *Patella*, though its shell looks like

that of a limpet with a hole in the top—a peculiarity which has won for it the trivial name of the key-hole limpet. That apical hole is a rather notable curiosity. Mr. Cooke figures four stages in the growth of the shell, and observes:—

‘The development of *Fissurella* is of extreme interest. In an early stage it possesses a spiral shell, with a slit on the margin of the outer lip of the last whorl. As growth advances, shelly matter is deposited on both margins, which results in the slit becoming a hole and the spire a mere callosity, until at last they appear to coalesce in the apex of the adult shell.’

While in this way *Fissurella*, notwithstanding the limpet shape assumed by its shell, is seen to be in affinity with the great crowd of spiral univalves on the one hand, on the other hand it is said by S. P. Woodward to be the best gasteropod for comparison with the bivalves; its large gills, placed one on each side, and its symmetrical shell, pierced with a median orifice for the escape of the outgoing branchial current, are declared to be unmistakeable indications of homologies with the Pelekypoda. The Chitons, by possessing a shell of eight valves, seem to stand far apart from all the other Mollusca. But in the opinion of the late Dr. J. E. Gray the hindermost of these eight valves or plates should be considered homologous with the principal part of the limpet shell, the other plates being regarded as portions of its anterior slope successively detached. The forward pointing apex of the eighth valve would favour such a view. In any case the comparison helps us to understand the general unity binding together the whole sub-kingdom of the Mollusca, notwithstanding diversities of form and structure which might at the first glance be thought quite irreconcilable. Mr. Cooke has shown very clearly how easily many of the most striking differences in univalve shells may have arisen.

‘In univalve Mollusca the normal form of the shell is an elongated cone twisted into a spiral form round an axis, the spiral ascending to the left. Probably the original form of the shell was a simple cone, which covered the vital parts like a tent. As these parts tended to increase in size, their position on the dorsal side of the animal caused them gradually to fall over, drawing the shell with them. The result of these two forces combined, the increasing size of the visceral hump, and its tendency to pull the shell over with it, probably resulted in the conversion of the conical into the spiral shell, which gradually came to envelop the whole animal. Where the visceral hump, instead of increasing in size, became flattened, the conical shape of the shell may have been modified into a single elliptical plate (e.g. *Limax*), the nucleus representing the apex of the cone. In extreme cases even

this plate dwindles to a few calcareous granules, or disappears altogether (*Arion*, *Vaginula*).'

Upon these suggestions an observant amateur will be enabled to trace for himself a unity of pattern in his specimens which otherwise his mind would not readily have expected. Whether he looks at the objects themselves or penetrates to the meaning of the Latin and Greek names appropriated to them, it will be obvious that the differences of form are about as great as could well be devised. Here is a flattened disc and there an auger, here a cask and there a spindle; there are cones and olives and melons and whipping-tops, and also trumpets and horns and snake-shells, ears and caps and umbrellas. But all the diversified shapes answering to these names will be found to pass easily one into the other by mere changes in the sizes and number of the whorls, and according as the spiral is coiled loosely or tightly, obliquely or horizontally, with the last and largest whorl either contracting or expanding its margin.

For such guidance to lines of interesting observation the amateur has reason to be grateful to the present volume, but if he hopes to name his collection by its assistance, he is very likely to be disappointed. Though he will find several of the best-known conchological curiosities figured and named, their portraits and titles are introduced rather for the sake of illustrating the general subject than of helping in the arrangement of a cabinet. For the latter purpose, the collector, who cannot command expensive and voluminous works, must still fall back upon the admirable and extraordinarily compendious manual by the late Dr. S. P. Woodward. That work, amplified in its account of species and brought up to the standard of existing knowledge, even if its modest price were doubled, would be a boon to students that could scarcely be over-estimated. Its merit is attested by the use which the eminent Dr. Paul Fischer has recently made of it in his '*Manuel de Conchyliologie*.' What Dr. Fischer has done for France should now be done for Great Britain with enlarged opportunity for success.

Mr. Cooke has devoted some seventy or eighty pages of his book to definitions of the sub-orders, sections, and families of the Mollusca, naming the principal genera in each. But it is difficult to understand for what readers this part of the work can be intended. It is naturally not meant for popular reading. After a page or two of it, not even a brachiopod could refrain from gaping widely. The numerous characters derived from the soft parts and internal structure of the

animals will be entirely useless to those who have only shells to study. On the other hand, the 'serious students,' to whom all this dry light of science might be valuable, would presumably require fuller details by which to identify the species they may happen to be studying. The names of genera are given without any information as to the dates when they were founded or by whom. There is, therefore, nothing to show whether they are of old standing or freshly minted, nor yet anything to indicate who are the writers from whom fuller details could be obtained. Some useful bibliographical lists are given of the leading authorities on embryology and anatomy, but the devotees of research to whom such lists might be useful would surely find the major part of Mr. Cooke's volume superfluous. Many, however, who care nothing whatever for a German treatise on the molluscan kidney would have gladly learned how, with most profit and least expense, to pursue their study of the general subject. From an introductory treatise like the present they might well have expected some guidance through the labyrinth of scientific literature, which every year becomes more bewildering. A few pages would have been well bestowed, not on a bare list of titles, but on a critical estimate of the works available. Incidentally, indeed, Dr. Paul Fischer's work is mentioned as the leading modern manual of the subject, but the student is left in the dark as to the merits of works by his own countrymen. He might at least have been told whether the important work on Mollusca by Forbes and Hanley was to be considered antiquated and useless; whether a similar verdict applied to the brilliantly illustrated monograph of the Nudibranchs by Alder and Hancock, published some forty to fifty years back by the Ray Society. It would have been advantageous to him to learn whether any profit could be derived from such old-world books as Donovan's 'History of British Shells,' in which the Mollusca are still classed, as Linnæus placed them, among the Vermes. He might at least have had something more than casual references in footnotes to Jeffreys's 'British Conchology,' a delightful book, full of science and learning and observation, and scraps of poetry, and a medley of entertaining gossip from authors of every age and country. There are not many writers—and from some points of view it is a happy thing that there are not many writers—who would find, as Gwyn Jeffreys has done, appropriate occasion, in an essay on the eatable cockle, to quote from Paley and Coleridge and Ruskin, from Surtees's

'History of Durham,' from Wilson's 'Prehistoric Annals of Scotland,' and from 'Æsop's Fables;' besides referring to Costa and Philippi on the habits of the animal; to Macé for its name among the Bretons; to Lister and Fleming and Macgillivray for its domestic use; and to Buchanan for an old Scotch fancy as to its origin.

A not uninteresting page is allotted to the prices which have been occasionally paid for individual specimens of shells. The largest sum mentioned is 'about 100*l.*,' at which a *Pleurotomaria adansoniana* of extraordinary size and beauty 'is now offered for sale.' Between prices asked and prices obtained there is sometimes rather a wide interval, but Dr. S. P. Woodward refers to a *Carinaria* which, according to Sowerby, was once worth a hundred guineas. He adds that it is now worth one shilling only, and that a wentle-trap, *Scalaria pretiosa*, which in 1701 fetched forty guineas, was worth only twenty in 1758, and may now be had for 5*s.* Dr. Henry Woodward regards most of the stories told about the extravagant prices paid for particular shells as probably apocryphal or grossly exaggerated, citing especially the statements that a Parisian professor of botany paid 6,000 francs (240*l.*) for a thorny oyster (*Spondylus regius*), and that a Dutchman gave an *estate* for a wentle-trap. There is something in the latter name a little suggestive, to an English ear, of its use in dubious finance, but really it is the same as the German Wendel-treppe, a spiral staircase, and corresponds with the Latin name *Scalaria*. In bargaining about shells it is as easy as in any other subject-matter for the innocent amateur to be grossly taken in. Not always do the learned and experienced escape unscathed. But in this chaffering science has little concern. It is much more important for the student to learn something of the cost of desirable books, and of the proportion which their various and varying prices may bear to his requirements. There are very few students who can afford to make a considerable outlay on experimental purchases, and still fewer know by instinct how to choose. A book may be expensive because it happens to be rare or to have some features of venerable quaintness, or it may be full of the most instructive material, but so high in price as to be quite out of the reach of slender purses, like Sowerby's 'Thesaurus Conchyliorum,' for example, or the far more costly 'Conchologia Iconica,' by Lovell Reeve, with its twenty quarto volumes, containing nearly three thousand coloured plates. There may be works, again, of such

primary importance that without them a beginner can never hope to become an advanced student. It is well that these necessities of life should be explained, or, if there be no such thing as an indispensable book, at least some wholesome advice might be given for those who have little to spend and much to learn.

A subject dear to the microscopist pure and simple, but important also in classification, is furnished by the Molluscan tongue, radula, odontophore, or lingual ribbon, as it is variously called. This is very adequately treated by Mr. Cooke, and the figures and descriptions which he gives of many specimens from Professor Gwatkin's unrivalled collection of these objects will doubtless inspire many a 'prentice hand to extract the hidden marvel from whelk and limpet and periwinkle.

'The radula itself is a band or ribbon of varying length and breadth, formed of chitin, generally almost transparent, sometimes beautifully coloured, especially at the front end, with red or yellow. It lies enveloped in a kind of membrane, in the floor of the mouth and throat, being quite flat in the forward part, but usually curving up so as to line the sides of the throat farther back, and in some cases eventually forming almost a tube. The upper surface, *i.e.* the surface over which the food passes, is covered with teeth of the most varied shape, size, number, and disposition, which are almost invariably arranged in symmetrical rows. These teeth are attached to the cartilage on which they work by muscles which serve to erect or depress them; probably also the radula as a whole can be given a forward or backward motion, so as to rasp or card the substances which pass over it.'

Marks on the rocks of a limpet's lingual teeth must often have been noticed with wonderment by those who had not the least conception how they were produced. Few, perhaps, of those who take delight in the flavour of the periwinkle are aware that its tongue is several times as long as the whole animal, and that this narrow elongated ribbon carries five or six hundred rows of teeth, the larger part being kept coiled away like a watch-spring at the back of the throat, while only some twenty-four of the rows are in active service at any one time. It may well be said that the number of teeth in the radula varies greatly, since 'in *Chaetoderma* there is but one tooth,' whereas 'in both *Umbrella mediterranea* and *Umbrella indica* they entirely baffle calculation; possibly 750,000 may be somewhere near 'the truth.'

In preparing and mounting such organs for microscopic

study, it is easy to understand that much skilful manipulation is required to insure complete success. By making the attempt much skill in manipulation can be won. The risk, indeed, is that the employment may become only too seductive, and be regarded as an end in itself, instead of as a means to scientific advancement. Seen under the microscope, many of these ribbons of multiform, symmetrically arranged, and almost innumerable teeth are attractively beautiful objects. Whatever aversion some persons may feel for the soft and slimy bodies of the slug and the snail, there is an eloquence in the strange adornment of their 'tongues' which never fails to extort admiration.

In an important chapter on the branchiæ and other breathing arrangements of the Mollusca, Mr. Cooke quotes the opinion of Mr. W. H. Dall on the Pelekypoda, that in its original form the branchia was no doubt a simple pinched-up lamella or fold of the skin or mantle. 'This, 'elongated, becomes a filament. Filaments united by suitable tissue, trussed, propped, and stayed by a chitinous 'skeleton, result in the forms, wonderful in number and complexity, which puzzle the student to describe, much more to 'classify.'

In most of the group Pulmonata, which includes the Gasteropods of the land and fresh water, no trace of a branchia remains. In all non-operculate land and freshwater Mollusca, and in one aberrant operculate, 'respiration 'is conducted by means of a lung-cavity, or, rarely, 'by a true lung, whence the name Pulmonata.' It is a strange fact that the non-operculate freshwater Mollusca should breathe air though living in the water. But 'they 'make periodic visits to the surface, and take down a bubble of 'air, returning again for another when it is exhausted.' In the same way the water-spider, *Argyroneta aquatica*, is able to live and bring up its family under water, although, if accidentally deprived of its stock of atmospheric air during its winter torpidity, it can easily be drowned. The water-breathing molluscs of the seashore would be in evil case when the tide is out were it not that the requisite moisture is kept entangled in their branchiæ. According to Mr. Cooke, some species of periwinkle 'live so near high-water mark that at 'neap tides it must frequently happen that they are 'touched by the sea for several weeks together.' There is some obscurity in this expression, since neap tides, instead of lasting for several weeks, take their turn with spring tides twice a month. There is, however, abundant evidence of

the tenacity of life in various mollusca under conditions seemingly the most unfavourable. For, if an Egyptian snail of the desert will consent without remonstrance to be gummed to a museum tablet for four years, and after that show itself capable of enjoying an English cabbage-leaf, there is no need to haggle over a few weeks, more or less, in the endurance of a *Littorina*. It is not in the Mollusca only that vitality makes, sometimes, a very surprising display. A traveller in Africa secured, as he thought, a handsome 'specimen' of a locust by pinning it to his hat, but some weeks later, on board ship in the Mediterranean, he was disgusted to see his specimen suddenly fly off with the pin.

That the Mollusca have senses everyone will be inclined to take for granted. Not everyone will have given a thought to the organs by which those senses are exercised. The large and highly organised eyes in some of the Cephalopods are striking objects, and that they can be used to some purpose is shown by the following anecdote:—

'Madame Jeannette Power once saw the *Octopus* in her aquarium holding a fragment of rock in one of its arms, and watching a *Pinna* which was opening its valves. As soon as they were perfectly open, the Poulpe, with incredible address and promptitude, placed the stone between the valves, preventing the *Pinna* from closing again, upon which it set about devouring its victim.'

It is not a little curious that this same stratagem, applied to the capture of oysters, was attributed by the ancients to a small crab. Another odd coincidence is that, while some called it *Pinnotheres*, the guardian of the *Pinna*, others called it *Pinnotheres*, the hunter of the *Pinna*. But whether the cuttle-fish has plagiarised from the crustacea or the crab from the cuttle, or whether the ingenious idea has occurred independently to the marine intelligence of both, there is no means of deciding. As might be expected, the visual organs of the Mollusca vary greatly, according to the modes of life of the animals. Those that live underground or in the deep sea commonly have them rudimentary, or are wholly without them. Those that are slow in movement are very short-sighted. To what purpose shall one see an object of desire in the far distance, if it will almost certainly be gone before one can reach the spot? A snail, it seems, would need about eleven hundred years to travel round the globe, and its range of vision is calculated in inches. There is a strange circumstance connected with the dorsal eyes in the genus *Onchidium*. Some species have them, and some have them not. Now, it so happens that those possessing dorsal eyes



have precisely the same geographical distribution as a certain fish which skips along the beach and feeds principally on insects and the shore-frequenting *Onchidium*. Other species, not exposed to pursuit from this abnormal jumper, have their eyes in a much more ordinary situation, namely, on the tips of the tentacles. A *Pecten*, or scallop, is doubtless often eaten without exciting the least suspicion that the agreeable morsel is furnished with eyes; but as a fact the ocelli, as these visual elements are called, 'are remarkably 'large and prominent, shining like precious stones, and are 'placed along the two edges of the mantle, so as to receive 'the light when the shell gapes.' Though there are no eyes in *Chiton* proper, some of the family *Chitonidæ* are very handsomely provided with them. The discovery was made only a few years ago by the late Professor Moseley. These organs, wonderful to relate, are situate in the plates of the shell, and one species is mentioned in which there are about 12,000 in all, so accommodating is Nature in varying her patterns to meet the needs of every creature, and so profuse where her bounty seemed least to have scope for its display. That the sense of smell is highly developed in the Mollusca, and of more general importance to many of them than that of sight, has been ascertained by many experiments. Where any special organ for this sense has been ascertained to exist, it is usually found situated in close connexion with the breathing apparatus. Most animals, for their health's sake, need some means of testing the quality of the medium they breathe, be it air or water. The part of a mollusc modified for this purpose is not called a nose, but receives the more dignified designation of an osphradium.

In treating of the uses of Mollusca, it is not unnatural that an author should concede most of his available space to the oyster. It is one of those rare delicacies which hold alike the suffrages of ancient Greece and Rome, of modern London and Paris, of epicurean palates and of palates not otherwise æsthetic. It is a dainty which was not only known to prehistoric man, but evidently, in many parts of the globe, was a chief staple of his food. Long, also, before man appeared upon this mundane scene there were oysters, multitudinous, of many species, huge or tiny; some two feet long, preposterously coarse; others delicate and refined, not more than an inch in breadth. Over the enormous numbers which in the Eocene period alone passed away, untimely lost, having graced no banquet in the presence of appreciative lips, Professor Edward Forbes suggested that

it would be decorous to 'drop a pearly tear.' Notwithstanding their dwindling numbers and high price at the present time, we are told that 'in the season 1889-90, 50,000 tons ' of oysters were consumed in London.' As this is an allowance of about twenty-five pounds weight of oysters for every man, woman and child, the Londoner's diet might be thought to be much more largely ostreiform than common experience suggests. But, unfortunately, the weight of the shells is rather out of proportion to the amount of the meat. Jeffreys mentions an oyster weighing two pounds, of which the edible part was only an ounce and a half. Mr. Cooke informs his readers that 'oysters are "in season" ' whenever there is an "r" in the month—in other words, ' from September to April,' and attempts to prove it by a Latin quotation. It may be that 'grotto-day' is no longer known to any save archæologists, but certainly fifty years ago it inaugurated the oyster season on the fourth of August, or, as some would write it, Orgust.

In St. Petersburg, as Gwyn Jeffreys was told, fresh oysters are not considered eatable; they are kept until they become 'high' and have a gamy flavour. Taste, as all men know, is its own master. It measures itself by no standard but its own. Seeing that the pearl is the result of a diseased secretion, a philosopher might think it little appropriate to be worn as an adornment by rational beings. The oriental imagination, in depicting the glories of celestial magnificence, could conceive of the gates of a city each made of a single pearl. To a naturalist the hyperbolic splendour of such a fancy is spoiled, not only because the vast size of the largest shellfish, the Giant Clam, would be ridiculously inadequate to produce such a jewel, but because to a naturalist it would seem more appropriate as a symbol of sickness and imperfection on an exaggerated scale than a glorious type of health and peace. Yet so inconsistent is human nature, that the natural philosopher would see with complacency his wife wearing a necklace of these symbols, and would find no fault with them for being numerous or for being large.

As Mr. Cooke explains, there are many other Molluscs besides the oyster extensively and advantageously used for the food of man. Many, also, indirectly help his food-supply by becoming the prey of animals which eventually become the prey of human beings. Many shells are used for ornament or costume by various tribes. Several have at times been used for money, and some are still so used. The name

of *Venus mercenaria*, the common clam; refers, not to a commerce in wives, but to the wampum, or shell coinage used in ordinary commerce by the North American Indians. How invaluable the Mollusca are in medicine is pretty well known. Mr. W. G. Black, in 'Folk Medicine,' quotes this exemplary remedy from Schröder:—

'Take red snails, cut and mix them with equal weight of common salt, and put them into Hippocrates his sleeve, that in a cellar they may fall into liquor, which is good to anoint gouty and pained parts, and to root out warts, being first pared with a penfield.'

A hundred years ago, and probably in much more recent times, amiable persons would impale snails upon a thorn to waste away, or string them on a thread to be frizzled over a fire, in the interest of patients suffering from ague, for 'as the snails disappear, so will the ague.' The use of shells in the arts has been diversified, and in many instances of an importance far from imaginary. In the absence of flint the savage has fashioned from them cutting instruments of great efficiency. To civilised man they supply a large number of his buttons, besides a great stock of other articles serviceable or ornamental. Cameos are cut from the queen-conch of Madagascar and from other species of the genus *Cassia*. At Torquay and Florence, the inlaying of marbles could scarcely portray with the requisite delicacy the blossoms of the rose and the jasmine were not the stonework aided by the pure tints and porcelain texture of shells. According to Mr. Cooke, the Mollusca have even proved themselves of service in the administration of justice. For when a native Cingalese had diverted a watercourse and obliterated the old channel in his neighbour's absence, Mr. E. L. Layard detected and exposed the fraud by an appeal to *Ampullaria*, one of the 'apple-snails.' This is an inhabitant of lakes and rivers in tropical countries. It retires deep into the mud in the dry season. A trench being dug by Mr. Layard's order across what was claimed as the old course of the stream, the *Ampullaria* was found there alive and abundant, where it could not have been but for the recent presence of the disputed streamlet. Another little-known usefulness appertains to the slug or slug-like *Testacella*. This should not be confused with the ferocious destroyers of the early bulb and the nascent pea. It has neither a capacious shell like *Helix*, the snail, nor is it entirely shell-less, like the true slugs. It has a sort of apology for a shell—a little cap, which it carries, not on its head, but on its tail. It is a shy, deep-burrowing animal,

not loving the light, though its deeds are good rather than evil, for it greatly benefits the gardener by its whole-hearted devotion to a diet of worms. It appears that some, also, of the true slugs are carnivorous instead of phytophagous; but doubtless it would require a nice discernment on the gardener's part to sever his friends from his foes in the genera *Limax* and *Arion*. To anyone who remembers the romantic story of the Lesbian harpist, it will seem surprising that his name of all others should be chosen by the ancients to designate an unprepossessing slug. Whatever the original reason for the choice may have been, in course of time the name *Arion* was explained to mean 'without a shell.' The likeness between a slug and a snail is easy to perceive, and the apparent difference between them was formerly accounted for in an ingenious manner. It was supposed that the slugs recognised in partridges and herons their natural enemies. When, therefore, these birds were observed to be foraging about, the slugs would creep out of their shells and go under cover. The birds would pick up the shells, find them one after another untenanted, and would accordingly drop them and fly away to some happier hunting ground. Then the sagacious slugs would quietly reoccupy their proper mansions, and be shell-less no longer.

On geographical distribution Mr. Cooke gives much interesting information. Among other things he quotes, but without criticism, Mr. Belt's attempt to solve the problem which asks why, in a great number of disconnected areas, the same species of freshwater plants and animals occur. Mr. Belt considers that by the numerous oscillations of the earth's surface every freshwater area must have been again and again destroyed, and that species of restricted range must, therefore, have always been exposed to destruction, 'because their habitat was temporary and their retreat impossible, and only families of wide distribution could be preserved.' This is exceedingly ingenious, but it seems to assume the wide distribution of certain forms, which is the very problem that demands an explanation. That widely distributed species have a better chance of preservation than those of narrow range scarcely needs arguing. The difficulty is to understand how species came to be widely distributed in circumstances apparently much opposed to such spreading.

As already intimated, the questions which, more than all others, are now occupying the thoughts and energies of

naturalists all over the world are those connected with embryology and phylogeny. Whatever their preconceived opinions on the latter subject, whatever their views as to the first origin of life on the globe, whatever they may be hoping to prove or disprove, they are practically all busy on the same lines. Unceasing efforts are being made to discover what animals are related to one another, and how they are related; how different species came to be what they are and where they are; what are the real bonds of connexion between existing forms of life and the relics of organised beings in the receding ages of a still unmeasured, and perhaps ever immeasurable, record. Some, as is well known, believe in the probability that the Creator has not only made of one blood all the nations of the earth, but has also moulded of the same clay all the tribes that live. These theorists point to links and gradations in the present and the past almost without number. Their opponents, on the other hand, point to breaks and gaps in the evidence and argumentative difficulties in the like proportion. Men who by age and knowledge and reputation can speak with something like judicial authority are disposed so to hold the balance that neither scale should kick the beam. Thus, Professor Karl von Zittel, in an article worthy of attentive perusal, has recently said:—

‘Although abundance of palæontological facts can be cited in the most convincing manner in favour of the theory of descent, on the other hand we must not forget that we still know no point of origin for numerous independently arising creatures, and that the connexion between the larger divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms is by no means so intimate as the theory specially postulates.’

‘The warmest adherents of the theory of descent must, at all events, admit that extinct links between the different classes and orders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms are forthcoming only in a small and ever-diminishing number’ (‘Natural Science’ for May, pp. 306, 307).

Upon this great battle-field of discussion we have no intention of entering here. But it is worth observing that the Mollusca and Brachiopoda offer to those who are interested in the matter opportunities probably unrivalled for at least their preliminary studies. The living animals in many cases are abundant and easy to handle; the shells as a rule can be transported without risk and preserved without trouble; in a fossil condition they occur almost everywhere in wonderful profusion. Thus, what may be called the natural documents in the controversy are ready to hand and open to general inspection, so far as this branch of the animal kingdom is

concerned. • The authors of the volume we have been reviewing neither neglect this part of their subject nor bring it into very prominent relief. But they say enough upon it, as upon many other topics, to engage the reader's attention, to indicate lines of research, and to suggest the means of arriving at important conclusions.

It may sound like an ambiguous compliment to say that we close the volume with satisfaction. But there is no disrespect intended, for much of it we have read with pleasure, and much of it with profit, deriving satisfaction in the one case from the process, in the other from the accomplished fact. There are entertaining parts, and parts well worth remembering ; and, again, there are parts which the memory willingly leaves to the custody of the printed page, content to know where they may be found when wanted. There are certainly many points, in whichever category they may best be placed, of which the ordinary reader will like to be informed or reminded, such, for example, as the story, romantic but true, of the loves of the dibranchiate Cephalopoda ; or the reason why some shells have the external surface rough and rugged and broken, while others have it perfect and polished to an exquisite smoothness ; or the facts that the fragile and beautiful shell of *Argonauta argo*, the Paper Nautilus, is not properly a shell at all, and that this animal does not spread its sails to the favouring breeze, as some old authorities have believed, described, and pictured, but, in a more prosaic style, progresses backward by shooting forward jets of water from its funnel ; whereas the true Nautilus (*Nautilus pompilius*), with chambered shell of firm construction, does indeed, when swimming at the surface, display the bravery of its numerous tentacles, and justify the ancient supposition that the inventor of ships may have learned his lesson from a mollusc.

ART. V. — *Mémoires de Barras, Membre du Directoire.*

Publiés, avec une Introduction générale, des Préfaces et des Appendices, par GEORGE DURUY. Tomes I., II. Paris: 1895.

As in the case of Talleyrand's 'Memoirs,' the true student of history, if we mistake not, will be much disappointed with these volumes. Barras was a prominent, if not a distinguished, actor in the great drama of the French Revolution. He played a conspicuous, even a brilliant, part in the memorable events of Thermidor; he was one of the heads of the Government of France in the period between Vendémiaire and Brumaire. These records, too, of his life and career have been shown to more than one French writer of mark; traces of them will be found in Michelet's works; Lanfrey has certainly borrowed from them; they have provided materials to the pages of Jung. Much, therefore, was expected from this publication; yet no one acquainted with the history of the time can doubt that it is a contemptible failure, even as a running commentary on the era it deals with. As a narrative it is meagre, shallow, and poor; it is almost wholly devoid of skill in description; it swarms with misstatements and downright falsehoods; it is a tissue of misrepresentation in at least a dozen chapters. The account of the Revolution in its first tragic scenes, of the fall of the Bastille, the 20th of June and the 10th of August, and of the death of the king, is tame and lifeless in the highest degree; it contains nothing either striking or new; it is remarkable only for its perversion of the facts and for its outrageous Jacobin sympathies. It would be, however, unjust to assert that the book has no historical value. The narrative of the events that led to the fall of Robespierre, to the defeat of the Commune of Paris, and to the victory of the Convention and of the men of Thermidor, is interesting, and may be read with profit; the portrait of Robespierre is well done; and the author's estimate of this Coryphæus of the Reign of Terror, and of his conduct at the close of his dread supremacy, formed as it has been by a personal enemy, is worthy of attention, though not novel, and questionable in the extreme, to say the least. The kind of diary, too, which Barras kept of the daily incidents of the Directorial rule is not without instructive details, though much less important than it might have been, and full of significance for its large omissions and for its evident purpose to withhold the truth.

The book, however, is of a much worse quality if we regard it as memoirs in the proper sense; that is, as a mere passing *résumé* of what the author witnessed or heard in his experiences of an extraordinary time, and as his contemporaneous judgement on men and things. A few of the sketches are, no doubt, clever; that of Talleyrand, for instance, if a caricature, and grossly libellous, has a certain kind of merit. But we are not surprised that the editor of this work has told us that his first impulse was to destroy it as a noxious farrago of self-glorification and atrocious calumny—to crush it out of sight like a venomous reptile. These professed reminiscences and thoughts of Barras are, to a considerable extent, lies; they breathe all that was worst in the spirit of the old *régime*, and in the hatreds and passions of the Revolution: they are instinct with malice and uncharitableness in almost every page. One of their chief characteristics is revolting vanity; whether as an Alcibiades of *bonnes fortunes*, or as a champion of the Convention in its fiery trials, or as a ruler of the destinies of France, the author surpasses everyone else, and exults in the foolishness of self-worship. Their unceasing malevolence, too, is simply disgusting; scarcely a good word is said of any of the leading men of the time; their acts are usually placed in the worst light, or described in the darkest or most unbecoming colours. As might have been expected, Napoleon is the mark of defamation that literally stops at nothing. We shall comment at some length on this subject; enough for the present to say that an extraordinary man, the Satan of the Revolution, even in the eyes of his foes, is portrayed as a cross between Belial and Mammon. The most detestable part of the book, however, is the treatment Barras metes out to women: we see in this the light wickedness of the bad seigneur and the lawless profligacy of the untamed Jacobin; it reminds us of the deeds of those furies of their sex who murdered their lovers when their lust was sated. What we find in these pages about Madame Tallien and Madame de Staël ought not to have been published; and if the chapter devoted to Joséphine Beauharnais may contain a small residuum of fact, it is charged with extravagant and absurd falsehood, and is only worthy of the pen of Hébert. The chief value, indeed, of passages like these is to show us what manner of men those were whom the Revolution raised to a bad eminence. Barras was a governor of France for nearly five years; he was an audacious liar and a consummate blackguard.



We must say a word respecting the form in which these 'Mémoires' have at last appeared, and of the circumstances under which they are published. Barras never made a systematic record of his experiences and of his reflections on them, nothing like a continuous or ordered narrative. But he put together an enormous mass of memoranda of every sort and kind relating to the events of his time; he threw parts of these into something like shape; and he wrote, he tells us, from day to day 'notes' on all that passed between himself and his colleagues and that came to their knowledge in any way while they held office as the 'Five Kings of the Luxembourg.' He placed the collection, just before his death, in the hands of M. Rousselin St. Albin, an old friend, with directions to make it into a book of 'Mémoires,' apparently to be published as soon as possible. But it was found to be too dangerous, sixty years ago, to give to the world a huge array of libels and a *chronique scandaleuse* of the most pestilent kind. The publication was deferred, under legal advice; and, as the manuscripts were inherited by M. Hortensius St. Albin, a prosperous functionary of the Second Empire, it is scarcely necessary to say that they were kept secret, or shown to a very few persons only. They have since become the property of M. Duruy, and he has thought fit to bring them to the light, though numberless passages must, even now, offend the feelings of people still alive. The work, if rightly called the 'Memoirs of Barras,' is not in all respects an emanation from his pen. The MM. St. Albin have condensed thousands of the memoranda into a formal narrative; this may be a reason why the book wants freshness, and savours of treatment at second hand. The 'Notes,' however, appear as they were first written; whole chapters seem to have been but little changed, and appendices containing the very words of Barras, and correcting passages in the modified text, where the correction is of any importance, are placed at the end of the first volume. M. Duruy has edited the work with care, and has evidently bestowed much labour upon it. But he might have spared us long pages of the Napoleonic cult, and he ought to have brought out into fuller relief, and illustrated with more copious knowledge, the mendacity, the improbabilities, and the effrontery abounding in every part of this book.

Paul Barras was born in 1755. His family belonged to the *noblesse* of Provence and held feudal domains on the banks of the Var; the Bonnet Rouge of 1793-94 was proud

of the Talons Rouges of his ancestors, and has related at least one falsehood about them. Young Barras was brought up like the sons of the seigneurs of the day; he thought it became a person of quality that he wrote bad French, and could not spell correctly. The boy took to love-making in his early teens—so he tells us at least with self-satisfied glee—he was torn from the arms of a frail fair dame to join a regiment in the Isle of France and India. Barras made the voyage to the East twice, and has given us rather an interesting account of his countrymen's efforts to resist our power in India; but these reminiscences are of no importance. The spirit of mean detraction which pervades his book appears in this depreciatory comment on Suffren, a great seaman, the true precursor of Nelson:—

'M. de Suffren was a brave man, but did not possess all the acquirements which an admiral ought to have. He fought the English squadron of Admiral Hughes with remarkable courage, and often compelled it to retreat. He would have captured or destroyed it had he known how to make use of his victories, but the only advantage he obtained was to occupy the important port of Trincomalee; he owed this success too, not to the force of arms, but to a commonplace stratagem.'

The ruin of the cause of France in India was, according to Barras, largely due to the imbecility and corruption of the French East India Company; but it should be rather ascribed to the weakness of France at sea, and to the mal-administration of French statesmen. The youthful subaltern, these volumes say, had an angry interview with M. de Castries, denounced the abuses of the Indian Department, and 'squared up' to the minister in the fashion of the ring. We may pass by fanfaronnade of this kind. Barras was in good society, for some time, in Paris before the upheaval of 1789; but we need not notice the vagrant amours on which he dilates with delighted unction. He was intimate with the notorious Madame Lamotte, and was nearly marrying, it seems, her sister; he was thus made familiar with all the ins and outs of the deplorable affair of the Diamond Necklace. He narrates these incidents at much length, but we shall not repeat an oft-told tale; enough to say he completely exculpates the queen—the verdict, we are convinced, of impartial history; this is remarkable, for it is almost the only good word he has to say of anybody throughout his book. We had not heard before what became of Oliva, the *filie de joie* hired to personate Marie Antoinette:—

'Mlle. d'Oliva, not worn out, like Cunégonde, by her troubles and

adventures, contrived to make herself an object of interest in the eyes of a certain German judge, who lived at Strasburg. He was pleased with her and married her. Love and justice, in this matter, brought together the double band drawn before the eye.'

Barras witnessed the outbreak of the Revolution and the series of events that led to the fall of the monarchy; but his narrative, we have said, is of little value. He had become a member of the Jacobin Club, and, like more than one of his brothers of the *noblesse*, ran riot in the excesses of the time, and recklessly followed the course of the popular frenzy. His sketches of the great passages of 1789-92 are feeble and commonplace, and, we have remarked, only deserve notice as showing the bent of his mind. Take for instance this most unfair account of October 5 and 6:—

'On the 5th of October bread was wanting in Paris. . . . The people leave the city in spite of M. de Lafayette. . . . They had no hostile intentions; they were received with bayonets; an officer of the bodyguard sabred several citizens. . . . Excesses followed. The château was attacked and invaded; the guards on duty fired and were slain.'

The same spirit appears in this description of June 20:—

'On the 20th of June the people went to the Tuileries. The king put on the red cap. The Assembly disbanded the royal guard. Paris is more disturbed than the provinces. It would have been wiser, perhaps, to give the king complete liberty.'

The 10th of August is portrayed in the same false colours:—

'The people was determined to save its liberties. It planned and accomplished the 10th of August. A crowd marched on the Tuileries; the Carrousel and other avenues were filled. Parleys were held with the Swiss Guards in charge of the outer court. The king had reviewed them in the morning. Shots were fired on those who were making attempts at mediation. The château was entered by the people.'

Barras was in correspondence with Louis XVIII. before, and after, the fall of Napoleon. In this way he became acquainted with much that passed between Louis XVI. and his brother in the early days of the Revolution. We quote the following for what it may be worth; we have not met the statement before:—

'Louis XVI. was in a state of consternation, and taking a pen said to Monsieur, "I appoint you Constable and Lieutenant-general of the kingdom; I give you full power to put down those who disturb order." "Well," wrote Monsieur to his best known confidant, "I am minister. I have been making my preparations these three days; but Vauguyon is coming; Montmorin is with him, and I am nobody."'

It is curious that Barras says he was present at what has been called 'the orgie of Versailles,' the unfortunate challenge of a short-sighted court. Being a noble he may have been invited as a guest. 'Their Majesties returned to the balconies, surrounded by the bodyguards, by M. d'Estaing, and by other dignitaries, while the rest of the crowd, shaking their napkins stained with wine and brandishing their sabres, scaled the boxes and terrified the attendants. I beheld the scene; it could not have been more insensate and disgusting than it was.'

Barras entered the Convention as a deputy for the Department of the Var. He voted for the death of Louis XVI. This is one of the very few passages in this book which indicate that he retained a grain of conscience:—

'My conscience assures me that had Louis XVI.—whose heart was good, who could judge correctly, who had many sound and even enlarged ideas—kept away from his presence the factions of the ultramontane priests and of courtiers interested in abuses; these impelled him on a course of conduct alike inconsistent and unstable by their sinister predictions of evil; had he shaken off the jesuitical fetters which held his mind in bondage; had he been left to act of his own free will—my conscience, I repeat, tells me that Louis XVI., naturally inclined to adopt the reforming principles of the Constituent Assembly, would have frankly co-operated with it in its policy of regenerating France. He would have been saved from trouble; he would have gained strength owing to the gratitude of a nation thankful that it had recovered its rights, and aware of the sacrifices he had made; and he would have governed France, a powerful, a respected, and an unmolested sovereign.'

Before the Reign of Terror had been established, Barras was sent with Fréron to the Army of the Alps as a commissioner of the still all-powerful Convention. He was, in the same capacity, with the Army of Italy, and took part in the operations by which the great rising of the Royalists and the Gironde in the south was put down. He acquitted himself creditably in these missions; was less merciless than the bloodthirsty savages who made their names accursed at Marseilles and Lyons; and was, perhaps, as yet free from the gross corruption which soiled his hands in his subsequent career. He was soon afterwards at the siege of Toulon, representing the terrible Committee of Public Safety, with Salicetti, Ricord, perhaps the younger Robespierre, and others. At this ever memorable passage of war he met the youthful Bonaparte for the first time. These 'Memoirs' contain an account of the siege. The defamation of Napoleon, often utterly false, ludicrously exaggerated in many instances,

and sometimes the half truth which is worse than a lie—the reply of Barras to Brumaire—begins at this point. We pass over a heap of misstatements respecting parts of Napoleon's youth; they are probably to be ascribed to mere ignorance. But Bonaparte was not in Corsica in 1794; he was not a lieutenant at the siege of Toulon, for he had been made captain many months before; he was not in Paris in 1793; he could not, therefore, as has been alleged in this book, have been in a mob bedizened 'in the Bonnet Rouge, 'and shouting for Robespierre and the Committee of Public 'Safety.' Nor shall we notice the expression that 'The 'Supper of Beaucaire,' a most remarkable performance for a mere youth from a military and political point of view alike, was 'a piece of writing of an infernal tendency,' nor yet inquire whether the future Emperor cheated the publisher. We shall confine ourselves to the siege of Toulon and to the description in these pages of Napoleon's conduct in it. This we can show is almost wholly untrue, and is pitiful detraction from first to last.

Barras asserts (1) that Bonaparte was not the author of the plan of attack which caused the fall of Toulon; (2) that if he 'gave proof of military qualities, in a certain measure,' these were not entitled to special eulogy; (3) that his artillery operations were more than once 'faulty,' and did not exhibit peculiar skill and energy; and (4) that nearly the whole credit of the successful issue of the siege belongs, in fact, to Dugommier. It is scarcely necessary to say that these statements are contradicted by all real historians—we set aside the partisan Jung, who has found much in Napoleon that resembles Bazaine;—it can be distinctly proved they are essentially false.

1. The allegation that Napoleon did not conceive the celebrated design which made Toulon fall, the occupation of the headlands over Eguillete and Balaguier, the two points that commanded the roadsteads, rests on the assumption that this was formed, for the first time, at a council of war, held on November 25, 1793, at which Dugommier was, no doubt, president, and Bonaparte was a subordinate only. We pass by the 'Commentaries' of Napoleon, which deny this statement; being written at St. Helena, they may be questioned; but his correspondence, written at the time and on the spot, conclusively shows that the design was his own, and that he had planned the attack, which had such brilliant success, many weeks before Dugommier appeared at Toulon. These few extracts from a letter, dated Novem-

ber 14,\* and addressed to the Minister at War, demonstrate that Napoleon had, long previously, seen that Eguillete was the decisive point of attack; that had this been seized at once, Toulon might have been captured; but that as the enemy had obtained reinforcements, and above all had constructed a fort that covered the approaches to Eguillete, it had become necessary to combine the main attack with secondary attacks on the western front of Toulon, and perhaps even to undertake a siege, Eguillete, with Balaguier, being, nevertheless, ever kept in view, as the keys of the fortress that must be taken :—

‘To obtain the command of the roadstead, we must master the point of Eguillete.† . . . The preliminary to a siege is to drive the enemy from the roadsteads; nay, this single operation may give us Toulon. . . . As soon as we shall have gained the point of Eguillete, we must bombard Toulon with eight or nine mortars. . . . *Success would have been assured a month ago* had not the enemy obtained reinforcements. . . . I felt that we did not possess the means to besiege Toulon; I arranged the batteries so as to drive the enemy away from the roadsteads. . . . The enemy disembarked at Eguillete: he ought to have been crushed; . . . we have been compelled to undertake siege operations.’

The whole correspondence should, of course, be studied; but these passages disclose Napoleon’s project, indeed nearly indicate the successive steps of the siege; they are at least amply sufficient to confute Barras and the very few writers who have been equally in the wrong.

2. That Napoleon gave proof of ‘qualities’ of no ordinary kind, that, in short, he was a great captain at the siege of Toulon, is shown by a mass of the clearest evidence. The commissioners Gasparin and Salicetti wrote in September, that is, two months before the council of war referred to : ‡—

‘Carteaux is an incapable man. We want engineers. Bonaparte, a captain of artillery, is the only human being who understands what is to be done; and he has too much to do in directing the whole artillery operations.’

Napoleon’s genius in organisation was exhibited, also, at Toulon in the highest degree. He created resources with extraordinary energy and skill. M. Duruy quotes from his ‘Correspondence :’ §—

\* Napoleon Correspondence, i. 13, 19.

† Balaguier is close to Eguillete, and is not mentioned by name. But both points were equally attacked, and afterwards seized.

‡ Jung, ‘Bonaparte et son Temps,’ ii. 386.

§ Napoleon Correspondence, i. 17, 18.

'I have drawn from the army of Italy an intelligent officer, and have sent him to Lyons, to Briançon, and to Grenoble, in order to obtain from those places what we require. I have made requisitions from the army of Italy; it is to furnish us with the guns that are useless for the defence of Antibes and Monaco. I have procured a hundred horses from Marseilles by requisition. . . . I have obtained eight brass guns from Martiques. . . . I have established at Ollioules a party of eighty workmen, smiths, wheelwrights, and carpenters; these are making what we are in need of. . . . I have constructed a park for making gabions, hurdles, faggots, fascines, &c. . . . I have requisitioned the operatives at Marseilles, who make large baskets and bottles, and have set them to work at gabions. . . . I have requisitioned horses in every department from Nice to Valence and Montpellier. I have taken at Seyne and Ciotat all the wood I could seize. I have 5,000 sandbags making every day at Marseilles. I have established a "salle d'artifices." I have repaired the foundry at Dardennes. I have a great workshop for repairing small arms.'

3. As to the 'faulty operations' of Bonaparte at Toulon, the instances cited by Barras prove the exact contrary. Napoleon did not occupy the forts at Eguillete and Balaguier, because, he tells us himself, this would have been dangerous;\* he commanded the roadsteads from the heights above. As to his having neglected to attack the fort of Malbousquet, this is contradicted in terms by Marmont;† this was, in fact, the principal secondary attack; the battery called 'the Convention' was directed against the fort. The report of Duteil, an artillery general, who, perhaps, might have replaced Bonaparte, is decisive as to what the artillery accomplished at Toulon:—

'I have no language that can do justice to the merit of Bonaparte; he has displayed science, intelligence, and too much courage. This is but a feeble description of the rare excellences of this officer; it is your part, Minister, to consecrate them to the glory of the Republic.'

4. Napoleon was, unquestionably, the conqueror of Toulon. Dugommier, indeed, was the general in chief; but he gave Napoleon a free hand to carry out the plan he had formed before, and this decided the issue of the siege. The allied fleets made off when the French artillery, as Napoleon predicted, mastered the roadsteads, which it had been his object, from the first, to command. Marmont,‡

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\* Comment. i. 30, ed. 1867.

† Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, i. 41.

‡ Ibid. i. 39.

who may be trusted when he praises Napoleon, says of the operations of the young chief as a whole:—

‘Nothing was done but by Bonaparte’s orders, or under his influence; everything was submitted to him. He made tables of what was required; indicated how this was to be obtained; put everything in motion, and, in a week, gained an ascendancy over the commissioners almost impossible to be conceived.’

Even a slight acquaintance with Napoleon’s strategy is sufficient to show who really captured Toulon. The operations, from first to last, bear the marks of his peculiar genius in war. He seizes the decisive point on the field of manœuvre; he accumulates resources with wonderful perseverance and skill; he concentrates his attack on the true object, but masks this by secondary attacks; and he effects his purpose with unflinching constancy, but scientifically and with all due precautions. The report of the allied admirals, it should be added, confirms his prevision in nearly every particular.

Barras is simply lying when he asserts that he made Napoleon a general of brigade after the fall of Toulon. The promotion was chiefly due to the younger Robespierre—he wrote enthusiastically of ‘Bonaparte’s transcendent ‘merit’—and was welcomed with general acclaim by the army. Barras describes the young conqueror, at this conjuncture, as a kind of servile valet of Madame Ricord; the *ci-devant* seigneur sneers at the ‘pauvre diable’s’ wardrobe in the bad spirit of the old régime. We quote the following:—

‘I was saluted very respectfully by the youthful captain who, ready as he was to dine with the sansculottes, indicated by his looks and his polite advances—these were like genuflexions—a wish to sit with the representatives of the people, and to enjoy this privilege. I said, “Captain, you are to dine with the commissioners.” Bonaparte thanked me, and pointed to his coat out at elbows; he was afraid he was not fit to appear at our table. . . . I said, “Get a change of clothes at the magazine.” . . . Bonaparte reappeared, in a suit new from top to toe, at a most respectful distance from the representatives. His hat was in his hand; he held it as low as possible.’

The capture of Toulon was followed by a frightful massacre; Barras had his full share in these deeds of blood. Napoleon has asserted that his men and himself had nothing to do with these atrocities; \* according to Marmont he saved a number of lives.† An amnesty, extending a pardon

\* Comment. i. 37.

† Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, i. 45.



to certain classes of the Toulonese, was proclaimed by the Convention some time afterwards; it is scarcely probable, therefore, that Napoleon used the expressions put into his mouth in this mendacious book:—

‘Daunou has dishonoured himself by his proposition to forgive the infamous people of Toulon. . . . The aristocrats, the émigrés, when beaten, assume all kinds of disguises; they call themselves artisans, bakers, quarantine officers; to hear them they are pretty saints. Their stories should not be so easily swallowed; they should be crushed to the last gasp; it is a good saying that it is only dead men who cannot return.’

Barras had returned to Paris in the spring of 1794. The Reign of Terror had almost reached its height; the Committee of Public Safety, swayed by Robespierre, and backed by the Commune and the mob of Paris, held the mute Convention in abject fear; the guillotine was in full swing, mowing down daily its tale of victims; and no sign of a reaction had yet appeared, though the causes of the Terror were passing away, owing to the victories of the Republican armies, to the decline of the rising in La Vendée, and to the ruin of the Gironde and the Royalists in the south. Barras had continued in mission since the fall of Toulon; there can be little doubt that he had been guilty of peculation, perhaps of taking bribes, and especially of the revolting licentious conduct to which the emissaries of the Convention gave the freest rein. His misdeeds had reached the ear of Robespierre; he tells us himself he dreaded the vengeance of the ‘Incorruptible’ at this conjuncture. He thus describes the ascendancy of this cruel fanatic, less infamous, indeed, than some of his fellows, but a bloodthirsty tyrant, so to speak, on principle:—

‘Robespierre, the subjugator of all his personal enemies—he had succeeded in convincing the public mind that they were enemies of the Republic—had become, as it were, a tribunal in the Convention; his judgement was sought like that of a court of appeal, by those who feared to be accused on any charge; they thought they were safe if Robespierre had absolved them.’

Barras was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, and was thus received by that infernal conclave:—

‘I remained standing; no one asked me to sit down; so I gave some information as to the state of the South when I left; but not a sign of approbation or contradiction was given; not a question was put to me as to the position of affairs in this most important matter. When I had spoken, and offered to give the Committee any further details it might require, Billaud, taking up the parable, though he was

not president, said dryly, "That is enough, citizen representative; the Committee has heard you, and will send for you if it has anything to ask you about. You may retire."

The grim attitude of the Committee terrified Barras; with his colleague Fréron he sought an interview with Robespierre. These volumes contain rather a graphic account of the scenes that followed. The King of the Terror was lodged in the humblest fashion; he played with children, and taught them Rousseau, when he was off duty in directing Fouquier Tinville to feed the guillotine and to make the Revolutionary Tribunal hasten :—

'We arrived at the habitation of Robespierre. It was a small house in the Rue St. Honoré, nearly opposite the Rue St. Florentin; I think it does not exist now, for the Rue Duphot has crossed the site. This house was owned and tenanted by a builder of the name of Duplay. This man was a member of the Jacobin Club, and had met Robespierre there; he had, with all his family, become an enthusiast for the popular orator, and had obtained the honour of lodging him and entertaining him at table. In his leisure moments Robespierre made comments on the "Emile" of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and explained the book to the children of the tradesmen, as a good village *curé* explains the Gospel to his parishioners. The children and apprentices of honest Duplay, touched by, and grateful for, these evangelical attentions, would not allow the guest—the object of their idolatry—to go out without accompanying him, to the Convention, through the streets. They were determined to defend his precious life, which his own poltroonery and the flatteries of his courtiers made him believe to be threatened by the attacks of aristocrats against the incorruptible tribune of the people.'

The visitors found it difficult to approach the awful presence :—

'To get at the denizen of this humble little spot, you had to go through a long alley of boards for carpenter work. The alley ended in a small court, seven or eight feet broad and long, and also strewn with boards. A narrow wooden staircase led to a room on the first flight. Before going up this we saw in the court the daughter of Duplay, the owner of the house. This girl was behind nobody in the care she took of Robespierre. Women of this class were then all politicians; her opinions were very decided. Danton called her Cornelia Copeau, though she was not a mother of the Gracchi. Cornelia was spreading linen in the court; she had in her hands a pair of ribbed cotton stockings such as we saw Robespierre wear when he appeared at the Convention. Madame Duplay was sitting near a tray, picking herbs for a salad. . . . Fréron and I began by telling Cornelia Copeau that we wished to see Robespierre. She told us first that he was not at home, and then asked us if he was expecting us. Fréron, when shown the house, was about to go up the staircase, when Madame Duplay made signs

to her daughter that he was not to enter. . . . Cornelia Copeau, seeing that Fréron insisted and had got up two stairs, placed herself in his way, and said, "Well, I will let him know;" and from the bottom of the staircase she cried out—she was walking in an agitated way—"Here are Fréron and a friend of his, whose name I do not know."

The interview with Robespierre furnishes us with a vivid description:—

'Robespierre was standing; he was in a kind of linen dressing-gown; he had just done with his hairdresser, his hair had been trimmed and was powdered white. The spectacles he usually wore were not on his face; we perceived two troubled eyes, which we had never seen before without glasses, peering through the powder on that pallid white countenance. We saluted him in the customary way, easily, and with the simplicity of the time. He took no notice of the salute, but turned towards a looking-glass near the window opening into the court and next to a small mirror intended to be an ornament of the mantelpiece, but a sorry one; he then took a toilet knife, scraped the powder that half hid his features, paying particular attention to the angles of his beaddress. After this he put off his dressing-gown, and placed it on a chair close to us; our clothes were dirtied, but he made no excuses, and appeared to be unaware of our presence. He washed in a little basin which he held in his hands, cleaned his teeth, spat on the floor where we were standing, and took no notice where we were. This was like Potemkin, who, as is well known, spat in the faces of those near him without turning his head or taking the slightest care. When this ceremony was over, Robespierre was silent as before. Fréron thought he might begin, and having presented me, said, "Here is my colleague Barras; he has done more than myself, or any soldier, at the siege of Toulon. . . . It is very painful that when we have worked as we have done, we not only cannot get justice but are made objects of iniquitous accusations and monstrous calumny."

The Incorruptible made no sign. Barras and Fréron had perhaps been already pricked down on his list:—

'Robespierre continued silent. Fréron thought he perceived in a turn of his impassive countenance that "tutoying"—the revolutionary mode of address—might be displeasing to him, so he instantly substituted "vous" to conciliate a personage so susceptible and haughty. Robespierre gave no sign of approbation. He seemed not to care for this mark of deference. He remained standing, and did not ask us to take a seat. I told him politely that the step we had taken was to show how we esteemed his political principles. He made no answer, and gave no indication of his thoughts. I never saw anything so lifeless as his countenance: it was the cold marble of a statue, or the visage of the buried dead.'

The execution of Danton and the so-called Moderates, following that of Hébert and his execrable crew, was the

first step towards the fall of Robespierre. Barras appears to have been a friend of Danton: these deeds of blood quickened the alarm he felt for himself. There is nothing new in his account of these events. We quote the following:—

‘If Robespierre’s satisfaction was complete when the head of Danton fell, it has been said also that he put his own hand to his neck, as if to assure himself that his head was safe.’

The Committee of Public Safety, according to this book, ordered Fouquier Tinville to consult Barras as to a list of victims destined to the guillotine, which contained the names of Hoche, Kellermann, Championnet, and other distinguished soldiers. Barras makes out that he saved their lives, and this, we think, is by no means improbable: he was a thoroughly bad man, but not a monster.

‘Fouquier Tinville, having heard my remarks, nodded ready assent. He took a pen from the table and erased the names of the military men in the list. It was the first time I had seen Fouquier Tinville. His face, which had appeared to me sinister; his eyes, which had looked like those of a tiger—all this softened, and seemed to wear a human aspect.’

Barras has described the events that led to Thermidor. His description does not contain many new details, but it is interesting, and it deserves attention. He asserts that the Committee of Public Safety\* was at first of one mind to crush the Convention, and only turned against Robespierre when he stood aloof from his colleagues:—

‘The Committees [Public Safety and General Security] thought of coalescing with Robespierre and destroying us. They made a last effort in that direction. Robespierre, thinking himself stronger than all parties, refused the alliance offered to him. It was then seen that a diversion was necessary, and that the Committees must unite with the National Convention in assailing Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just.’

A marked difference will be found in these volumes in the statements they contain as to the motives and conduct of Robespierre in the weeks that preceded his fall. The text of the memoirs revised by the MM. St. Albin alleges that the fit of compunction and mercy which some writers assert possessed Robespierre was a mere pretence to beguile the Convention and to prepare the way for fresh scenes of blood. Barras, however, in an appendix to this work, distinctly says

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\* That is, the majority of the members.

that at this conjuncture Robespierre wished to put a check on the Reign of Terror and to restrain excesses of cruelty running beyond all bounds :—

‘Robespierre was no ordinary man. He was carried away by the torrent of the Revolution, and had recourse to extreme measures. The system of terror and death, borne out to the last degree of sanguinary inhumanity, had convinced him that it was destroying true republicans. He wished to bring these frightful executions to an end; he opposed the arrest of several deputies and of a large number of good citizens; he gave homage to the Divinity; he spoke of mercy. He perished like Camille Desmoulins and many others because he had returned to principles of justice.’

Barras, too, refers to a conversation between Robespierre and himself :—

‘Robespierre addressed me and made this remark : “You see we must remain in the Convention. It is time for it to take measures against the factious majority in the committees.” My answer was in a few words : “Ascend the tribune and explain to the Convention how that majority is usurping power, and taking every day bloodthirsty measures against right-minded citizens.”’

The divisions between Robespierre and his colleagues gave the affrighted Convention something like heart. Barras, of course, has represented himself as the master spirit of the combination formed to destroy the Triumvirs, as they were called—that is, Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just. He is right enough in saying that Billaud, Collot, and Barère were probably as bad men as their colleagues, and there was nothing to be admired in Fouché, Vadier, or even in Tallien. But he fouls his own nest in sneering at all the men of Thermidor; nor was he in any real sense their leader. This is his sketch of Tallien :—

‘Tallien was mere commonplace. Even on that extraordinary day of Thermidor, carried away as he was—nay, taken out of himself by the grandeur of the occasion—he had nothing better to say than the dull phrase, “We must tear away the veil;” as if there was a veil, and as if everything was not fearfully evident.’

The terror Robespierre still inspired appears in this passage :—

‘A member of the National Convention thought that the Dictator was looking at him: he hurriedly took away his hand from his forehead, and said, “He may imagine that I am thinking of something.”’

Barras describes in detail the memorable scene in the Convention before Robespierre fell; but the story is a tale long worn threadbare. This touch is, perhaps, new :—

‘ While the decree against Robespierre was being put to the vote, it has been observed that he fiddled with an open penknife in his hands. . . . Did he wish to kill himself, like Valazé, who had been one of his victims? ’

The Convention, as is well known, placed Barras at the head of its weak armed force in the momentous struggle with Henriot and the levy of the Commune. This was a brilliant day in an ignoble life; it would be unjust to refuse to Barras the credit he deserved for the resolution, the vigour, and the coolness he displayed. He had the dare-devil courage of the old *régime*, even some qualities of a good soldier, though he never gave proof of military skill; and the occasion was one of extreme peril. It should be added that it was neck or nothing with him, with his followers—nay, with the Convention itself. Paris would have floated in blood had the Commune triumphed. Barras says that he compelled Fouquier Tinville to send Robespierre and his miserable companions to the guillotine, and that he ordered their bodies to be flung into the pit where the remains of Louis XVI. and the queen lay. The following is significant:—

‘ The spectators were impatient, nay fuming, for the execution of Robespierre. But they did not breathe a sigh of relief at the deliverance until they had made sure that all was over—that the head had fallen, and was in the panier of the executioner. Even after this consummation a kind of universal disquiet was prevalent; it was as if the implacable being whose inexorable speeches and sentences without appeal had cruelly tormented the imagination, might come to life again.’

We have no space to examine the question whether Robespierre really wished to turn a new page in the Revolution at this juncture, and to bring the horrible scenes in Paris to an end. Two facts, we may remark, are against this view: the slaughter effected by the guillotine was worse than ever during the few weeks that preceded Thermidor, and there is much evidence that Robespierre had been making preparations for some time to attack the Convention with Henriot and his men.

The conduct of Barère, the ‘Anacreon of the Guillotine’—the Mr. Facingbothways of the Reign of Terror—when Robespierre was in death-grip with his foes, is set forth in the following passage:—

‘ One of the most famous members of the Committee of Public Safety, unable as yet to guess who would be the conqueror, mounted the tribune with a speech ready made against the conquered. The

question seemed undecided; the result, indeed, was apparently going against his expectations; so the writer got down, and, seizing a pen, scored out passages that seemed inconsistent with the issue of the combat. He wrote them in again as fortune gave a show of turning. This was repeatedly done during the struggle. Who would not recognise Barère? need I name him?'

Thermidor has been justly described as an auspicious passage in the terrible course of the French Revolution. It seemed at first the victory of a mere faction; and undoubtedly many men in the victorious party were as cruel and wicked as the Triumvirs they destroyed. Undoubtedly, too, the government of France was enfeebled, to a certain extent, before the nation was out of danger; the Committee of Public Safety lost its tremendous power; the reaction against it led to weakness in the State. Nor can we admire the sudden change which passed over France after the Reign of Terror; the *Jeunesse Dorée*, the *bals à la victime*, the levity and licence that ran wild in Paris were not edifying spectacles at the close of scenes as tragic as any on the stage of history. Thermidor, nevertheless, was a new era, welcome to the student of that appalling time. In its results it marked the triumph of the State, and even of law, over ferocious mob rule and organised anarchy; a partial return to civilised life and order; the emancipation of France from detestable tyranny; the cessation, in some degree, of all that was worst and most inhuman in national frenzy, excited and directed by evil-minded leaders. 'Longo solvit se Teucra luctu' may truly be said of this happy crisis.

Barras, however, grossly exaggerates the facts when he writes thus of the days of Thermidor, and of the part he played in securing the result:—

'The day of 9 Thermidor . . . will be a subject on which the generations of the future will always dwell. . . . I venture to say that the battle that was fought, in its movements, its vicissitudes, and in its perils, may be compared to all those on the frontier against the Coalition.'

Barras rose to eminence after Thermidor, and became a leading member of the Government of France. He had a share in carrying out the measures which brought the tyranny of 1793 to an end; in reducing the power of the Committee of Public Safety; in disbanding the paid armed levies of Paris; in shutting up the Jacobin Club; in crushing out insurrection in its seats. By his own account, too, he did a great deal in soothing the misery of Madame

Royale, and in tending the perishing Dauphin on his hideous bed of death; in sending Billaud and Collot and their colleagues to justice; in stopping the march of the guillotine, and generally in making clemency prevail. But he sings his own praises until he makes us sick, and his self-adulation is almost always joined with sneering depreciation of the men in office with him. He claims credit for overpowering the rising of Germinal; but history has given this to Pichegru. The following, there is little doubt, is untrue:—

‘Pichegru, unaccustomed to the movements of masses of men, was all trembling. I conducted him to the quay, and promised to rejoin him when all was quiet. He mounted his horse, and went to his headquarters. Pichegru had no authority over the multitude; he had no popularity.’

The operation of the Law of the Maximum, followed by its abolition on the spur of the moment, had caused a famine in Paris and the adjoining districts, and Barras was employed in carrying out measures to supply the capital and the neighbourhood with bread. He was not in Paris on the day of Prairial, the last effort of Jacobinism in its dying throes; it may be remarked he lamented the fate of the Rump of the Mountain:—

‘What noble strength of character and what heroic courage were displayed by those men who were led to the scaffold, and by those who, passing knives from hand to hand, killed themselves in prison! They died with a prayer on their lips for the triumph of the Republic.’

Barras met Napoleon again in the summer of 1795: his pages begin to teem anew with calumny. We shall not pause to inquire whether there is a shadow of proof that Letizia Ramolino had been a mistress of Marboëuf, the governor of Corsica after the conquest; or whether Lucien Bonaparte made away with his wife, as is insinuated in a malevolent passage; or whether Madame Mère, in her poverty, in 1793, made money of the charms of Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte. These detestable stories ought not to have seen the light; we shall do nothing to spread them further. Napoleon, at this time, was in a kind of disgrace from his alleged sympathy with the two Robespierres: it deserves notice that Barras says nothing of this; the charge, we are convinced, is untenable as regards the elder Robespierre at least. The future Emperor, according to Barras, became a mere lackey of the Thermidorian leader, and



bowed down to him with the most obsequious deference. Barras, in turn, was a truly generous patron; tried to advance his *protégé* at the War Office; in short, did everything that a man of the old régime could do on behalf of a humble plebeian follower. We leave garbage like this to those who choose to swallow it, remarking only that tales of this sort are utterly inconsistent with what we know of Napoleon's independent and haughty nature; nor shall we dwell on another anecdote—not to be found, we assert, in any decent book—that Napoleon at this time was a petty *chevalier d'industrie*, and was paying court to an aged dame of the Opéra, in order to get hold of her fortune, the lady, of course, having been thrown over afterwards.

The description given in this book of the 13th Vendémiaire is little more than a tissue of falsehood. Barras says he practically made Bonaparte his second in command; Napoleon's report says the exact contrary.\* This, however, is a point of little importance; but the narrative of Barras appropriates to himself the credit of the arrangements which all historians have ascribed exclusively to Napoleon. The following passage is lying impudence:—

‘Bonaparte, on the 13th of Vendémiaire, performed no functions but those of an aide-de-camp of mine. I was on horseback, he was on foot; he could not follow my movements. The only order he received from me was to go to the Pont Royal, and to report to me what was taking place. He did not give, and had not to give, a single order, and was seen at only one point of the attack, at the Carrousel. He did not stir from thence; Brune was in command.’

We shall not fight Vendémiaire again; as we have remarked in a recent article,† General Thiébaud, who witnessed the defeat of the sections, has written perhaps the best account of the scene, and gives Napoleon the whole honour of the day, though he had no liking for the Emperor who was to be. We quote a few words from Marmont's narrative:‡—

‘Barras did himself justice, and was aware of his incapacity; but in times of danger men sometimes have flashes of inspiration, and see who can save them. Bonaparte, since the siege of Toulon, had left in the minds of all who had seen him at work, a deep conviction of his force of character and great ability. Barras remembered Bonaparte, invited him to become his second in command, that is, placed himself

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\* Napoleon Correspondence, i. 91, 92.

† See the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of April 1895, pp. 441, 442.

‡ Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, i. 82.

under his lieutenant's orders. Bonaparte was overjoyed; he had found an opportunity; in a few hours excellent dispositions were made.'

Two statements of Barras seem to be correct. Napoleon did send for guns to the camp of Sablons on the night of the 12th Vendémiaire, and he did give advice not to fire blank cartridge, facts which have been denied or questioned:—

'Murat set off with three hundred horsemen. In another moment he would have been too late. He reached the camp at two in the morning. . . . The forty guns were brought to the Tuileries. . . . Bonaparte plucked my coat and whispered, "General, what decision have you come to?" "To order Brune to fire the guns." "All is saved," exclaimed Bonaparte; "the day is ours."'

Napoleon was made General of the Interior for his conduct at Vendémiaire. Barras represents him as intriguing with every party in the State, as he intrigued before the *coup d'état* of Brumaire; but probably this is forestalling events. Napoleon was skilled in hedging with fortune, and was merciful to leaders of the defeated Sections; but this perhaps was mainly due to the fact that he was a Corsican, not a Frenchman, and that he had stood aloof from the passionate frenzy of 1793-4. Barras adds that he was the real author of the odious ceremony which commemorated the death of the king; but this is almost certainly untrue; the abolition of this was one of the first acts of the Consulate:—

'Bonaparte presented himself at the spectacle, not only with an eagerness out of place, but with a cynicism which seemed to defy weak minds, and to throw into the background the patriotism of people of the most advanced ideas. He, in fact, instituted the pageant of the 1st Pluviôse, not only as the chief of the Army of the Interior, but as the most impassioned of those who voted for it. Many of those who had voted appeared not to think it a fête; they were reserved and melancholy. The countenance of Bonaparte was all smiles and affability. He had the bad taste, on that day, to say to several bystanders, "I am a man of the Convention, I voted for the death of the King." His future wife had a share in the gaiety; Madame Beauharnais—I prefer to think that she played the part of a comic actress on this occasion, and do not care to brand her as deliberately wicked—sympathised with him.'

There is probably a grain of truth in the following; we remember how Cambacérès used to evade the law, and to twist it to further a despot's ends:—

'Bonaparte had no difficulty in maintaining that the laws were shackles, and that government, without arbitrary rule, was impossible.

He exclaimed one day at my table, as a joke at dessert, "Every time that I do anything of an arbitrary kind, whether at night or by day, and that I have been forced to exceed my powers, I go in the morning and find out Merlin. I entreat him to discover some old or modern law to justify me; he thinks for a moment; has an answer at hand; catches hold of a volume, and puts his finger on the page. This excellent Merlin is never at fault: he is Merlin the Magician."

Barras has drawn this sketch of Napoleon at this time:—

'He never took a walk without being accompanied by his officers with their moustaches and long sabres: "Well, citizen," he said to me after dinner, "let us mount on horseback, go to the play, order the 'Marseillaise' to be sung, and bully the chouans." He climbed up a big hackney; a huge chapeau, with tricolour plumes, and looking upside down; short boots, and a sabre, longer than its owner, and dangling down—such was the appearance, at different public places, of the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior.'

Pitch is filthy to touch even after a century; we have reached the most abominable part of this book, the account Barras has written of the relations between Joséphine Beauharnais, himself, and Napoleon. The story, were it true, simply damns the author; it is a piece of exaggeration and lying, and what is to be said of him? Barras begins by describing Joséphine as an old cast-off mistress; the frank avowal, he thinks, becomes a gentleman:—

'I acknowledge, as far as a Frenchman brought up in the principles of chivalry can acknowledge it, that I had been intimate, long before these days, but very closely, with Madame Beauharnais. This disclosure is not one of vanity on my part; many would say it was almost beneath me.'

The appearance of Joséphine was that of a painted hag:—

'Madame Beauharnais was prematurely decrepit; the expression is not exaggerated for those who knew her well; she had no gifts from nature, she owed everything to art, art the most refined, the most careful, the most elaborate, that a courtesan of Greece or Paris could make use of in the exercise of her profession.'

The moral antecedents of the lady had been of this kind:—

'She had been notoriously the mistress of General Hoche, *e di tutti quanti*. . . . Hoche had written, "Let her leave me alone; I give her up to my groom, Vanakre. . . ." The creole had even had relations with men of colour.'

Bonaparte, Barras declares, knew perfectly well that Joséphine was a woman of this sort; but he thought her

rich, and wished to make her his wife. The biter was bit, but he made Barras his confidant:—

“Madame Beauharnais is wealthy,” eagerly exclaimed Bonaparte. The show of luxury she made had imposed on him; he did not know that the wretched creature lived upon what she could borrow in Paris.’

Joséphine, equally deceived as to Napoleon’s means, made up her mind to marry a man she cordially disliked. She, too, told Barras what she was about to do; a warm scene between the old lovers followed:—

‘This little “*chat botté*” was the last man she could love. . . . “I do this because I do not love him. I will always love you, believe me.” ‘Rose will be always yours, you may do with her as you will; but I know you love me no longer,” she cried, bursting into a flood of tears. . . . “What, Hoche,” I answered, with very little emotion, and almost laughing at her, “and Vanakre, and the rest of them!”’

Napoleon gently hinted to his intended bride that she was too much in the graces of Barras; but the lady cleverly turned away the charge; her only thought was of her future lord’s interests:—

‘We must take men and things as we find them; Barras may be useful to us—who can doubt it?—and that, too, very decidedly. Let us get out of him what we can, and mind nothing else!’

Bonaparte was ready to swallow anything; let Barras give him cash and the army of Italy:—

‘Oh!’ exclaimed Bonaparte, in a state of transport; ‘if he will get for me the command of the Army of Italy, I will forgive anything; I shall be the most grateful of men; I will do honour to the appointment; we shall do well; we shall ere long revel in gold.’

We can quote but a sentence from a scene that afterwards took place:—

‘I found myself in a situation like that of Joseph and Madame Potiphar. I should lie were I to say that I was as hardhearted as the young minister of Pharaoh. I left my room with Madame Beauharnais in a somewhat embarrassed state. Bonaparte took her aside to speak of the affair which had been the reason or the pretext for her interview with me. . . . So much for a man who goes straight to his work! He must not turn his head aside, or stop at trifles. Such scruples belong to vulgar minds only.’

These ‘Memoirs’ were written after Joséphine Beauharnais had sat with dignity on the throne of France, and after her own death and that of Napoleon. This alone makes such gossip disgraceful; but it is either a perversion of facts or

mere falsehood. Joséphine was by no means an immaculate woman; but had she been a Théroigne of the camp, she would not have held the place she held in the salons of Paris. As to Bonaparte being aware of his future wife's frailties, Barras supplies the antidote to the poison himself; he has let out that Napoleon thought her 'an angel of truth;' and no one who has read Napoleon's letters to Joséphine, in the first weeks of their marriage, can doubt that he believed her to be a paragon of her sex. For the rest it is not probable that Joséphine and Napoleon made Barras a confidant; no woman of spirit would have spoken to him after the utterance of his coarse and cynical taunts; he could not have heard most of the conversations he describes; and we shall not stop to inquire whether a man like Napoleon could have been a willing eyewitness of his own dishonour. 'Taceamus de istis ne augeamus dolorem' is the best comment on these atrocious statements; we spare the feelings of some still living by turning away from them.

Barras insinuates, but does not assert, that his influence obtained for Bonaparte his command in Italy. He interfered, doubtless, in Napoleon's behalf; but the appointment was probably due to many causes. The new government had already become jealous of the young General of the Interior; and Carnot had been impressed by the genius and power shown in the celebrated plan for the campaign in Italy, one of the finest of Napoleon's conceptions in war. La Réveillère Lépaux has thus described this transaction:\*

'It has been said that his marriage with the widow Beauharnais has been made a condition for his getting the command which had been an object of his passionate wishes. That is not so. I assert that the Directory was not influenced by Barras, or by any one else, in the selection it made.'†

Carnot has added: 'It was I who proposed that Bonaparte should have the command of the Army of Italy.'

The following statement by Barras—the last of the lies he has heaped together on this subject—is certainly untrue:—

'Well, the general of the Army of Italy is off to take his command. He left Paris on the 23rd Ventôse, and did not hesitate to place in my hands "all that was most dear to him," the inestimable treasure which he had gained through the municipal ceremony performed at the second arrondissement of the City of Paris a few days before.

\* *Mémoires*, ii. 24.

† Carnot, 'Réponse sur Fructidor,' Lévy, p. 105.

Madame Beauharnais, probably, had told him before the marriage how amorous had been my advances to her, and how fierce her resistance was, yet he entrusted this interesting personage to me, and recommended her to my care.'

Barras administers this parting kick to Napoleon, as he set off to gain Arcola and Rivoli:—

' He was already vexed with the Directory, and almost insolent; he cunningly tried to separate me from my colleagues, and remarked, "They are rascals, but you have been, and always will be, generous to me." The scheming fellow had more to ask me for; I had furnished him with all that the administration, in its different branches, could supply. All was grist to his mill—money, carriages, horses, harness, furniture—in a word things that were of no use for the field, and that could not go with him. All this was, no doubt, intended for his wife; she was not accompanying him; she was up to this kind of business, and knew how to make money. I had the best maps in existence of every theatre of war in Europe, and manuscripts relating to Italy. . . . Bonaparte had seen these in my possession, and when I had shown them to him, exclaimed, with a laugh, "Oh! these belong to me; I am going to hunt in your domain." "Take them," I replied; "hunt well, and return them to me." I have had no proofs of his good memory in this affair.'

The constitution of the Year III had been made by this time; the Directory had been installed in office. The prospect for France was not unpropitious; it was not impossible that, under another order of things, the Revolution might have been brought to a close. The war, indeed, was not yet over; financial distress was acute and widespread, the strife of factions was fierce and menacing; but the Coalition had been abandoned by Prussia and Spain; Austria and England were the only hostile powers in the field. Hoche was already pacifying La Vendée. Bonaparte was soon to overrun Italy, and to dictate peace almost within sight of Vienna. As for the condition of the finances, this chiefly affected the Government, not the mass of the nation; the treasury of the Republic was soon filled by the spoils of Italy; the loss, caused by the complete failure of paper money, had been distributed through the whole community, and was not felt as severely as Pitt supposed. Party spirit ran high, but the great body of Frenchmen were sick of the madness of the Reign of Terror, and really longed for quiet times; the peasantry had acquired immense tracts of land, and were thinking for the most part of living at peace, and, in fact, order was maintained for many months. Had France possessed a stable and well-designed government, a lasting peace might have been made in 1796–97, the

country might have gathered in the fruits of the Revolution and enjoyed a season of repose. The policy of the Directory, however, at home and abroad was feeble, vacillating, often oppressive, and to foreign powers uncertain and threatening. The Constitution was so framed as to bring the legislative and the executive powers in conflict, and to make the sword the arbiter of events; and the leaders of the State, composed of inferior men, soon became unpopular and lost credit, especially when they were compared with the youthful conqueror, who in war seemed to command fortune. The results were anarchy, weakness, and the growth of faction in France, continued distrust and hatred of the Republic in Europe, and the way to military despotism prepared. The state of things set up after Vendémiaire led to Fructidor, and before long to Brumaire.

The 'Notes' kept by Barras begin at this point; but as these volumes end on the eve of Fructidor, they contain only a part of them. So far as they go they are of little value; we have been much disappointed with them; they scarcely tell us anything new respecting the state of France and Europe from 1795 to 1797. There is much significance in the omissions they disclose; they naturally do not contain a word about the corrupt misdeeds of Barras, which gained for him the name of 'le pourri;' but there is not a single reference to the finances of France, or to the efforts vainly made to improve them, and there is no allusion to the immense sums sent by Bonaparte from Italy to support the Government. Nor is there a line to show how this system of plunder was encouraged by the Directory in their despatches; nay, how they lived to a considerable extent upon it. The most striking feature of these 'Notes,' as regards the internal affairs of France, is their eternal harping on alleged conspiracies, Royalist, Jacobin, émigré, sacerdotal; the reports of the police breathe an atmosphere of plots, and the Directory were one and all terrified, though their fears were, in a great degree, unfounded. This deserves notice, for an imaginary plot was made to serve the purpose of Napoleon at Brumaire. The only really threatening popular movement was that of Gracchus Babœuf, as it was called, and this was suppressed with little trouble. The Royalist conspiracy was more dangerous; partisans of the Bourbons swarmed in France; Pichegru was won over, and made President of the Legislative Council of the Five Hundred; priests and nobles boldly lifted up their heads, and many of the Moderate and Constitutional parties,

represented, by the celebrated club of Clichy, were drawn into a plot to overthrow the Government through their hatred of the directorial régime. The plan of the conspirators was to destroy the Constitution by itself, and, in the general confusion that would ensue, to restore the monarchy :—

‘ Their method is to gain opinion by intrigue and bribery, and to obtain the support of all the enemies of the Republic, of the priests, and the émigrés; their agents are charged to promote disturbances in the departments. To provoke a successful crisis the Directory is to be discredited, and its means of self-defence paralysed.’

This conspiracy was in no sense general; it was that of a faction making use of discontented men; and the strong arm of the First Consul had soon put Jacobins and Royalists down, and restored order and quiet in France. But it was dangerous in the existing state of the country; the ‘see-saw’ policy of the Directory, as it was called, had exasperated and irritated every party in the State, without securing respect and obedience; the Government, too, was deplorably weak. The Directors, besides, were at odds with each other; though regicides, they were widely divided by the past; Carnot had been a member of the Committee of Public Safety; Barras, if anything, was a Dantonist; La Réveillère was a Girondin, and perhaps Rewbell also; Le Tourneur was a mere lacquey of Carnot. In dealing with the internal troubles of France, Carnot always inclined to the side of the Royalists, and, in fact, was nearly gained over by them; Le Tourneur simply followed in his wake; Barras and his two other colleagues made only feeble protests. The peril of the State was almost overlooked in the savage recriminations of angry men who ought never to have been at the head of affairs. We quote from a report of one of these scenes; it appears in these volumes, and in Lanfrey’s History, a proof that Lanfrey had access to this work :—

‘ Barras told me this story yesterday. . . . “ I said to Carnot, ‘ You are a vile scoundrel; you have sold the Republic, and you seek to slaughter its defenders. Infamous robber!’ I then rose. ‘ Every louse on your body,’ I exclaimed, ‘ might well spit in your face.’ Carnot replied—his air was embarrassed—‘ I despise your insults, but some day will reply to them.’ ” ’

The ‘Notes’ do not add much to our knowledge respecting the foreign affairs of France. Barras sticks to Bonaparte like a biting leech; but he cannot withhold his admiration of the campaign of Italy. He throws no fresh light on that



great passage of war, save that he says that Napoleon was nearly dismissed, through an intrigue before the attack of Wurmser :—

‘The raising of the siege of Mantua, and the attack of the two Austrian armies, were favoured by an intrigue, the object of which was to overthrow Bonaparte, and to replace him by Kellermann, a mediocrity in war, a nullity in politics.’

The foreign policy of the Directory was, in some respects, of a piece with its domestic policy. It was truculent to England, and, for a time, to Austria; it was marked by the discords between the rulers of France at home. Carnot and Le Tourneur inclined to the traditions of the old monarchy, and simply aimed at the aggrandisement of France; Barras, Rewbell, and La Réveillère wished to extend the propaganda of the Revolution, and to spread democratic ideas abroad. They were tolerably well agreed to despoil Italy; their idea, in fact, at the beginning of the campaign—a leading idea in Bonaparte’s famous plan—was to hand over Italian conquests to Austria in exchange for the Netherlands, and to Sardinia in exchange for Savoy and Nice. Carnot hated and despised the Italian people :—

‘He contended that the Italians were our enemies; it would be ridiculous and lamentable to think that peace, so important to France, should be thrown away. . . . The Italians were cowards and rascals—the product of servitude and of the priestcraft, which has enervated and degraded them. . . . Our policy should be to squeeze the Milanese, and the other States occupied by the French army, like a lemon.’

The extraordinary success of the arms of France led to a division in the Directorial councils; Carnot clung to his purely selfish policy; his three adversaries began to talk of setting up republics in Italy, of revolutionising the Papal throne in Rome, nay, in a certain sense, of the independence of Italy. They were overborne, however, at least in the main, by the imperious will of the youthful conqueror, who dragged them at the wheels of his chariot; these volumes show how they succumbed to him, if, in some respects, they thwarted his views. Napoleon’s Italian policy was simply to look to the interest of his army and to that of France; he sought to make alliances with this object only; he negotiated with the old powers of Europe, and with the partisans of Italian liberty, with a regard solely to his fixed purpose. It was a policy of hard ambition and craft; but

it was consistent, and had a definite aim ; it had a strange resemblance to that of Richelieu ; it was not vacillating and weak, like that of the Junta in Paris. It is fair to remark that these volumes prove that Napoleon wished to make Lombardy independent soon after he had occupied Milan ; and the invasion of Tuscany, which has been laid to his charge, was the act of the Directory itself.

The Directory, it appears, approved of the first partition of Venice proposed at Leoben :—

‘An officer of the army of Italy has brought the preliminaries of peace arranged by Bonaparte with the Emperor, and signed by the respective plenipotentiaries. The annexation of Belgium to France has been recognised, and the independence of the Milanese and of the territory of Bergamo and of Mantua in part ; of Modena, Reggio, and Massa Carrara, all to be named the Lombard Republic. Bologna and Ferrara are to be ceded to Venice in exchange for the Venetian provinces of the Terra Firma ceded, as an equivalent, to the Emperor.’

The Directory approved also of the severe measures taken by Bonaparte after the Pâques Véronaises ; in fact, it was not until after Fructidor that they hinted a word against his Venetian policy :—

‘The Venetians have nearly 25,000 men under arms ; they have assassinated many volunteers ; a Venetian ship of war has protected in the Gulf an Austrian convoy which a French frigate would otherwise have captured. The house of the French consul at Zante has been burned down. Bonaparte has demanded redress from the Senate within twelve hours ; he is awaiting the return of his aide-de-camp Junot, who has been despatched with a letter threatening the Doge. Bonaparte will occupy the Terra Firma of Venice with Kellermann's division ; the nobles will be arrested ; a proclamation has been prepared to reassure the people, and to guarantee respect for religion, and the security of persons and property.’

These volumes tell us little about the arrangements made by Barras and his two colleagues before the *coup d'état* of Fructidor. Barras insinuates that Napoleon dictated the report of D'Antraigues disclosing Pichegru's treason ; no historian has made a statement of the kind :—

‘Bonaparte discovered in this agent of intrigue an excellent instrument to execute one of his devilish combinations against personal enemies, whose ruin he aimed at by beginning to destroy their reputation. D'Antraigues wrote the memorial at the dictation of Bonaparte ; Berthier made a copy ; Bonaparte then made it out to be a document found in D'Antraigues' portfolio.’

Barras praises Hoche for his conduct before Fructidor,

and dwells on the double dealing of Bonaparte, in sending Augereau and Lavallete as his spies to Paris. Napoleon on this occasion was certainly hedging, but he had good reason to distrust the men in power in Paris. Hoche approved of the *coup d'état* at hand:—

‘We have arranged with General Hoche that his army is to declare itself. It will present addresses to the Directory, which will take measures to give them effect. Hoche was much moved; we separated after making professions of friendship for life or death.’

The personal anecdotes of this part of the ‘Memoirs,’ disgraceful as they are, possess more interest. What strikes us most is their base malevolence; Barras throws dirt on the leading men of France, especially on the Moderates of Brumaire. Nothing too bad, perhaps, can be said of Fouché—the Tartuffe of the vilest intrigues in politics; but the portrait of Talleyrand is a hideous daub, though Talleyrand does not look well in his own ‘Memoirs.’

‘When Talleyrand entered the room I thought I saw Robespierre again—it was the same pallid, mean, lifeless countenance—the same eyes, with their fixed inanimate stare. I was still more struck when I looked more closely; the prominent cheekbones, the short head, the snub nose, the hard and malignant mouth, were there; add to these features what art had contributed—the same powdered headgear, the same stiff and immoveable bearing.’

Barras says that Talleyrand grovelled at his feet, hungry for office, in order to make ill-gotten gains:—

‘Talleyrand fell back a little to make his bow lower, made a profound genuflexion, and dropped these words: “Your most respectful, your most grateful servant, he only exists to befriend, to be devoted to you. He would be too happy, he is most thankful and obliged; his admiration only can match his deference and gratitude.” That was all the speech that came with difficulty out of a personage who has obtained so immense a reputation for wit and eloquence, for happy phrases, of which so many have charmed society.’

Madame de Staël was a suppliant to Barras on behalf of Talleyrand, and described, we are informed, her client’s character:—

‘He had been agent-general of the clergy before the Revolution, and had mystified all around him by a look of gravity which became, he thought, his episcopal habit. When he had got rid of his frock, and thrown off rochet and hood, he had sent every one about his business. Before he had unfrocked himself, and afterwards, he had consecrated the constitutional bishops, had advocated the laws that disorganised the Church, and had been successful. . . . Talleyrand has the memory of a dog; he has been in situations of the greatest difficulty

and has been equal to them; he has passed with happy dexterity from one side to the other. He is felicitous suppleness in itself—skilful agility in playing the turncoat—he is all that you can look for. . . . He has every vice of the old and of the new régime; he will have his finger in every political pie; you cannot secure a more useful agent.’

Talleyrand burst out into gratitude when made Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

‘Talleyrand left the theatre, and taking his two friends by the arm, exclaimed: “Let us go and give thanks to Barras.” He rushed into a carriage, sate between his friends, pressed their knees, and cried out in a loud but dull voice: “We are in office; we must make an immense fortune—immense, immense, immense!” This was the refrain until they reached my house. Talleyrand had himself introduced with much humility and without show; he declared that his place as Minister was most valuable in his eyes because he held it from me; he liked me personally; would I allow him to express the sentiments of his friendship and respectful gratitude? In the important office conferred on him by the Directory, he would see with my eyes and act in accord with my will.’

The worst of Barras, however, is reserved for women. The trail of a reptile is thus thrown over Madame Tallien:—

‘I had continued with her in an intimacy which my elevation, as Director, could not interrupt. Those who, in the relations of life, think only of the means of climbing to power, thought that as Madame Tallien had given me rights over her she might exercise rights over me; they addressed her, some in terms of passion, others in language of devotion, of friendship, of enthusiasm, of admiration. Madame Tallien did not much abuse her position; nay, she made use of it with a kind of dignity. She found the means of increasing her fortune, at this time a very small one, which she had to share with a husband who had none.’

Madame de Staël, too, according to Barras, made fierce love to him more than once; but her aspirations were not successful. Passages like these need no comments:—

“Barras, you are a tall, a magnificent, man, an Apollo Belvedere from head to foot.” . . . I still see her large eyes fixed on me with a look of voluptuous tenderness in which there was something imperious. . . . There were several people in the antechamber; they were two hours waiting for an audience. What would they say as they beheld passing by them a woman in such a state of agitation, and in a dress which had become disordered since she went in? . . . Nevertheless, I protest to Madame de Staël’s honour, no doubt as perfect as Madame Beauharnais said hers was in talking to Bonaparte before her marriage, I protest I do not know to what sex Madame de Staël belonged.’

ART. VI.—1. *Argon*: a New Constituent of the Atmosphere.

LORD RAYLEIGH, F.R.S., and PROFESSOR WILLIAM RAMSAY, F.R.S. Proceedings of the Royal Society, January 31, 1895.

2. *Helium*: a Constituent of certain Minerals. By WILLIAM RAMSAY, F.R.S., J. NORMAN COLLIE, Ph.D., and MORRIS TRAVERS, B.Sc. Journal of the Chemical Society for July, 1895.

THE last years of our praiseworthy and bepraised century have brought no pause in the rush of scientific discovery which has throughout attended its course. 'Things 'new and strange' rather keep crowding with increased rapidity out of the dark beyond into the twilight of our recognition. Some present themselves unsought, others under stringent and prolonged compulsion; not a few, like Mr. Snodgrass's partridge, fall to a random shot. The pair of discoveries we are now concerned with came, one following upon the other, as casual results of otherwise directed inquiries. Not only are they of momentous importance, but the story of how they were made is marked by some curious incidents.

It began with Lord Rayleigh's undertaking to re-determine the atomic weights of the elements. He chose an arduous task. For the highest degree of precision was aimed at, and could only be secured by the exercise of care, skill, and patience of no common order. We cannot here pause to discuss the meaning and scope of the inquiry, or to explain its bearings upon theories as to the origin and mutual relationships of the seventy-five (more or less) varieties of matter with which we are at present acquainted. It must suffice to remark that the idea of their developement from a common primordial stuff has been rather discredited than countenanced by its upshot.

No serious check to progress was met with until the turn of the nitrogen atom came. Four-fifths of the earth's atmosphere—as our readers are aware—consist of this remarkable substance. In the process of respiration, it is only negatively useful. The part of a mere diluent is that assigned to it. It is as water to the wine of oxygen. It serves to abate the fiery energy of its companion element. Yet it is no less indispensable to life. Apart from its shielding office against over-rapid burning of the tissues, it serves a constructive purpose. No particle of protoplasm

can be formed apart from it. With oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, it forms the fundamental vital quartette. Neither animals, however, nor ordinary plants possess the faculty of taking it directly from the air. Here, certain families of micro-organisms come to the rescue. Their obscure but highly efficacious life's work consists in preparing nitrogen for assimilation by plants, which, in their turn, get it into proper shape for the supply of animal necessities. Not improbably, it assumes in our bodies, as in the atmosphere, a neutralising rôle, blunting the edge of chemical affinities, and so facilitating the production of those large loose molecules, the transformations of which, and the substitutions in which, accompany, though they do not explain, vital processes. Life is the master; the material elements his servants. The chain of existence is nowhere broken; its links, although distinct, are inseparable. At the very bottom we meet an army of invisible creatures endowed, for the benefit of others, with special faculties. Unsuccoured by them, plants must starve as surely as animals should starve in a world destitute of plants. So 'the highest standeth not without the lowest.'

Lord Rayleigh's first attempts to ascertain the density of nitrogen were made in 1892. As a precaution against error, he employed for the purpose two distinct methods. One gave him purely atmospheric nitrogen, the other atmospheric nitrogen tinged with nitrogen derived from ammonia. Identically the same result ought to have been obtained for each; nevertheless, a slight difference obtruded itself, and could not be got rid of. The gas wholly of atmospheric origin weighed heavier, by one-thousandth part, than the gas to some small extent of chemical origin. Renewed and more elaborately careful trials availed only to certify the discrepancy. Trifling as it was, its persistent presence was most disquieting. It threatened to sap the validity of all the delicate operations in progress, and was regarded, not as a promise of new truth, but as an annoying obstacle to its acquisition. An investigator less conscientious might have been tempted to set it down as unreal or insignificant; but Lord Rayleigh took an opposite course. He tried to enhance it. Substituting, for the mixed gas with which he had previously worked, nitrogen disengaged in its entirety from chemical combinations, he submitted it to the accustomed examination. Not without astonishment, he found the former minute difference quintupled! The curious fact

was then established that atmospheric nitrogen is markedly heavier than chemical nitrogen.

A conjectural explanation lay close at hand. The former might be supposed to contain a proportion of some denser gas. This had now to be verified; and in the ensuing arduous investigation Professor Ramsay, of University College, London, took an equal share with Lord Rayleigh. Chemistry joined hands with experimental physics in obliging this Proteus of the air to declare itself.

The first announcement concerning a new ingredient in our atmosphere was by a brief note communicated to the British Association at Oxford, August 13, 1894. Barely its presence could then be affirmed; its qualities remained unknown, and were far from easy to ascertain. Atmospheric nitrogen contains little more than 1 per cent. of 'argon,'\* which can be separated only as a residuum, after immense volumes of nitrogen have been soaked up by red-hot magnesium. A week's hard work may thus be expended in procuring a single gramme of this almost inaccessible gas.† Yet a portion of it was, a full century ago, actually in the possession of Henry Cavendish. From a certain volume of atmospheric air he laboriously eliminated all its known constituents, but the air was not accommodating enough to disappear. A remnant, which we now know to have been neither more nor less than argon, stood its ground. The laconic philosopher was, however, satisfied to find it so small, and dropped the subject, thereby conforming to the rule, and exemplifying one of the common modes of obscure anticipation.

After the lapse of above a century, argon gave some further signs of its existence; but these, too, remained unrecognised. They were of the spectroscopic kind. Let not our readers take alarm at this expression, as if it were the inevitable prelude to the introduction of a multitude of dry and technical details. They need be under no such apprehension. We hope to avoid mystifying or repelling the least tolerant of them. Yet we cannot but regret that the general public has, to a great extent, placed under taboo the exquisite science of light-analysis. In perhaps no branch of knowledge are the beginnings so irradiated with sensible beauty; and they should be as familiar as clouds and sunshine. A rainbow

\* This name, compounded of the Greek privative and *ergon*, work, was devised to signify the chemical inertness of the new substance,

† Brauner, 'Chemical News,' March 8, 1895,

exhibits the spectrum of sunshine. In a spectroscope, prisms replace raindrops, while a slit is added in order to exclude overlapping rays, and thus get into clear and separable array the brilliant hues charged with half-deciphered messages. But only interrupted spectra are really significant; and it is because the solar spectrum is ruled from end to end with innumerable fine dark *lines*, due to the absorptive action of the mixed vapours surrounding the sun, that it repays study. The same vapours, glowing by themselves, give out the same sets of *bright* lines that show dark in the sun. They shine, in other words, with various qualities of light, called 'lines,' because in ordinary spectroscopes they take that form. They are, in fact, diversely tinted images of the 'slit,' an excessively narrow, straight aperture, through which the radiations to be examined are transmitted previously to their chromatic dispersion. These lines are distinctive, since their relative positions are constant, and strictly measurable; and they do not occur in duplicate. Each elementary substance flies its own variegated pennant, individual and unmistakeable. So that the exact measurement of a single ray suffices to identify the kind of matter, the molecular vibrations of which it partially but unchangeably represents. The word 'exact,' it is true, taken absolutely, implies the unattainable. Genuine identity is, however, usually vouched for by the presence of several members of each characteristic set, as well as by certain peculiarities of the lines themselves apart from their several degrees of refrangibility.

To return to the spectrum of argon. It was first seen by Mr. Newall, of Cambridge, who frequently observed the flashing out of seventeen unfamiliar bright rays when an electric discharge was passed through glass tubes containing highly rarefied atmospheric air.\* Their origin was at once explained when Mr. Crookes, the inventor of the radiometer, analysed the light from an electrically illuminated argon-tube sent to him for the purpose by Professor Ramsay. From a visual combined with a photographic investigation, he constructed a map of the spectrum 40 feet long, in which the positions of just 200 lines (including Mr. Newall's seventeen) were laid down with great accuracy.† All the two hundred, however, never appeared together. They formed two battalions which alternately advanced and

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\* Proceedings of the Royal Society, February 21, 1895,

† Philosophical Transactions, 1895, p. 243.



retreated as the strength of the employed current was made to vary. At a certain stage of excitement ruddy light was emitted, the spectrum of which was dominated by two crimson rays. Then, on the insertion into the circuit of a Leyden jar, or an increase in the tenuity of the enclosed gas, its colour altered to shimmering violet, the blood-red lines vanished, and a range of blue and photographic ones instantaneously shone out. Both spectra, however, proved equally uncommunicative. They are unknown in all their features, and convey no information regarding the substance from which they are derived.

This substance, its double spectrum notwithstanding, is certainly no compound. One of the earliest suggestions regarding its nature was that it bore to nitrogen the same relation that ozone bears to oxygen. But if this were the case, its density should be one and a half times that of nitrogen; it should be producible from it and resolvable into it. None of these conditions are fulfilled. Argon is not then condensed nitrogen. Time besides brings about no mutation in it, while ozone, left to itself for a few days, relapses into oxygen. There is, indeed, strong evidence that the new gas formed part of what we may call the geological atmosphere. It has been captured mixed in due proportion with nitrogen, effervescing from rock-salt springs, where it must have been immured for ages.\* This antediluvian argon was absolutely undistinguishable from the Rayleigh-Ramsay element.†

Its properties are most perplexing. They locate it, in a way, outside the pale of orthodox chemistry. In the first place, as to its relations with heat. These can be learned from the rate at which it propagates sound, and they are such as to relegate it to the same category with mercury and a few other 'monatomic' bodies. In other words, its molecule does not, like those of common gases—hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and others—consist of two atoms, chemically, although not physically separable; but is, like the Horatian sage, 'in se ipso totus teres atque rotundus.' From this remarkable conclusion, or something equivalent to it, there seems no escape, yet it leads to considerable embarrass-

\* P. Phillips Bedson and Saville Shaw, 'Proceedings of the Chemical Society,' June 20, 1895.

† Its discovery has been distinguished by the first award of the Hodgkins prize of 10,000 dollars, divided equally between Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay by the Smithsonian Institution.

ments. The density of argon is 19.9 times that of hydrogen, which amounts to saying that its molecule is so many times heavier than the hydrogen molecule. Since, however, the argon molecule is its atom, it appears that the atomic weight of the new gas compared with the standard unit of chemistry, the hydrogen *half*-molecule, must be put at 39.8 (say 40) or twice its density. Yet this number 40 is theoretically inadmissible.

All the elementary substances previously known had proved capable of arrangement, according to their atomic weights, in several corresponding series.\* And that the scheme is no arbitrary one has been shown by repeated discoveries of elements with predicted properties summoned to fill gaps in these orderly progressions. But for argon there was no vacant place. Its presence is disconcerting and obtrusive.

Although considerably denser than oxygen, argon is more difficult to liquefy; hence it escaped notice in Professor Dewar's experiments at low temperatures, as well as in those of Dr. Olszewski, of Cracow, whose puerile claims to the original ownership of Professor Dewar's methods demand no comment in these pages. Argon, in fact, changes its state without separating from the other constituents of atmospheric air. As a colourless liquid, it exists imperceptibly in liquid air; as a white crystalline solid, it forms part of solid air. In all its qualities, it evades observation to the utmost. Its chemical indifference is nearly absolute. Under the most powerful inducements it repels the attractions of oxygen; but it can, with great difficulty, be got to unite with carbon. M. Berthelot, the distinguished French chemist, succeeded, by bringing electrical influence to bear, in effecting its combination with benzene vapour, when a magnificent emerald phosphorescence ensued. Carbon disulphide took it up more freely; and Professor Ramsay, having established an electric arc in an argon-filled bulb, obtained, after four hours, evidence of the partial formation of an argon-carbon compound.† It is also about as soluble in water as oxygen, and much more so than nitrogen, so that aquatic creatures breathe an air considerably richer both in argon and oxygen than ordinary atmospheric air. Yet, in no organic tissues,

\* The 'Periodic Law,' first stated by Newlands in 1864, was re-discovered by Mendeléeff in 1869.

† 'Chemical News,' August 2 and 30, 1895.

whether animal or vegetable, has a trace of the new element so far been brought to light.\*

Notwithstanding the small proportion of argon (about 1 per cent.) contained in the atmosphere, the absolute quantity present is enormous. Eight hundred million pounds of it are supported by each square mile of the terrestrial surface; and Great Britain and Ireland are loaded with 7,500 million tons of this barely perceptible substance! The seas and oceans, doubtless, contain a proportionate share; but it does not appear to have been absorbed by any of the solid materials of the earth, although the 'occlusion' of other gases by them is rather the rule than an exception. The fact of its occurrence in extra-terrestrial minerals is hence the more surprising. Professor Ramsay extracted a fair quantity from a specimen of meteoric iron, which fell some years ago in Augusta County, Virginia.† But there was no possibility of inverting the process. The gas absolutely declined to re-enter the metal. The conditions under which it was originally imprisoned cannot be artificially produced, and appear never to have existed upon the earth.

This experiment disclosed the interesting fact that argon is, so to speak, a cosmical element. Nor are there any other means at hand by which it could have been ascertained. The spectroscope is silent on the point. No argon-rays have been recognised in sun or stars. Yet negative evidence in spectrum analysis is very far from justifying negative conclusions. The argument that because a given form of matter makes no show in the spectrum of a heavenly body, therefore it does not enter into its constitution, is wholly invalid. In spite of the absence from the Fraunhofer spectrum of their characteristic lines, we are justified in believing that oxygen and nitrogen exist in the sun. There are many ways of reconciling this apparent contradiction; we need allude to but one, which is particularly applicable to our present case. A mixture of argon with 3 or 4 per cent. of nitrogen gives only the nitrogen spectrum. The main bulk of the gas in the tube remains obscure, probably because the electric discharge passes it by, choosing rather as its vehicle the insignificant quantity of nitrogen present. Such preferential illuminations are common, though inex-

\* Macdonald and Kellas, 'Chemical News,' April 5, 1895,

† Nature, July 4, 1895.

plicable. They have been certainly observed in comets. They are likely to occur in the sun.

The strangeness to our acquaintance of the argon spectrum is thus readily explained, for it becomes manifest only under select circumstances. The gas must be artificially isolated before it can be made to glow with its distinctive rays. Thus they have never, we believe, been noted in the spectrum of lightning. Their invisibility in the solar spectrum is, accordingly, far from implying the banishment of argon from the sun. It is, at any rate, closely related to one conspicuous solar element.

On August 18, 1868, during the great Indian eclipse, the spectrum of the solar prominences was examined for the first time. It was found to include a bright yellow ray, confounded, in the hurry of the moment, with the sodium 'D.' The introduction, immediately afterwards, by M. Janssen and Mr. Norman Lockyer, of the method of daylight spectroscopic observation at the edge of the sun, made leisurely study possible; and the separate identity of the eclipse-line was recognised in February 1869, by Mr. Lockyer and Dr. Frankland.\* Forming a trio with the sodium pair, it became distinguished as 'D<sub>3</sub>,' and the name 'helium' was bestowed upon the unknown substance emitting it. Prodigious quantities of this substance exist, in an incandescent state, near the sun; the chromosphere and its fiery outliers are largely composed of it, and it blazes in some nebulae, and most gaseous, or 'bright-line,' stars. Its importance in solar and sidereal physics is, perhaps, second only to that of hydrogen. But it is less easily recognisable. For in the vast majority of stars their constituent elements are identified by the absorption which they produce. Their characteristic rays show dark, reversed by the brilliant photospheric background they are projected upon. The absorptive power of helium is, however, very slight. In the sun its effects are imperceptible; they have been detected only in a few exceptional star-spectra of the Orion type, by Professor Keeler, of Allegheny, and Dr. Scheiner, of Potsdam. This difference of behaviour is, in the present state of knowledge, unaccountable.

Until a few months ago, helium took rank only as a hypothetical element. Some solar students regarded it as a form of hydrogen, others as a product of the 'dissociation' of hydrogen, a few thrust D<sub>3</sub>, without more ado, into the native

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\* Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. xvii. p. 289.

spectrum of hydrogen. All agreed that the problematical line was an index to an extraordinary degree of heat. Its originating stuff was visibly at home in the thrice-heated furnace of the sun; there seemed little hope of meeting with it on this chilly planet. The news, then, seemed too good to be true that Professor Palmieri, then Director of the Vesuvian Observatory, had recognised the famous yellow line in the course of spectroscopically investigating certain volcanic ejecta. This was in December 1881;\* but nothing further came of it, and the Professor was supposed to have found a mare's-nest. It is, nevertheless, almost certain that a sample of the elusive solar element was actually in his laboratory!

After thirteen years argon came upon the scene, and its peculiar properties suggested out-of-the-way inquiries. Aware that the rare mineral 'cleveite' gave out, when treated with sulphuric acid, a gas taken for nitrogen, Professor Ramsay resolved to search for possible relationships with it of the newly found element. He accordingly filled a tube with a little of the supposed nitrogen, and despatched it to Mr. Crookes for spectroscopic trial. A startling result ensued. No sooner did the light from the electrically excited tube strike through the analysing apparatus than a vivid yellow line came out as its distinctive feature. Measurements showed it to be indistinguishable in position from  $D_3$ , and left little room for doubt that the thin substance in the tube was the long-sought helium. The discovery was announced to the Paris Academy of Sciences March 25, 1895—a date to be remembered.

It was received with wonder and delight, yet with caution. Stringent tests were applied, and were well sustained. The correspondence seemed complete. Then a crucial question was put. MM. Runge and Paschen, of Hanover, perceived, on examining their splendid photographs of the cleveite spectrum, that its leading ray was double—delicately, unequally double. The pair, like Sirius and its dusky attendant, could be seen as such only with the help of strong separating or dispersive power, combined with good definition. The stars may, indeed, close up into visual singleness (as they have lately done); but this spectral line, since it is an index to the construction of an unalterable, though ultra-microscopic system, must, throughout the wide reaches of space and time, preserve the aspect worn by it here and now. The

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\* Auf der Höhe, Bd. i., p. 359. Leipzig.

German physicists, accordingly, in making known their unlooked-for result, declared emphatically that either the chromospheric  $D_3$  is double, or the gas evolved from cleveite is not helium.\*

The scene of action was thereupon shifted from the earth to the sun. Dr. and Mrs. Huggins here led the way, but a very slight milkiness of the sky impeded their first observations.  $D_3$  appeared single,† and for the moment the hope was dashed of having captured, lying hidden away in Scandinavian rocks, the exotic element it represents. This negative result was not, however, regarded as definitive; a better opportunity was awaited; and on July 10, in a translucent sky, the compound nature of the yellow line at the edge of the sun was distinctly perceived at Tulse Hill. On the same day news reached England that Professor Hale had made at Chicago on June 20 the same critical observation. Nay, the examination of records brought out the striking fact that the duplicity of  $D_3$  had obtruded itself in 1891 upon the notice of M. Bépolsky, of the Pulkowa Observatory, but had been by him explained away as a terrestrial atmospheric effect.

Mr. Lockyer, meanwhile, had immensely strengthened the case for the genuineness of mineral helium by pointing out several further coincidences between its spectrum and the spectra of the solar chromosphere and the Orion stars. And these were amply ratified by M. Deslandres, of Paris, working with more powerful instruments. No scientific inference, then, is much more certain than that the up-rushing, glowing material of sun-flames is found on the earth, inert and cold, scantily lodged in the interstices of a few special kinds of mineral. Possibly it has a companion, or companions, in these obscure abodes. Mr. Lockyer and M. Deslandres both regard 'cleveite gas' as a mixture of allied substances, and their opinion is supported by the result of MM. Runge and Paschen's elaborate study of its wonderful spectrum. Extending far down into the infra-red, and reaching high up into the ultra-violet, it consists of three rhythmically arranged series of doublets, and as many more of solitary lines. True helium is supposed to give rise to the first, which are brighter in all their members; co-helium (provisionally so called) to the second. But this

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\* Nature, June 6, 1895; Sitzungsberichte der Akad. der Wissenschaften zu Berlin, June 20, 1895.

† 'Chemical News,' June 10, 1895.

divided ownership, being as yet imperfectly made out, need not here be further adverted to.

Helium shares most of the uncommon properties of argon. Its relations to heat are the same, hence both are—so to express it—among the most elementary of the elementary forms of matter. That is to say, their molecules are indivisible. Yet they are capable of executing intricate, vehement, and unimaginably subtle vibrations. For both argon and helium display brilliant and complex spectra; and spectra may be described as movements translated into light. The internal molecular energy thus beautifully manifested is supplied by electrical excitement solely; heat is incapable of imparting it. The distinction is of wide import, but demands, for its elucidation, a long series of experimental inquiries.

These two new forms of matter are alike and alone in their incapacity for chemical combination. They are virtually devoid of affinities, and accordingly form a class apart, perhaps to be reinforced by further discoveries of the same kind. It is not, then, surprising that they refuse to fit into a previously established framework of elemental arrangement. Yet their modes of distribution are entirely different. They have so far been met with together only in those sky-sent rock-masses, the arrivals of which from space strangely break in upon the earth's isolation; as well as in bubbles of gas escaping from the Wildbad waters.\* In celestial spectroscopy the yellow flash of helium is almost ubiquitous; wherever hydrogen shines it may be looked for, and seldom in-vain; while argon makes no show, more likely because it fails to get illuminated than because it is not there. Terrestrial argon appears to occur in the atmosphere only; terrestrial helium belongs to the rocky crust. There its condition is that of 'occlusion.' It enters into the composition of no mineral, but some few were able, under antique conditions, to absorb and retain it. We say 'under antique conditions,' because the process is no longer feasible. Helium, once set free, cannot be re-incarcerated. 'Vestigia nulla retrorsum.' It was probably forced by heat and pressure into the pores of incipient, specially adapted minerals at an early stage of the earth's cooling; and so we may safely assert that the gas set free by Professor Ramsay entered its clevite-receptacle long before the advent of life upon this planet.

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\* H. Kayser, 'Chemical News,' August 23, 1895.

Clevite is essentially a uranate of lead, mixed with those singular forms of matter known as 'rare earths;' and uranium seems in general to have a sort of preferential claim to the ownership of helium. Extremes meet; for this metal, familiar to miners in the form of 'pitchblende,' is the heaviest substance within our acquaintance, while helium is, next to hydrogen, the lightest. The atom, or molecule of argon, weighs, in fact, nearly ten times that of helium; and this notable difference in density must have largely influenced their respective modes of distribution.

The earth was at one time encompassed with an atmosphere of helium, as it now is with one of argon. For from what other source can cleveite, bröggerite, and monazite have derived their inestimable treasure of occluded gas? It was almost certainly absorbed under considerable pressure, so that only an insignificant part of the original supply can have thus disappeared; and chemical combinations are in this case out of the question. What, then, became of the primitive helium atmosphere?

Here an ingenious speculation by Dr. Johnstone Stoney comes to our assistance. Started in December 1870, as a rationale for the airless condition of the moon, it has been revived by him in the present connexion.\* We must, however, warn our readers that it does not rank among the best-authenticated theories of science. It is by no means *de fide*. There are, indeed, serious objections to its adoption. Yet we must confess that its claims to assent have never appeared to us so strong as just now, when we are confronted with an otherwise insoluble helium-problem.

The most essential quality of a gas is its elasticity. Aerial substances have no fixed dimensions; they spread abroad indefinitely unless confined or constrained. Solid globes, then, possess atmospheres by virtue of their gravity; and the strength of their gravity determines the composition of their atmospheres. For the lighter the gas, the higher is its interstitial velocity; and unless this be of controllable amount, the particles animated by it fly off into space to return no more. To take an example. The earth can hold in check a speed of seven miles a second, and no more. Neglecting the impeding effect of the air, a stone shot from its surface thus swiftly would finally escape. And the same rule applies to every minutest particle of gas. Now the calculated average velocity of a

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\* 'Chemical News,' February 8, 1895.



hydrogen-molecule is seventy miles a minute; but the range of deviation on either side of this average is exceedingly wide. Hence Dr. Johnstone Stoney argues that the critical rate of seven miles a second would from time to time be attained by individual molecules, which should then throw off their allegiance to the earth, and seek 'fresh woods ' and pastures new ' elsewhere.

The fact, indeed, that there is no free hydrogen upon the earth is beside the mark, since the vast primitive store was burnt up with oxygen, in pre-geological ages, to form water. A great deal more could have been similarly condensed, but at the cost of depriving our globe of respirable air. We live through the excess of oxygen remaining upon it. We cannot fail to recognise here one of those beautiful adjustments which meet us everywhere in studying the conditions of vitality.

Helium comes next to hydrogen in the velocity of its particles. The proportion is about seven to ten; in oxygen it is one to four; while argon, being the densest compound of our atmosphere, is also the least elastic. So that it is fully possible that the earth might have surrendered its helium envelope, without any corresponding loss of oxygen, nitrogen, or argon.

The exceptional properties of the new gases have taken chemists aback. They find in their hands substances undoubtedly elementary, yet chemically negative—substances that might be called outcasts from the common round of chemical change. What is to be done with them? Ordinary rules do not apply; ordinary modes of research are baffled. Fortunately, there is no danger but that novel ones will be struck out. With what results, no one can as yet foresee. We may feel assured, however, that we are only at the beginning of surprises.

The outlook for celestial chemistry is still more encouraging. It had, unquestionably, during the last decade, become somewhat overcast. Important instrumental improvements were turned to the utmost account in the precise determination of countless dark and bright lines in the spectra of sun, stars, and nebulae; but chemical recognitions were comparatively infrequent. Mistaken identities, it is true, were corrected; and this was in itself a gain of the most essential kind. But the substitution of avowed ignorance for merely ostensible knowledge, though laudable, and to the lovers of truth eminently welcome, is not inspiriting. 'Unknown ' lines ' were becoming ominously abundant. Appeals to

the laboratory anent their interpretation met no response; it almost seemed as if science had, in that direction, reached the end of its tether. Comparisons of terrestrial with celestial spectra had lost much of their interest. Significant coincidences between them grew scarce; nor was it unreasonable to suppose that incandescent globes contained forms of matter non-existent on a cool planet. Theories of 'dissociation' through excessive heat, as well as of the gradual formation of our 'elements' out of some ultra-material substance—probably the universal ether—were besides rife; and, if true, opened a chasm between the chemistry of the earth and the chemistry of the stars.

The detection of helium has dissipated most of these apprehensions. Everything now once more seems possible; and hope and vigour have been renewed together. The road of future progress is now plain and open; it will be traversed by eager pilgrims. There can no longer be any mistake as to the kind of work likely to prove fruitful. The alphabet is at hand, out of which to spell answers to the outstanding riddles of cosmical physics. Argon and helium are unlikely to be alone in their peculiarities. They belong to a group of gases *superannuated* (if we may venture to say so) here, while still active in wider scenes. 'In certain stages of stellar evolution,' as Mr. Lockyer expresses it, they are of paramount importance; while, on planetary globes, they exist scantily and obscurely, fulfilling no obvious function. But now 'time's revenges' have brought them once more to the front. Additional members of the class may, before these lines are published, be literally *unearthed* from scarce minerals or volcanic products. Any day, we may hear that the prison-bands of 'coronium'—the chief material of the sun's corona—have been unloosed; or that the enigmatical nebular stuff, which has baffled so many inquiries, has arisen from under our very feet; or of any one of a hundred analogous identifications. The barriers once broken are likely to go down on all sides, leaving the assailants free to dash in, and loot what they can. We await with deep interest the outcome of their incursions into what was, a few months back, a secluded and inaccessible territory.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I.* By his brother, LESLIE STEPHEN. London: 1895.

PREMATURE biographies of statesmen frequently result in giving false impressions of their careers, since it is impossible for a reader to estimate accurately the life of a politician without a full narrative of all the facts of various incidents, and many of these cannot be revealed until years have passed away. The same objection cannot be urged against this biography of a writer and a judge, though if it had fallen into other hands than those of Mr. Leslie Stephen it would hardly have been raised above the commonplace and trivial. By his skill and tact, however, it has become a graceful memorial by one brother to another, and it will do much to raise yet higher Mr. Leslie Stephen's reputation as a biographer. For there is probably no other Englishman of letters who could have written this book with such admirable taste and good feeling, and, while never for a moment leaving out of sight his relationship to the subject of his biography, could at the same time have maintained throughout a tone of such gentle impartiality. Fitzjames Stephen liked to say that he had had one of the happiest of lives. He must be deemed fortunate to be commemorated by so admirable a biography. For when we impartially survey his life it is impossible not to perceive that, with all Stephen's remarkable characteristics, he was not a man of action who for good or evil has influenced the history of his country, nor one of those thinkers and writers who stand pre-eminent in their generation. Indeed, we make bold to say that this work will continue to be read rather for its literary charm, as a study of a curious character and of a noticeable family, as a picture of society at the end of this century, than as a biography pure and simple.

'During the first half of the eighteenth century a James Stephen was tenant of a small farm in Aberdeenshire.' He was the first of the family of whom his descendants have any knowledge. He was engaged in trade, and, like other working men of his time who lived near the sea, 'he had no insuperable objection to dealing in contraband articles.'

His third son, James, was born about the year 1783, and was a man of marked character, some features of which undoubtedly re-appeared in his descendants. He was six feet three inches in height, and family traditions tell 'of his

'being attacked by two footpads, and knocking their heads together till they cried for mercy.' Full of energy and power, under a happy star he might have become a remarkable and successful man; but his early business career proved unfortunate, and in 1769 he found himself confined for debt in the King's Bench prison. What occurred there gives us a curious insight both into the nature of the man as well as into the state of the times.

'Stephen, however, was not a man to submit without knowing the reason why. He rubbed up his old legal knowledge, looked into the law-books, and discovered that imprisonment for debt was contrary to Magna Charta. This doctrine soon made converts in the King's Bench. Three of his fellow prisoners enjoy such immortality as is conferred by admission to biographical-dictionaries. The best known was the crazy poet, Christopher Smart, famous for having leased himself for ninety-nine years to a bookseller, and for the fine "Song of David," which Browning made the text of one of his later poems. Another was William Jackson, an Irish clergyman, afterwards known as a journalist on the popular side, who was convicted of high treason at Dublin in 1795, and poisoned himself in the dock. A third was William Thompson, known as "Blarney," a painter, who had married a rich wife in 1767, but had apparently spent her money by this time. Mrs. Stephen condescended to enliven the little society by her musical talents. The prisoners in general welcomed Stephen as a champion of liberty. A writ of "Habeas Corpus" was obtained, and Stephen argued his case before Lord Mansfield. The great lawyer was naturally less amenable to reason than the prisoners. He was, however, impressed, it is reported, by the manliness and energy of the applicant. "It is a great pity," he said, "but the prisoner must be remanded." James Stephen's son, James, a boy of twelve, was by his side in court, and a bystander slipped five shillings into his hand; but the father had to go back to his prison. He stuck to his point obstinately. He published a pamphlet, setting forth his case. He wrote letters to the "Public Advertiser," to which Junius was then contributing. He again appealed to the courts, and finally called a meeting of his fellow prisoners. They resolved to break out in a body, and march to Westminster, to remonstrate with the judges. Stephen seized a turnkey, and took the keys by force; but, finding his fellows unruly, was wise enough to submit. He was sent with three others to the "New Jail." The prisoners in the King's Bench hereupon rose and attacked the wall with a pickaxe. Soldiers were called in, and the riot finally suppressed.

'Stephen, in spite of these proceedings, was treated with great humanity at the "New Jail;" and apparently without much severity at the King's Bench to which he presently returned.'

Somehow he got out of prison and tried to become a barrister, but the Benchers of the Middle Temple refused to call him. Not daunted by this rejection, Stephen endeavoured

to make a living as a solicitor in fact though not in name, entering into a species of partnership with an actual solicitor. But he 'had a hard struggle and was playing a 'losing game.' His advice was sought by a disreputable class of clients, and he died in 1779 in a state of great poverty. Children of so capable though unfortunate a man were sure to be well endowed by nature, and in spite of the gloom of the beginning were able to carve out successful careers. The eldest son, after passing a considerable time in the West Indies, returned home an opulent merchant; the youngest ultimately became a judge in New South Wales; and the second, James, a Master in Chancery. It is with him that the story is concerned. His early education was very defective; in 1772 'he was sent to a day 'school on Kennington Green, kept by a cheesemonger who 'had failed in business, and whose sole qualifications for 'teaching were a clerical wig and a black coat.' It says much for the capacity of our ancestors that they were able to gain knowledge and mental training under such unfavourable circumstances, and we may sometimes be tempted to doubt whether the effect of teachers who are apparently very competent is much greater than that of broken-down cheesemongers. It is certain, at any rate, that James Stephen managed to pick up a fair education. Through the intervention of his elder brother, he went to Aberdeen to study law; this was during the lifetime of his father, on whose death a good-natured uncle gave him 50*l.* a year, with which he continued to live alone in London studying law. He was often barely able to keep body and soul together, but a rift in the clouds came when an uncle in St. Christopher's died and left his property to his nephew William, who had been working under him. The elder brother 'sent 'home supplies, which enabled James to give up reporting, 'to be called to the bar (1782), and in the next year to sail 'to St. Christopher's.' With the exception of one visit to England, he remained in the West Indies for twelve years. He had then saved enough to return home and to take up practice in the Prize Appeal Court of the Privy Council.

Abroad Stephen had become acquainted with the slave trade, his ardent nature made him a strenuous opponent of it, and soon after his return he became one of the most trusted supporters of Wilberforce, whose sister ultimately, by a second marriage, became his wife. It is probable that it was his extreme intimacy with Wilberforce which made him one of that band of earnest and capable men who have

attained a kind of celebrity as the Clapham sect. Stephen in 1808 obtained a seat in Parliament as a supporter of the Government, more especially of their policy in regard to the Orders in Council of 1807, issued to prevent the utilisation of nominally neutral vessels for the supply of goods to France and Spain. He retired from political life in a fit of annoyance with the Government for declining to take up a measure which he had introduced for the registration of slaves. He had then been for some years a Master in Chancery, and he held this office till 1831, a year before his death. In his day he was a well-known personage, the main object of whose later years was the suppression of the slave trade, an object which he pursued with a religious zeal. His third son, James, who was born in 1789, was the father of the late Sir Fitzjames Stephen and of his biographer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who is still happily with us. Sir James Stephen, as he ultimately became, has now passed out of the minds of the present generation; in his day few men were better known by politicians and by all who had to do with public affairs, and he must always be regarded as an admirable example of the higher permanent officials of the Civil Service. Giving up practice as a Chancery barrister in 1825, on his appointment as counsel to the Colonial Office, he devoted twenty-two years of his life to the service of the Crown. 'For a long period,' says Sir Henry Taylor in his autobiography, 'Stephen might better have been called the "Colonial Department" itself than counsel to the Colonial Department.' For many years, says the same writer, 'he literally ruled the Colonial Empire.' A man of great power of work must always have a large influence in any Government department, since it means a capacity to acquire great quantities of information, and to be very useful to the political chiefs. Of this power, a family feature which has been conspicuous in his sons, there are some striking illustrations in this volume. Stephen was strongly imbued with anti-slavery views, and on this subject his natural capacity for labour was sharpened by inclination.

'The elaborate Act,' writes his son, 'by which previous legislation against the slave trade was finally consolidated and extended was passed in 1824. It was drawn by my father and dictated by him in one day and at one sitting. It fills twenty-three closely printed octavo pages. At this time the Government was attempting to adopt a middle course between the abolitionists and the planters by passing what were called "meliorating Acts"—Acts, that is, for improving the treatment of the slaves,

The Colonial Assemblies refused to accept the proposals. The Colonial Office remonstrated, obtained reports and wrote despatches, pointing out any abuses discovered : the despatches were laid before Parliament and republished by Zachary Macaulay in the "Anti-slavery Reporter." Agitation increased. An insurrection of slaves in Jamaica in 1831, cruelly suppressed by the whites, gave indirectly a death-blow to slavery. Abolition, especially after the Reform Bill, became inevitable, but the question remained whether the grant of freedom should be immediate or gradual, and whether compensation should be granted to the planters. The problem had been discussed by Stephen, Taylor, and Lord Howick (afterwards Earl Grey), and various plans had been considered. In March 1833, however, Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) became head of the Colonial Office; and the effect was at first to reduce Stephen and Taylor to their "original insignificance." They had already been attacked in the press for taking too much upon themselves, and Stanley now prepared a measure without their assistance. He found that he had not the necessary experience for a difficult task, and was soon obliged to have recourse to Stephen, who prepared the measure which was finally passed. The delay had made expedition necessary if slavery was not to continue for another year. My father received notice to draw the Act on Saturday morning. He went home and completed his task by the middle of the day on Monday. The Act contains sixty-six sections, fills twenty-three pages in the octavo edition of the Statute-book, and creates a whole scheme of the most intricate and elaborate kind.'

It is a common impression that a man, whether commerce or official work be his occupation, who is an efficient and laborious man of business is that and nothing more. No idea could often be more erroneous, and in the case of Stephen it was absolutely wrong. He was a man who in many ways had all the attributes of a student, a love of retirement, a nervous nature, literary and historical perceptions of the best quality. He 'was a man of exquisitely 'sensitive nature. . . . He shrank from every kind of self-assertion. . . . The life of a recluse had strong attractions 'for him. Beneath this sensitive nature lay an energetic 'and even impetuous character, and an intellect singularly 'clear, subtle, and decisive.' He was a great talker in the highest sense of the term; that is to say, he had a mind richly stored with knowledge and with experience of life, and a great power of expression. His books, says Mr. Leslie Stephen,

'give no idea of the vigour and pungency and freedom with which he could speak or let himself loose or think aloud as he did to me. Macaulay was infinitely more eloquent, and his memory was a thing by itself. Carlyle was striking and picturesque, and, after a fashion, forcible to the last degree. John Austin discoursed with the greatest

dignity and impressiveness. But my father's richness of mind and union of wisdom, good sense, keenness and ingenuity put him, in my opinion, quite on the same sort of level as these distinguished men; and gave me a feeling about him which attuned itself with and ran into the conviction that he was also one of the very kindest, most honourable, and best men I ever knew in my whole life. From my recollection, which is less perfect than was my brother's, I should add that one thing which especially remains with me was the stamp of fine literary quality which marked all my father's conversation. His talk, however copious, was never commonplace; and, boy as I was when I listened, I was constantly impressed by the singular skill with which his clear-cut phrases and lively illustrations put even familiar topics into an apparently new and effective light.'

Strongly influenced by the evangelical surroundings of his youth, yet equally affected by the circumstances of his later life, and by his critical mind, Stephen presents a curious picture of the transition from the ideas of the beginning to those of the end of the century which have influenced all thinking men. 'He perceived with perfect clearness that 'the Christian belief was being tried by new tests severer than the old, and that schools of thought were arising with 'which the orthodox would have to reckon,' but 'his surpassingly ingenious and versatile mind employed itself 'rather in framing excuses for not answering than in finding 'thorough answers to possible doubts. . . . Whatever doubts 'or tendencies to doubt might affect his intellect, they never 'weakened his loyalty to his creed.' But, in truth, his character and surroundings, both in his department and in his home, were little calculated to urge him to do so. Of this home Mr. Leslie Stephen gives us a charming picture, one which will certainly rank as a delineation of a phase of English life in the middle of this century, and which is not the less interesting in that it was in this home that Mr. Stephen was himself brought up. Indeed, we may be forgiven if we hold that these sketches of the Stephens will hereafter be valued very much because they tell us about the family from which one of the first of literary critics of our day has sprung.

'Our household must thus be regarded as stamped with the true evangelical characteristics—and yet with a difference. The line between saints and sinners or the Church and the world was not so deeply drawn as in some cases. We felt, in a vague way, that we were, somehow, not quite as other people, and yet I do not think that we could be called Pharisees. My father felt it a point of honour to adhere to the ways of his youth. Like Jonadab, the son of Rechab, as my brother observes, he would drink no wine for the sake of his



father's commandments (which, indeed, is scarcely a felicitous application after what I have just said). He wore the uniform of the old army, though he had ceased to bear unquestioning allegiance. We never went to plays or balls; but neither were we taught to regard such recreations as proofs of the corruption of man. My father most carefully told us that there was nothing intrinsically wrong in such things, though he felt strongly about certain abuses of them. At most, in his favourite phrase, they were "not convenient." We no more condemned people who frequented them than we blamed people in Hindostan for riding elephants. A theatre was as remote from us as an elephant. And therefore we grew up without acquiring or condemning such tastes. They had neither the charm of early association nor the attraction of forbidden fruit. To outsiders the household must have been pervaded by an air of gravity, if not of austerity. But we did not feel it, for it became the law of our natures, not a law imposed by external sanctions. We certainly had a full allowance of sermons and Church services; but we never, I think, felt them to be forced upon us. They were a part, and not an unwelcome part, of the order of nature. In another respect we differed from some families of the same creed. My father's fine taste and his sensitive nature made him tremblingly alive to one risk. He shrank from giving us any inducement to lay bare our own religious emotions. To him and to our mother the needless revelation of the deeper feelings seemed to be a kind of spiritual indelicacy. To encourage children to use the conventional phrases could only stimulate to unreality or actual hypocrisy. He recognised, indeed, the duty of impressing upon us his own convictions, but he spoke only when speaking was a duty. He read prayers daily in his family, and used to expound a few verses of the Bible with characteristic unction. In earlier days I find him accusing himself of a tendency to address "homiletical epistles" to his nearest connexions; but he scrupulously kept such addresses for some adequate occasion in his children's lives. We were, indeed, fully aware, from a very early age, of his feelings, and could not but be continuously conscious that we were under the eye of a father governed by the loftiest and purest motives, and devoting himself without stint to what he regarded as his duty. He was a living "categorical imperative." "Did you ever know your father do a thing because it was pleasant?" was a question put to my brother, when he was a small boy, by his mother. She has apparently recorded it for the sake of the childish answer: "Yes, once—when he married you." But we were always conscious of the force of the tacit appeal.

For the benefit of those whose recollection does not carry them back so far, we may mention that Sir James Stephen resigned his post of Permanent Under-Secretary to the Colonial Office in 1847, and that two years after he became Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. His historical essays and lectures are yet readable, but he has left no permanent mark behind him as an historian. He died in 1859.

We must now proceed to speak of the actual subject of this biography. We have not hesitated to dwell at length on his forefathers, since, as we have already said, this work is full of interest as a study of character, and from this point of view its value is in no sense confined to the main portion of the book. For we must point out that if Sir Fitzjames Stephen's career be considered from a wholly impersonal point of view, it is, in regard to actual achievement, not remarkable. In early and middle life he did an immense quantity of work as a journalist under very unfavourable circumstances. That is to say, while he was trying, and trying effectively, to do as much as the ordinary journalist who devotes himself to this career, he was at the same time trying, and also trying effectively, to do as much work at the Bar as falls to the lot of the ordinary common law and circuit barrister, who has no special connexions and who is not a recognised specialist. It is not, however, the results of this combination of labour which are remarkable, but the actual combination itself. His purely literary work really falls under the head of journalism, and must be classed with his labours in that kind of work. But Stephen's achievements as a legal writer stand apart both from his journalism and his work as a professional lawyer. It will be by these that he will be longest remembered, and by a lasting influence on the form of English law arising from his labours on codification in England and in India.

Fitzjames Stephen was born on March 3, 1829. A boy of great ability and thoughtfulness, his youthful years were spoilt by an injudicious treatment of his mind. It is difficult, no doubt, to hit on that happy mean in which, while mere childishness is discouraged, a premature maturity, which ends in what is popularly known as priggishness, and often permanently injures a promising career, is not fostered. At the age of seven he was at a school in Brighton. 'The boys were well taught and well fed. But it was too decorous; there was no fighting and no bullying and rather an excess of evangelical theology. The boys used to be questioned at prayers. "Stephen, prove the Omnipotence of God."' And this was at the age of seven. When twelve years of age Stephen was at the same school, and 'his father now found that he could already talk to him as to a man. . . . My father explained to the boy that some able men really defended the doctrine of transubstantiation.' Discussion with a boy of twelve as if he were a man on such subjects as transubstantiation could have only

one result; and when Stephen entered Eton as a day boy, his father having removed to Windsor for the purpose of his education in 1842, he was in a state quite unfitted for a happy school life.

‘My brother, as has been indicated, was far more developed in character, if not in scholarship, than is at all common at his age. His talks with my father and his own reading had familiarised him with thoughts lying altogether beyond the horizon of the average boyish mind. He was thoughtful beyond his years, although not conspicuously forward in the school studies. He was already inclined to consider games as childish. He looked down upon his companions and the school life generally as silly and frivolous. The boys resented his contempt of their ways; and his want of sociability and rather heavy exterior at the time made him a natural butt for schoolboy wit. He was, he says, bullied and tormented till, towards the end of his time, he plucked up spirit to resist.’

He left the school at the end of three unhappy years, years which were largely wasted wholly, as we think, from the unfortunate nature of his early upbringing. Stephen was not a Cowper—delicate and fanciful; he was by nature robust, manly, and sound-headed. But this very capacity unduly fostered made him a man when he should have been a boy, and undoubtedly gave him throughout life a dogmatic tendency of mind and character, which repelled those who were not so intimate with him as to have penetrated to the true kindness which lay behind this unattractive exterior. This tendency was, if anything, increased by the fact that from Eton Stephen was removed to King’s College, London: his career here was, as a student, excellent though not brilliant, and at the age of eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge,

‘more of a grown man than nine in ten of his contemporaries. So far, indeed, as his character was concerned, he had scarcely ever been a child: at Cambridge, as at Eton, he regarded many of the ambitions of his contemporaries as puerile. . . . His thoughts were already upon his future career, and he cared for university distinctions only as they might provide him with a good start in the subsequent competition. But this marked maturity of character did not imply the possession of corresponding intellectual gifts, or, as I should rather say, of such gifts as led to success in the Senate House.’

He was wanting in ‘intellectual docility,’ says his brother. In truth, he had not the kind of mind which leads most easily to the highest prizes at a university. We say most easily, since we do not for a moment believe that though the actual studies at an English university may be more

congenial to one mind than another, the latter, if above the average capacity, cannot by means of greater labour obtain equal distinction. The fact was that Stephen, as he himself says in later life, 'disliked and foolishly despised 'the studies of the place.' Even a man of ability in this frame of mind would be unable to overtake competitors better furnished for the race by early training and eager to attain university prizes. Stephen was consequently academically a failure, and went 'out in the "Poll,"' in the May term of 1851; in other words, without taking honours. Thus, a too early maturity had not resulted in success at Cambridge. In truth, Stephen's early career is singularly instructive, since it shows that an absence of the traits of boyhood is no advantage in early life, and it equally indicates that too great stress should never be laid on academic success. Apart, however, from a failure to obtain distinction in the schools, Stephen made a mark among his comrades. He took a prominent part in the debates at the Union, and he was a member of the Cambridge Conversazione Society, familiarly known as the 'Apostles.' 'Other members 'of the little society,' in addition to the late Sir Henry Maine, 'were E. H. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby), who 'left in March 1848, Vernon Harcourt (now Sir William), 'H. W. Watson, Julian Fane, and the present Canon 'Holland. Old members—Monckton Milnes, James Spedding, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, and W. H. Thompson ' (the tutor)—occasionally attended meetings. The late 'Professor Hort and the great physicist, Clerk Maxwell, 'joined about the time of my brother's departure.' In other words, whilst Stephen was failing to attain distinction as a student, he was accepted as a friend by the most intellectual of his contemporaries. 'His mind'—and this is Stephen's own account of himself—'was over-full of thoughts 'about religion, about politics, about morals, about metaphysics, about all sorts of subjects, except art, literature, or 'physical science. For art of any kind I have never cared, 'and do not care in the very least. For literature, as such, 'I hardly care at all.' But thoughts about religion, politics, and morals are those which in the beginning of manhood stimulate mental power to perpetual argument, and it was chiefly on the discussion of such subjects that the intimacy among the 'Apostles' was based.

Stephen's university career ended, it was necessary for him to choose a profession. His father desired that he should enter the Church. With characteristic thoroughness

he considered the various professions open to him, and eliminated some until the choice lay between the Church and the Bar. He then 'digested the results of the general ' discussions into thirteen questions.' He began the inquiry on June 16; it was not till October 2, during a railway journey to Paris, that he answered the last question which decided his judgement in favour of the Bar. The labour and the systematised form of the inquiry show that the organising instinct in Stephen's character was natural to him: this preliminary consideration of a profession was typical of all his work in life—it was the act of an energetic and orderly mind absolutely without imagination, assisted by a strong will and immense capacity for work. The plan of formulating certain questions in regard to a profession for self-answer, of putting them on paper, is the action of a man capable of and willing to take any amount of trouble, but quite incapable of appreciating the possibilities of life or its unseen chances.

Stephen was called to the Bar in January, 1854, and his career as an advocate can be described in a few words. He never at any time succeeded in obtaining a large business; he wandered in his earlier years round the Midland Circuit, picking up such fragmentary work as came in his way. After he took silk his practice was always uncertain; now and again he was entrusted with an important case, and at one time his services were sought for by litigants in ecclesiastical causes with whom Stephen was utterly out of sympathy. But he was never in any sense a successful advocate, nor had he the quickness and subtlety of mind necessary to enable him to take high rank as an arguer of legal questions before the higher tribunals. He took silk in 1868, he was appointed to a judgeship in 1879. These are the ordinary steps of the most successful of English barristers who attain the summit after years of arduous labour. In truth, from the purely professional point of view Stephen must be considered fortunate; the law is a strict mistress, and few rise to a judicial position who have not given all their time and powers to her service. For the best years of his life Stephen devoted the best part of his time to pure journalism; he did not neglect legal work of a professional kind which came to him, but he made no attempt to concentrate his whole time and attention on his profession. He did not 'devil' for leading lawyers; he did not write technical treatises; he was not ever alert to hold a brief for a legal brother; he probably never made an

attempt in his life to ingratiate himself with a solicitor by a friendly conversation in court. He held himself out for business in a completely negative manner, and it was perfectly well known among his friends and professional associates that he worked continuously and strenuously as a journalist. Later in his life he obtained some reputation as a writer of power and ability and as a jurist of learning and comprehensiveness. But the very reputation which he gained in these fields was distinctly adverse to his advancement as a purely professional lawyer, and it is the latter who is placed on the judicial bench. His appointment as Legal Member of the Council in India was an announcement of the most pronounced kind that he was not fully occupied with professional work. No lawyer who is would dream of relinquishing a lucrative practice at home for a temporary appointment in India, however attractive it might be to a man of wide views and administrative energy. In that Stephen ultimately found himself in a position he so much desired as that of an English judge he must be regarded as exceptionally fortunate, especially when it is remembered how many men of ability and full of professional business never obtain a judgeship. Stephen reached this position having never wholly been a purely professional lawyer, and having throughout his professional life tempted fortune by giving himself to other occupations than the law, while at the same time he was always anxious for purely professional success. There is indeed something curiously inconsistent in the character of most of Stephen's writings and in the anxiety with which he regarded the ups and downs of his professional life. While on paper he viewed life as a philosopher, he was in fact as desirous of professional success as the most narrow-minded of technical lawyers. At one moment, actuated by a critical and searching intellect, he plunged heart and soul into philosophical questions; at another, impelled by ambition, he was hoping for professional advancement. Stephen was in fact a man of a curiously dual personality, and, so far as his work was concerned, endeavoured, and endeavoured successfully, to lead two lives. He was a student and a man of action, and he was enabled to play both parts with some measure of success by means of a strong constitution and a powerful physique. But what appeared to be a fortunate gift of Nature was in truth a doubtful blessing, since it is probable that a concentration of his mental energies on fewer objects would have produced more enduring results. As a judge Stephen has undoubtedly

left no mark, nor can it be said that there exists in the reports a single judgement delivered by him which will be pointed to as marking a step in the history of English law. There are judges whose decisions will be regarded as classical, there are others whose utterances are characterised by some individuality which, running through them year after year, lifts them out of the ordinary mass of decisions. We might instance the judgements of Mr. Justice Willes and Lord Bowen as among those which hold a permanent place in English law. It is possible that the reason why these eminent men have left their mark on our jurisprudence, whereas Stephen is already as a judge forgotten, is simply that they gave their whole minds up to law. That each of these judges had what may be termed their literary recreations when they had attained to a judicial position is well known, but neither in their earlier nor in their later life was their attention at any time distracted from the sole object of their mental labour, which was the administration of the law. Mr. Leslie Stephen says truly that the late judge was 'at his best when trying prisoners, his long experience and 'thorough knowledge of the law of crime and of evidence 'were great qualifications.' But excellence as a judge of criminals is not a unique characteristic; there are very admirable judges of fact and directors of juries to be found among chairmen of quarter sessions, so that to admit to the full Stephen's power in this capacity is not to place him on a plane above some of his brother judges whether in the High Court or in less conspicuous places. But the very strength of his character in some respects detracted from his judicial efficiency. 'A judge, according to him,' writes his biographer, 'is not simply a logic machine working out intellectual problems, but is the organ of the moral indignation 'of mankind.' When a torrent of strong 'moral indignation' was expressed, to use the words of Mr. Hutton in regard to the enunciation of Stephen's opinions at the Metaphysical Society in a 'mighty bass' which exercised 'a physical authority' over his hearers, it was calculated somewhat to disturb the judicial calm of a court, and to reduce witnesses and inexperienced counsel to a state often not calculated to bring facts calmly before the tribunal. And Stephen's physical characteristics and dislike of things petty and contemptible were also apt to make what would in some judges be a passing correction of a weak and prevaricating witness a mighty condemnation as of some terrible and unusual crime.

Having thus estimated Sir Fitzjames Stephen's purely professional career, we must return to those earlier days immediately after his call to the Bar, when he took up ardently his laborious life: henceforward it was of the most strenuous.

'He had become a strong man—strong with that peculiar combination of mental and moral force which reveals itself in masculine common sense. His friends not unfrequently compared him to Dr. Johnson, and, much as the two men differed in some ways, there was a real ground for the comparison. Fitzjames might be called pre-eminently a "moralist," in the old-fashioned sense in which that term is applied to Johnson. He was profoundly interested, that is, in the great problems of life and conduct. His views were, in this sense at least, original—that they were the fruit of his own experience, and of independent reflection. Most of us are so much the product of our surroundings that we accept without a question the ordinary formulæ which we yet hold so lightly that the principles which nominally govern serve only to excuse our spontaneous instincts. The stronger nature comes into collision with the world, disputes even the most current commonplaces, and so becomes conscious of its own idiosyncrasies, and accepts only what is actually forced upon it by stress of facts and hard logic. The process gives to the doctrines which, with others, represent nothing but phrases, something of the freshness and vividness of personal discoveries. Probably ninety-nine men in a hundred assume without conscious inconsistency the validity both of the moral code propounded in the Sermon on the Mount, and of the code which regulates the actual struggle for life. They profess to be at once gentlemen and Christians, and when the two codes come into conflict, take the one which happens to sanction their wishes. They do not even observe that there is any conflict. Fitzjames could not take things so lightly. Even in his infancy he had argued the first principles of ethics, and worked out his conclusions by conflicts with schoolboy bullies.'

In this picture of Sir Fitzjames Stephen's character we have the key to the value of his ethical writings. He liked to work out his own conclusions; but those conclusions were not novel, nor were the arguments and reasoning original. His 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' as well as many of his fragmentary essays, were largely based on the works of Hobbes, Bentham, and Austin; but the application of the principles of these writers suggested limitations and extensions, their examination exposed shortcomings and weak places, and it was a positive pleasure to Stephen's intellect to expose fallacies. Moreover, he looked at the problems which were suggested by Mill and others, at those which were evident in the circumstances of the



time, with a different mental temperament from that of these writers. Stephen

'was at once a Puritan and a Utilitarian. His strongest sympathies were those which had grown up in the atmosphere of the old evangelical circle. On this side, too, he had many sympathies with the teaching of Carlyle, himself a spiritual descendant of the old Covenanters. But his intellect, unlike Carlyle's, was of the thoroughly utilitarian type. Respect for hard fact, contempt for the mystical and the dreamy; resolute defiance of the *a priori* school who propose to override experience by calling their prejudices intuitions, were the qualities of mind which led him to sympathise so unreservedly with Bentham's legislative theories and with Mill's "Logic."'

Undoubtedly these particular qualities were greatly strengthened by his experience and the course of his life. His professions, as a journalist and as a lawyer, brought him into contact with the realities of the world. Mill's views, for example, of the differences between the sexes, which were to be altered 'by trifling changes in the law,' were, in the light of what he saw around him as he moved with the judges from town to town, so absolutely unreal that they were treated by Stephen with little less than contempt. Throughout the essay which he entitled 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' there runs a feeling of scorn for the unreal; its very title is suggested by a famous formula, which, to Stephen's mind, was largely based on a complete misconception of the true relations of men to men and of the conditions of society. The social contract of the French philosophers of the eighteenth century was not more untrue than theories which could dispense with moral and legal sanctions, which were consistent with a cessation of the inequalities of life, and which assumed, at some distant day, the possibility of a time of a universal brotherhood.

'Mill and the positivists,' writes his biographer, 'according to him, propose an utterly unsatisfactory motive for morality. The love of "humanity" is the love of a mere shadowy abstraction. We can love our family and our neighbours; we cannot really care much about the distant relations whom we shall never see. Nay, he holds that a love of humanity is often a mask for a dislike of concrete human beings. He accuses Mill of having at once too high and too low an opinion of mankind. Mill, he thinks, had too low an estimate of the actual average Englishman, and too high an estimate of the ideal man who would be perfectly good when all restraints were removed. He excused himself for contempt of his fellows by professing love for an abstraction. To set up the love of "humanity," in fact, as a governing principle is not only impracticable, but often mischievous. A man does more good, as a rule, by working for himself and his family, than

by acting like a "moral Don Quixote, who is capable of making love for men in general the ground of all sorts of violence against men in particular." Indeed, there are many men whom we ought not to love. It is hypocrisy to pretend to love the thoroughly vicious. "I do not love such people, but hate them," says Fitzjames; and I do not want to make them happy, because I could only do so by "pampering their vices."

This is common sense applied in philosophical terms and logical phrases.

Stephen's writings have thus considerable interest and value, not so much as original contributions to philosophical literature as from the fact that they are the opinions of a man of a strong and sincere intellect, who, influenced by his early life, by his subsequent career, and by his own character and studies, occupying a particular position, and viewing things from a point of view not likely to be attained by others, does not hesitate to state these opinions frankly and fully.

Stephen's first work as journalist was on the 'Morning Chronicle' and, odd as it now sounds, on the 'Christian Observer.' In 1855 the 'Saturday Review' was established, and Stephen was one of the very able staff of writers who gave that periodical, for a number of years, a unique position among English journals. Prominent among those who worked for it were the late Sir Henry Maine and Sir William Harcourt; others were Professor Freeman, Mark Pattison, Goldwin Smith, Mr. John Morley, the late Lord Bowen, and the late G. S. Venables and T. C. Sandars. It was a staff of all the talents. The career of this paper must always be regarded as constituting a very interesting phase in the history of English journalism. Its effect, however, on public opinion was small in comparison with the ability of its contributors, for the simple reason that each number was rather an issue of individual opinions than part of a collective and continuous appeal to the public mind, dictated by a general and systematic policy. Its best work also was negative: it criticised, but it did not create; it demolished, but it did not rebuild.

This journalistic work was varied but not interrupted in 1858, when Stephen was appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission on Elementary Education. It sat until the middle of 1861. To touch upon its investigations and report would be to enter on a wide and quite different subject; but the part which Stephen took in the labours of the Commission was useful and important. In 1865 the

'Pall Mall Gazette' was founded. In a word it was a somewhat modified 'Saturday Review,' and was essentially a newspaper, but with a literary tone which is absent in the evening newspapers of our day. Stephen gave a large amount of labour to it, but the character of his work did not differ materially from that which had been done for the 'Saturday Review.' Though his contributions were numerous, they all possessed the same characteristics. They contained Stephen's individual opinions upon a limited number of subjects. He cared, as he himself says, nothing for art or for literature; he had not followed the course of foreign politics: the range of his writings was, therefore, necessarily curtailed. When he deals with purely historical subjects, as, for instance, in his essay on Laud, it is rather to expose fallacies, as in Macaulay's and Newman's estimate of him, than to consider the policy and character of the archbishop. Or, as when he writes on Froissart's Chronicles, his object is to give a clear *précis* of a book rather than to use it as the basis for the formation of historical theories. Perhaps the most striking point in regard to Stephen's journalism is the large amount of real hard labour which he put into his work. His subjects are nearly always the result of careful thought, and often of much research. There is never merely that kernel of thought or reading which a skilful journalist finds sufficient as the basis for a readable and, it may be, even a brilliant or a suggestive article. Stephen's articles are substantial from beginning to end; they are full of sense, full of appreciation of the realities of life, and without sympathy for the weaknesses of human nature. They are written by a reasoner for reasoners, and they are remarkable illustrations of the fact that a great deal of the best work of the best brains of each of our modern generations is to be found not in imposing books but in the columns of the newspapers which every one can buy. But after all, as Mr. Leslie Stephen truly observes, 'a man who has succeeded in giving clear utterance to the thoughts that were in him need care comparatively little whether they have been concentrated in some great book or diffused through a number of miscellaneous articles.' Fitzjames Stephen at first, no doubt from the need to earn an income, decided to make the newspaper press the vehicle for the conveyance of his views to the world. Later, journalism was adopted deliberately as the means for the public expression of his opinions; it became, indeed, almost a habit. It was with the greatest difficulty that after his return from India he

abstained from his former manner of work. Mr. Leslie Stephen says that he has occasionally felt regret that 'so much 'power was expended upon comparatively ephemeral objects.' But it may be doubted whether there is any good reason for such regret. As it was, Stephen probably influenced the minds of far more persons than if he had attempted some *magnum opus* which can never be accomplished by any one who is not essentially a student, and a student only, by nature. This Stephen certainly was not, for he had an intense desire to influence the world partly by the expression of his opinions, and partly by action. It was the latter feeling which undoubtedly made him accept so willingly, as far as he was himself individually concerned, the important appointment of Legal Member of the Council in India. To this event, which took place in July 1869, we must now refer.

Stephen remained in India for three years only, returning to England in April 1872. The nature of his post and the shortness of his tenure of office prevented him from having any general influence on the government of British India, and from a purely legal point of view there is probably some popular misapprehension as to his effect on the legal system of this great dependency. During the three years that Stephen was in India he did an enormous quantity of work, more especially in the shape of codification, but he merely carried on a task already begun. In 1833 a commission to inquire into the jurisprudence and jurisdiction of India was appointed; Macaulay became the President of the Commission, and the result of his labours was the Penal Code. The draft of it underwent the criticisms of Macaulay's successors for many years, and it did not come into operation till January 1, 1862. Macaulay's 'daring and original work,' to use Stephen's own description of it, was the beginning of codification in India. Stephen's own place is that of the most laborious and powerful successor of his illustrious predecessor. To enumerate the various measures, the work in regard to which was largely in the nature of codification, with which Stephen was concerned during his tenure of office in India, gives an imperfect idea of the labour which he expended. The revision of the Code of Criminal Procedure, the drafting of the Evidence Act, the Contract Act, the Punjab Land Revenue Act, are merely names and nothing more to the English reader. Even the skilled lawyer may at times underestimate the amount of work required for the performance of such tasks as these, since the clearer and shorter a code is, the greater has been the

labour required. It was said by a competent critic that the Evidence Act was a selection of large portions of the well-known standard work, 'Taylor on Evidence.' Stephen's reply was that every principle applicable to India contained in the fifteen hundred and eight pages of Taylor was to be found in the one hundred and sixty-seven sections of his Bill. The mere reduction of a great bulk of law would in itself be a heavy task; but it was not a mere reduction, it was also the application of principles to suit the country in which it was to be used. Stephen's tenure of office gave, in fact, a great impetus to codification in India; he merits the gratitude of all those who subsequently administered the law in that country by advancing very appreciably the work of codification, and leaving to his successors great blocks of law, complete in their outlines, perhaps in some places roughly hewn, but yet ready for nicer touches after the experience of years.

It is, perhaps, doubtful whether Stephen would ever have undertaken his subsequent work in England if he had not been to India. He had seen in India codification forming an important and practical part of the legal administration of the country; he had been assisted in his tasks by the ablest civilians. On the other hand, codification in England was regarded by the legal profession with a kind of mild approval, but rather as an academical than as a practical work. To politicians in office it was a name and nothing more; to press on the Government of the day its desirability never entered their minds. It is not altogether surprising or even unreasonable that this should be the case. The circumstances of India and England in respect of legal administration differ so widely that whilst in India simple expositions of the law in the form of codes are almost a necessity, in England their absence is merely an inconvenience to some lawyers and a few lay magistrates. In India the codes are the handbooks of any number of civilians who exercise judicial functions. But a code cannot affect either the substance of the law or its administration in a country limited in area, where the smallest centre of legal administration is amply supplied with fairly educated and efficient lawyers. The ordinary English lawyer has hitherto gone through his business without feeling appreciably any inconvenience from the absence of codes, consequently codification has been regarded in this country as something of an ideal which it is desirable to attain, but which men of the world can do without. The result is, and must be, that no large measure

of codification will ever be carried by means of any popular pressure, and can only become law through the individual exertions of enthusiastic lawyers. However, under the influence of his Indian experience Stephen was impelled to codify some portions of the law of England and to press for legislation on the subject. Stephen soon made a convert of the late Lord Coleridge, who was at the time of his return from India in 1872 Attorney-General. Under Coleridge's instructions he prepared a code of the Law of Evidence, which he completed in February, 1873. The appointment of Coleridge to the post of Lord Chief Justice of England and the fall of Mr. Gladstone in 1874 put an end to any present prospect of Stephen's Bill becoming law. But in conjunction with Mr. Russell Gurney, then Recorder of London, Stephen prepared a Bill on the Law of Homicide, which the former in 1874 introduced into the House of Commons. The Committee to which it was referred recommended its withdrawal as being too partial a measure. To Stephen this appeared a reason not for the abandonment of his task, but for its renewal on a larger field. It happened that in this year (1874) a second edition was called for of his 'General View of the Criminal Law.' The opportunity was therefore offered for a larger and more practical work which could form the subject of legislation. He determined to draft a penal code, and this was published in 1877 under the title of a 'Digest of the Criminal Law.' His view that the work might be incorporated as part of the law of England was communicated to Lord Cairns and Sir John Holker. The latter, he writes, 'appreciated the scheme with extraordinary 'quickness.' In August he received 'instructions from the 'Lord Chancellor to draw Bills for a penal code, to which 'he was soon afterwards directed to add a code of criminal 'procedure. He set to work, and traversed once more the 'familiar ground. The "Digest," indeed, only required to be 'recast to be converted into a code. The measure was ready 'in June, and was introduced into Parliament by Sir John 'Holker in the session of 1878.' The fate of this measure shows the difficulty of improving the form of English law in any systematic way. The Bill was referred to a commission, which sat from November, 1878, to May, 1879. The ultimate Bill did not differ widely from Stephen's original draft, the discussions of the commission having brought to light no serious defect. But the report was too late for legislation in 1879. The change of ministry in 1880 'put 'an end to the prospects of the code for the time. In

‘1882, to finish the story, the part relating to procedure was announced as a Government measure in the Queen’s speech. That, however, was its last sign of life. The measure vanished in the general vortex which swallows up such things, and with it vanished any hopes which Fitzjames might still entertain of actually codifying a part of English law.’ Codification, if it is ever to take place, must be entrusted to one or at most two competent lawyers, and their drafts must be passed into law. Such changes as may later on be found necessary by practice must form the subject of future amended codes. The commission which investigated Stephen’s draft Bill, while it made no serious alterations, fatally delayed its progress; such a Bill must always be exposed to shipwreck amidst more pressing and more popular measures; lengthened delay after its introduction into Parliament must be absolutely fatal to it.

But we do not think that Stephen’s labours have been wasted. It would be a cause of lasting regret to all who value English law if they were. For the accomplishing of the codification of even portions only of our law he had unique qualifications which we can hardly expect to see united again for many years in the same person. Codification cannot be effected without great and continuous labour, and, to use a colloquial phrase, Stephen was ‘a glutton for work.’ It requires a great knowledge of law, and a capacity for formulating it in clear and succinct phraseology, and an intellect which, while not despising details, is able to view a subject broadly and as a whole. Moreover, in India Stephen had been able to see codification in action, and to labour with the assistance of men of the highest ability. Such an experience has fallen to the lot of no other jurist and lawyer who worked hard as Stephen did in England at all points of his profession. To have utilised his services in his lifetime would have been a lasting benefit to the form of English law. This is now impossible; but it is equally impossible to believe that a practical people will fail to avail itself of the accomplished work which he has left behind, and will not hasten to pass into law a measure which has been approved by English chancellors and jurists so illustrious as Cairns and Selborne, and which secured the hearty approbation of so keen and practical a lawyer as the late Sir John Holker. This measure cannot be allowed to slumber on as a mere draft in the offices of the Lord Chancellor. The present is a fitting time to again present to Parliament a measure which is ready for enact-

ment, and which would make plainer a branch of English law as necessary for laymen as for lawyers.

To revert to another labour of Sir Fitzjames Stephen's later life, his admirable 'History of the Criminal Law,' would now be out of place. It was reviewed in this Journal at the time of its publication. It will remain a standard work. It was an extensive and arduous undertaking. It was the first attempt in recent years to throw the light of modern thought on the large and intricate field of the history of English law. But hereafter it will be superseded by the results of later investigators and thinkers. Thus Stephen's most lasting work was that of codification. His 'Digest of the Law of Evidence' has reduced that important and difficult subject to a set of definite principles and rules, and already his influence has shown itself in practical form in the accepted works of younger lawyers. It is the best tribute to the extraordinary labour which he gave to this particular branch of legal study that it has had no mere ephemeral result, and that it has influenced the work of a new generation.



- ART. VIII.—1. *Estoire de la guerre qui fu entre l'empereor Frederic et Johan d'Ibelin*. Par PHILIPPE DE NEVAIRE. Ed. GASTON RAYNAUD. Geneva : 1887.
2. *Les Quatre Ages de l'homme*. Par PHILIPPE DE NAVARRE. Ed. MARCEL DE FRÉVILLE. Paris : 1888.
3. *Livre de Philippe de Navarre*. Ed. BEUGNOT. Paris : 1841.
4. *Chronique de l'isle de Chypre*. Par FLORIO BUSTRON. Ed. RENÉ DE MAS-LATRIE. Paris : 1886.
5. *Histoire de l'île de Chypre*. Par L. DE MAS-LATRIE. 3 vols. Paris : 1850–61.

THE history of mediæval Europe is full of surprises for those who watch its course from year to year, and see with ever-increasing delight the gradual accumulation of fresh materials for the reconstruction of the past. The nineteenth century was still young when the discovery of Richer's long-lost work made it necessary almost to recast the history of the later Carolingian kings. A contemporary writer, dealing with the events of his own lifetime, had been found, and our knowledge of his era, previously vague, suddenly became minute. Henceforward we could base our story on a connected narrative written by one who had lived under the protection of the great prelate-statesman of the age, Gerbert of Rheims, afterwards Pope Sylvester II. Only a few years ago English historians were startled by the news of the discovery of a long thirteenth-century poem on the life and exploits of our own William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, the hero of the Great Charter; and at the present moment every student of English history is looking forward to the publication of a work still more important—the story of Richard I.'s Crusade, as it was told by Richard's own chaplain, Ambrose, the companion of his master's voyage.

Amongst other matters of interest, this '*Carmen Ambrosii*' gives the fullest details of Richard's conquest of Cyprus, an island which, after so many centuries of alienation, has once more passed into English hands. But, so far as the history of Cyprus is concerned, the '*Carmen Ambrosii*' itself has been cast into the shade by another discovery of still later date—that of Philip de Nevaire's long-lost work on that romantic mediæval kingdom which grew up on the basis of Richard's conquest. Scholars were well aware that this work had once existed, for it is copiously alluded to in Cyprian writers of the fifteenth or the sixteenth century. But every trace

of it seemed lost till a learned Italian savant found it hidden away in the pages of a fourteenth-century manuscript. This manuscript is made up of three parts—(1) a brief chronological table of events extending from the creation of Adam to the year 1224; (2) Philip de Nevaire's history of the Cyprian war, and (3) a nameless chronicle carrying on Philip's narrative from 1242 to 1309. There is no decisive evidence to show who put together these three chronicles into one connected whole; but a curious note, repeated at the end of the second and third parts, told M. Perrins that the manuscript under his eyes had been written out in the year 1343—the year of Rienzi's rise in Rome—by one Jean le Miège, who, being a captive in the Cyprian castle of Cherines, chose this method of alleviating the tedium of his prison. 'Cestui lyvre fu conply le mercredi à ix jors d'avril l'an de M.C.C.C.XLIII. de Crist. Et il l'a escrit Johan le Miege, prizounier à mon seignor Heymery de Milnars, tenant leuc dou chastelain à Cherines.'

Such is the history of the discovery of this precious manuscript, which, among much other and hardly less interesting matter, contains the only copy of Philip de Nevaire's long-lost work upon the great war waged between a petty vassal of a petty kingdom and the greatest mediæval emperor, Frederick II.—a war in which Philip himself played a most conspicuous part.

Philip de Nevaire probably took his name from the little town of Novara, some few miles east of Milan, a place known to mediæval students as the birthplace of Peter Lombard, and much more celebrated in modern history. He was born about the year 1195, and seems to have gone to Cyprus upon 'private business' while still a young man. In 1218 he took part in the Fifth Crusade at the siege of Damietta; and the effect of this expedition on his later life cannot be told better than in his own words: 'It hapt that I was at the first siege of Damietta with my lord, Peter Chape, when one day my lord Ralph of Tiberias came to dine; and after dinner my lord Peter made me read aloud to him and his guest from a book of Romances.' Ralph was so charmed with the young man's intelligence and manner that, some months later, when he fell ill of the camp-plague, he begged that Philip would come to read at his bedside. This went on for three months, till at last, as Ralph grew stronger, he wearied of being a mere listener, and soon, to quote Philip's own words, 'there chanced a thing that, at the time, annoyed me sore, though it should

'have been my great delight. My lord Ralph was a bad sleeper, and, when I had read as much as he cared to hear, he would begin to talk himself, telling me old stories about the kingdom of Jerusalem, its customs and its laws: these things he charged me to hold in memory—an injunction which I obeyed, seeing that I dreaded his anger greatly.' These long conversations ended by waking Philip's curiosity—a curiosity which, in later years, he could satisfy more fully when he transferred his services to John of Ibelin, the Lord of Beyrout, and uncle to Henry I. of Cyprus. From this and similar sources he gained the widest knowledge as to the laws and customs of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem previous to 1187; and this information he gathered up into one volume, seemingly somewhere between 1250 and 1260 A.D. Nor was our author's intellectual activity confined to legal matters. He also wrote a history of the Cyprian War (1228–1242) between the great Emperor Frederick and his own patron, John of Ibelin; a number of poems, chiefly satirical; and a long moral treatise on the Four Ages of Man. All these works have been lately discovered and published, thanks to the industry and care of Count Beugnot, M. Gaston Raynaud, and M. Marcel de Fréville. Philip himself seems to have died about the year 1270.

The recovery of Philip de Nevaire's '*Estoire de la Guerre qui fu entre l'empereor Frederic et Johan d'Ibelin*' has a twofold importance. It not only shows us, once for all, an important source whence the somewhat later compilation known as the '*Estoire d'Eracles*' draws much of its materials, and even its very phraseology; it also gives us, at first hand, a most vivid and trustworthy account of what is perhaps the most singular incident in mediæval history. Mediæval history is full of the struggles of vassals against their lords, of lords against their kings, of kings against their emperors, and emperors against their subject princes or the Church. Nowhere else, however, are all the elements that went to build up the fabric of feudalism brought out into such vivid relief as in the course of the fifteen years' war between Frederick II. and the lords of Ibelin. This war shows us the nobler sides of that intricate polity which had gradually evolved itself out of the ruins of the great Carolingian Empire as it is shown us nowhere else. In an age of violence, of rapine, and of robbery—an age when, to a superficial observer, everything might seem a chaos of wrong and dis-

order, society was half saved by the recognition of one great principle—that of the mutual aid and protection due from every vassal to his lord, and every lord to his vassal. It was not that an overlord did not often enough commit injustice against his follower, nor that a vassal would not often rise against his lord. Such things did occur time after time. But it is none the less a fact that this principle of mutual loyalty and mutual help was the one idea which feudal society could thoroughly comprehend, the one ideal towards which, however imperfectly, its highest aspirations strove. Nowhere does the scorn of the Old English poet break out into more burning expression than in the lines which taunt the ‘base bairn of Odda’ for his cowardice upon the field of Maldon, when he turned his back upon his lord Brihtnoth, and that ‘good man forsook, Who to him oft-times Horses ‘had given.’ And the noblest definition of duty to be found in the great French epics of the Middle Ages is that of the almost nameless eleventh-century bard:—

*‘For his lord ought a man to suffer every ill; for his lord ought he to thole both heat and cold; for his lord ought he to pour out his blood and spend his flesh. Strike thou, Oliver, with thy lance, and I will strike with Durendal, my good sword, that the king gave me; so that if I die, men may say: “It was the sword of a noble vassal.”’*

Philip de Nevaire’s work is hardly more than a practical dissertation on this generous text. It tells the story how, when the great Emperor of the West set up what seemed to be unrighteous claims upon the little kingdom of Cyprus and its child-king, one of the great nobles of the land had the courage to resist these claims; it also tells the story how that same noble, in later years, appealed to his boy-sovereign against the Emperor’s unjust spoliation of himself, and, in answer to his appeal, received all the help his young king could give. Lastly, it tells the story how the vassal-king and vassal-count held out for year after year against the armies of their emperor-overlord, and how, after a long and painful struggle, that overlord was forced upon his knees. It is a miniature of much that is best and much that is worst in mediæval life. It shows us, as hardly any other mediæval narrative can, how strong was the tie that bound the vassals of a good lord to their master. Neither captivity nor the threat of almost instant death could make Philip de Nevaire be false to his lord’s interests in the very least degree: that lord ‘whom he loved beyond all things else in the ‘world.’ Nor was John of Ibelin any less regardful of his follower’s rights. The moment that he heard of Philip’s

danger in Nicosia he started to his help. He loved his vassal, and his vassal loved him; and, when he died, that same vassal penned his master's eulogy in words that will almost bear comparison with those in which Sir Hector made his moan over the dead body of his brother Lancelot.

It is the story of this struggle between John of Ibelin, the Lord of Beyrout, and the great Emperor Frederick II. that we purpose to narrate in the following pages. In narrating it we shall have to leave unnoticed many striking incidents and scenes, as it is our main object to bring out the relations of emperor to king, of king to vassal, of vassal to sub-vassal or vavassor, rather than to study with any great minuteness the sometimes wearisome details of mediæval warfare. But, before launching out on the main stream of our history, it will be necessary to say a few words as to the origin of the kingdom of Cyprus, and its connexion with the Empire of the West and the neighbouring kingdom of Jerusalem.

Richard I., after conquering Cyprus in 1191, gave the island to his own vassal, Guy de Lusignan, ex-King of Jerusalem. Guy was succeeded by his brother Amalric, who three years later (in 1197-8) became King of Jerusalem also, by right of his wife Isabella. Amalric died in 1205, leaving his own inheritance of Cyprus to his son Hugh; while the kingdom of Jerusalem ultimately fell to Isabella's granddaughter by a prior husband—Yolande or Isabella de Brienne. This Yolande, in 1224, married the great Emperor Frederick II., who, from this time forward, claimed to be King of Jerusalem in right of his wife, and, after her death (1228), in right of her infant son Conrad. Thus, by 1228, Frederick had a distinct claim to the regency of Syria. He had also claims of a somewhat different kind to the regency of Cyprus; and it was his attempt to give effect to these last claims that led to nearly all the turmoil that embroiled Cyprus and Syria for so great a part of the thirteenth century.

Every student of German history during the twelfth century knows the intense activity displayed by Frederick Barbarossa in the vindication of his imperial rights. It was part of his policy to pose as emperor over a number of subordinate kings. Some of these subordinate kingdoms, such as that of Arles, he would hold in his own hands as king and emperor both; others, such as Bohemia, Denmark, and perhaps Sicily, he was willing to leave under the rule of

vassal sovereigns. The full theory of the imperial power proclaimed that all the kings of Europe—if not of the world—within the limits of the old Roman Empire were his vassals. Nor did Frederick's claims to imperial overlordship stop short with Western or with Central Europe. They extended to the lands of Eastern Rome as well. Time after time did he or his predecessors risk a contest with the Emperor of Constantinople, for no other reason than that they refused to admit the exclusive claim of this latter sovereign to the imperial title of 'Basileus.' Nor did this arrogance end with Frederick Barbarossa. It passed on with almost double strength to his accomplished, though cruel, son, Henry VI. Indeed, in the latter days of Frederick Barbarossa, or the time of Henry VI., these claims were strikingly developed. An attempt was made to bring the princes of Antioch and the lords of Lesser Armenia into direct vassalage to Western Rome. In neither case was the effort altogether successful. But in Cyprus things were somewhat different. Here the claim of German overlordship became a serious political factor; led, as we have just stated, to a long and bloody war; helped to wreck a Crusade, and profoundly influenced the history of the great island of the eastern Mediterranean and the Latin kingdom of the East.

Guy de Lusignan had been contented with the modest title of 'Lord of Cyprus.' His brother Amalric longed for that of 'king.' This he could not receive, except by the sanction of a higher power; and as he had no hope of getting this sanction from the Eastern Emperor at Constantinople, he offered his homage to the Emperor of the West. Henry VI. was only too glad to have a fresh sovereign for his vassal; and when the German Crusade of 1197 started, the Chancellor of the German Emperor received instructions to crown Amalric King of Cyprus. This was done; and from that moment the Western Emperor could claim a right of interference in Cyprian affairs. Amalric's ambition had overreached itself, and gave Henry VI.'s son an excuse for meddling in the politics of the kingdom which his father had helped to found. But this interference did not come till Amalric himself had been dead more than twenty years, and when his grandson, a little boy of nine or ten, was ruling in the place of his father and grandfather.

Frederick II.'s claims on Cyprus would have been made good had it not been for the steady resistance offered by the members of one of the great houses of Cyprus

and Syria—the house of Ibelin. This house was descended from a certain Balian, ‘the Bearded,’ who had come to Syria from France in the days of the First Crusade at the head of a little band of ten knights. He married the heiress of the Lord of Ramleh, one of the wealthiest cities in Southern Palestine. Fulk of Anjou, or it may be some earlier sovereign, gave him the fief of Ibelin, or Jabneel, not far from the seacoast to the south of Jaffa. Ibelin was a place of old renown. It figures in the Book of Joshua, and plays a prominent part in the history of Judah during the days of its struggle with the Assyrian kings. Later still, towards the beginning of our era, it was the seat of perhaps the most famous school of rabbinical learning. Here taught the younger Gamaliel, grandson of that great teacher ‘at’ whose ‘feet’ St. Paul ‘sat.’ Here, too, if we may trust the Jewish tradition, was the noble Rabbi’s body buried with such a profusion of costly spices as might fit the obsequies of a king.

By the end of the thirteenth century many of the possessions of the Ibelin family were once more united in the hands of Balian’s youngest son, Balian II. This Balian, the hero of the defence of Jerusalem against Saladin in 1187, married Mary Comnena, the widow of Amalric I., King of Jerusalem. His two sons, John and Philip, were thus half-brothers of Queen Isabella I., uncles to Queen Mary de Brienne, and grand-uncles to Mary’s daughter, Yolande, who, in 1224, married Frederick II., transferring to him her claims upon the crown of Jerusalem. In a similar way they were uncles to Alice, the wife of Hugh I. of Cyprus, and consequently great-uncles to her son Henry, the little King of Cyprus. Along with many other Syrian nobles, they had gained enormous estates in Cyprus, and were as powerful there in their new home as they still were in their old home upon the mainland. Above all else, John of Ibelin received from his half-sister, Queen Isabella, the lordship of the great seaport of Beyrout, when it was reconquered from the Saracens in 1197. For many years he governed the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem in the name of his little niece, Mary; while, some years later, his brother Philip was appointed to the regency of Cyprus when Hugh I. died, leaving as his heir a baby of only nine months old—afterwards known as Henry the Fat. Philip took up this office at the wish of the child’s mother, his own niece, the ex-Queen Alice; and so, to quote the words of Philip de Nevaire, ‘he governed the land in peace, ‘doing therein much that was good and honourable, and

‘loyal and generous, and receiving much good counsel  
 ‘and help in all that concerns Cyprus from his brother,  
 ‘Monseignor de Baruth.’

For some six years Philip's rule in Cyprus went on untroubled by trouble or revolt. At last, however, there rose a party of discontented nobles who egged on the queen-dowager, Alice, to withdraw her consent to her uncle's protectorate. Of this party there were five chiefs, and of these five two were specially prominent—Amalric Barlais, a Frenchman from Poitou, and Sir Gavain de Chenichy, an Italian. About the year 1224, or 1225—just about the time when Frederick was marrying the little Queen of Jerusalem, Isabella de Brienne, by proxy at Acre—accident brought matters to a crisis. John of Ibelin, the Lord of Beyrout, and brother to Philip, the bailiff of Cyprus, had several sons. Of these the two eldest, Balian and Baldwin, were now growing up to the age of knighthood. The Ibelins determined to celebrate this ceremony with a series of entertainments and display such as the Latin East had never witnessed before. Splendid tournaments were held, and, assuming the fantastic nomenclature of King Arthur's knights, the chivalry of Cyprus and Syria took upon themselves the names of that fabled king's noblest warriors, and, after the manner of the heroes of the most famous of all mediæval romances, held what they called a *Round Table*\* in honour of the great event. So thoroughly had the literature of Brittany and Western Europe, so far had the prose of Geoffrey of Monmouth and of Walter Map, or the poetry of Wace, of Chrestien de Troyes and Lucas de Gast, permeated the whole structure of feudal Christendom, not only in the Western birthplace of these legends, but also in that Eastern France where all such tales might seem to be exotics in an alien soil. During these festivities Amalric Barlais was rudely jostled, or it may be struck, by an Italian knight, one of Philip of Ibelin's followers. Unable to brook such an insult, he laid an ambush for his antagonist, whom he left for dead upon the ground. Philip espoused his vassal's cause, and the island became divided into two factions, one party siding with the Ibelins, and one with Amalric Barlais. John of Ibelin strove to make peace, but

\* For these tournaments called *Round Table*, see the famous one at Hesdin in 1235, when so many Flemish barons took the cross—Alberic of Troisfontaines, ap. Pertz, xxiii. p. 937; or that at Walden, in England, in 1252, in Matt Paris, v. p. 318 (ed Luard).



with very little success. The discontented nobles fled to Tripoli, making their appeal to the ex-queen Alice, who shortly after this appointed Amalric Barlais to be bailiff in the place of Philip of Ibelin; for Philip, in dudgeon at Alice's remarriage with the son of Bohemond IV. of Antioch, had already laid down, or was threatening to lay down, his office.

The pride of the Ibelins could not brook submission to an inferior noble such as Amalric Barlais. Still more furious were their partisans. They summoned a great council, in which Philip laughed to scorn the project of having a foreign interloper to rule him and his fellow-nobles; it was contrary to the ex-queen's own engagements. Would they have him (Philip of Ibelin), whom they had sworn to obey till their young king came of age, to rule them, or this Amalric from Poitou? One by one he asked each noble present to make his choice. One voice alone—that of Baldwin de Belleyme—declared in favour of the Poitevin; and hardly had Baldwin uttered his opinion before Philip's cousin, Anselm de Brie, leaped upon his feet. He was a young man, strongly built, vigorous, a model of every knightly virtue, fair-featured, 'like a leopard' in appearance or agility. No one in all Cyprus, after the two Ibelin brothers, bore so high a character. And it was this paragon of chivalry who now charged Amalric Barlais with being a traitor and a coward: 'Were he here I would make good my charge upon his body.' Amalric, however, had no mind to meet so peerless a champion in the lists; he hurried off to Tripoli, there to bide his time till the Emperor Frederick should sail for Cyprus, as he had so long been promising to do. He knew that with Frederick any enemy of the house of Ibelin would find a strong supporter.

Hardly had he quitted Cyprus when a second outrage happened. Sir Gavain de Chenichy, one of the 'five,' was accused of having procured the mutilation of a certain William de la Tour. William appeared before the great court to charge Sir Gavain with the crime. The lists were set up; but before the contest could be fought out the Ibelins patched up a peace, seemingly to Sir Gavain's disadvantage. The latter left the country at once, carrying his complaint against the great family to Frederick's ready ears in Italy. Once in Italy, he became a prime favourite with the young emperor; for Frederick was, above all else, a lover of falconry, and to this day there is preserved in the Vatican Library a finely illuminated manuscript, written by

him and his son Manfred, on the technicalities of this sport, of which Sir Gavain, too, was a passionate devotee—'Mout 'savoit d'oizeaus,' says the old contemporary chronicler; and this knowledge and skill found him a ready welcome with his new patron.

Frederick II. was now about thirty years old. The most accomplished man of his age, a student in many sciences, a patron of learning, a master in statecraft, a warrior and a poet, he combined in his own person almost every grace, save that of personal beauty, that could attract the admiration of his age. Ten years previously he had taken the cross, and renewed his vow a little later, when Honorius hallowed him emperor at Rome. Since this time he had laid upon himself a fresh obligation to help the perishing Latin kingdom in the East by his marriage with John de Brienne's daughter, Isabella or Yolande, the heiress of that kingdom, from which date he assumed the title of 'King of Jerusalem.' And not only was he in some sense King of Jerusalem; as emperor he was also overlord of the newly founded kingdom of Cyprus. Nor was he the man to let even this latter claim lie long in abeyance. He protested most vigorously, with his 'uncles,' the two Ibelins, when in 1224 they crowned the little Henry king. He commenced intriguing with the queen-dowager Alice at Tripoli, and, as we have seen, supported Amalric Barlais and his party. As regards Syria he took more vigorous steps. Thither he sent an army under his marshal, Richard Filangieri. Thither, too, he sent, as bailiff of Jerusalem, Thomas of Aquino, cousin and namesake of the greatest of all the mediæval schoolmen. These nobles were to guard the land till the arrival of Frederick himself.

As regards Cyprus, Frederick meditated a somewhat different policy; for of this island he could only claim the suzerainty. Nor would that suzerainty last very long if the little king were permitted, in accordance with French precedent, to attain his majority at fourteen or fifteen. It would hardly be worth while to claim the revenues of Cyprus for a paltry three or four years. But it would be well worth while to play a more venturesome game. Why not boldly challenge the right of wardship exercised by the Ibelins for the last ten years? Why not call for the repayment of every penny spent or received within that time? And *then*, why not go further yet? Why not argue that Cyprus, in becoming a fief to the Western emperor, became subject to

new laws of succession? Why not declare that, as a vassal of that Western Empire, the King of Cyprus could not come of age till he was twenty-five? And why not, on this plea, claim the right of receiving every penny of the Cyprian king's income, not merely for the past ten, but also for the future fifteen, years? This was the scheme that Frederick's enemies credited him with having gradually evolved. To carry it out would be to ruin the great house of Ibelin; for not even could the wealth of that family meet a sudden claim for the repayment of such long arrears.

Of course, Frederick could hardly put forward such startling claims all at once in their naked simplicity. But he might well take advantage of the feud between Amalric Barlais and the Ibelins; he could pose as the champion of Queen Alice, and, while nominally working on her behalf, gradually feel his way towards the realisation of his own projects.

In 1228 Cyprus was all astir with expectation of the emperor's coming. Gavain de Chenichy was sent ahead to Acre, while even Amalric Barlais ventured back to Cyprus from his hiding-place in Tripoli. Strong in the terror likely to be inspired by Frederick's arrival, he boldly challenged Anselm de Brie to make good his former charges of treachery. The lists were set up; the young king was warder of the fight. Anselm soon forced his enemy to the ground, and would have slain him then and there had not the dismounted man found a strong defender in his horse. This horse, while his master stood or lay propped up against the palisades, kept Sir Anselm at bay with his hoofs; but, for all this unexpected aid, Amalric would soon have had to yield had not John of Ibelin, with characteristic chivalry, taken pity on his rival's plight, and stopped the duel. Shortly after this Philip of Ibelin died, and all the island went into mourning for his loss. His place was taken by his elder brother, John, the Lord of Beyrout.

The emperor set sail from Brindisi in June, 1228. As he neared Cyprus, Amalric Barlais and his friends put out to meet him, bearing the wildest accounts of the wealth and resources of their island. Landing at Limasol, he sent letters to Nicosia inviting his 'dear uncle,' John of Ibelin, with his three sons and the little king, to pay him a visit. Notwithstanding Frederick's oath that he would do his guests no harm, all the regent's friends were earnest in their efforts to dissuade their leader from accepting the invitation. John, however, with a noble faith in his

opponent's honour, would not listen to their warnings: he would trust the emperor's word, and not be a party to a line of conduct that might seem to compromise the success of the contemplated Crusade; no one should have it in his power to say that Frederick 'had come beyond the sea with 'a great array, such as might have reconquered the Holy Land, had it not been for the Lord of Beyrout and other 'traitors, who held the Saracens dearer than their fellow-Christians.' Frederick welcomed his guests with seeming kindness. He bade them to a splendid feast, and begged that, as a special favour to himself, they would lay aside their mourning for the dead bailiff. He gave them robes of scarlet to take the place of their discarded black, and then prepared his banquet in the dead man's house. John of Ibelin was placed at Frederick's own table, while the kings of Cyprus and Salonica sat at another. Two of the younger Ibelins did the emperor service as butler and seneschal; while, like the young squire in Chaucer, other members of the same house—Anselm de Brie and the Lord of Cæsarea—'carved before' their master 'at the table.' Everything seemed fair and above-board. And yet, for all this outward show, Frederick was meditating an act of the grossest treachery. He had brought ashore three thousand men-at-arms, and secretly stationed them in the outhouses of the building. Then, when the feast was at its height, he suddenly turned to John of Ibelin with the words:

'My lord John, I require of you two things; if you 'are wise you will grant them without demur.' 'Say 'your pleasure,' was his guest's reply, 'and I will do all 'I reasonably can.' 'My two demands,' continued the emperor, 'are: First, that you give me back the city of 'Beyrout; and, secondly, that you resign the baildom of 'Cyprus, paying back the whole revenue you and your 'brother have had thence for the last ten years. *For this 'is my due according to our German law.*' It was to no purpose that John protested that his entertainer must be joking: 'By this head of mine and its royal crown I will have my 'way in these two matters, or you shall go to prison.' 'Then,' in the words of the old chronicler, who was probably present at the scene:—

'Then rose the Lord of Beyrout upon his feet and spake right proudly and right fittingly: "I have and hold Beyrout as mine own proper fief, given to me by my sister, Queen Isabella, when I resigned my office of constable. I received it, all ruined as it was, on its recapture from the Saracens—when the Templars, the Hospitallers, and

all the other barons of Syria, had refused to take it in hand. I rebuilt it, and refortified it at my own cost, and with the alms that came from Europe, spending on its reconstruction whatever income I had from Cyprus and elsewhere. As for your demands for the royal rents of Cyprus, they did not pass through my hands, but through my brother's, who was the lawful bailiff of the land."

The speech wound up with a solemn appeal to the judgement of his peers, and a declaration that he would not swerve from his position through fear either of death or prison.

After a lengthened disputation, John of Ibelin was set free on the delivery of twenty hostages, among whom was his eldest son, Balian; for, as the emperor said, 'I know full well that Balian is to you as your very heart; and so long as I hold him I shall hold you also.' The released noble did not dare to spend the night in Limasol. Rumour whispered that Frederick was plotting his capture a second time. So he camped with all his friends outside the town. He held a council in his tent. Violent advice was given, and men's passions rose very high at the dishonour done to the lord they loved. Anselm de Brie and the young Lord of Cæsarea were for leading a small band of men into the emperor's presence. Once admitted to the royal chamber, they should draw the knives concealed about their persons, and, falling on him in a body, put him to death. Frederick once dead, so they argued, his cause would be dead also. No one would rise up on behalf of a dead and excommunicated man. The hostages would be set free at once, and Cyprus and the house of Ibelin would be saved. John of Ibelin's chivalrous nature recoiled from such a suggestion; in the words of his own friend and follower, 'he was wroth, and threatened to slay any one who even spoke of such a thing; for in acting as his kinsmen advised he would be putting himself to everlasting dishonour, and all Christendom would cry shame on "the men beyond sea" who murdered their emperor and lord.' This night Frederick spent in terror, every moment dreading an attack. Towards midnight or early morning he heard a great noise outside the city walls. Panic-stricken, he climbed the watch-tower of the Hospital, where his navy would be close at hand. There he learnt the cause of the disturbance. It was John of Ibelin and his friends riding off each to his own home. Frederick now, if we may trust the Cyprian historians, flung his hostages into prison, letting Amalric Barlais take up his abode in the upper stories of the house in whose lower rooms, or cellars, lay the young Ibelins in iron chains.

Into the details of Frederick's so-called Crusade, when he left Cyprus for the mainland, there is no need to enter here. Every one knows the story of his entrance into the Holy City as an excommunicated man; how no prelate would be present at his crowning in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and how, in the midst of an ominous silence, unbroken by the voice of chanting priest or consecrating patriarch, he placed with his own hands the diadem of his new kingdom on his head.

Before leaving Cyprus, Frederick had made a peace with John of Ibelin, and persuaded the chivalry of that island to follow him to Syria. On the land thus emptied he poured a fresh body of troops, who found little difficulty in seizing nearly all the greater strongholds. Before these invaders men and women fled to church or monastery for protection. Others, still more terrified, left the island itself; amongst these latter being John of Ibelin, then a mere boy, but afterwards so famous as Joinville's friend and the author of the 'Assizes of Jerusalem.' As for Frederick, he made his way back to Acre from Jerusalem. His conduct had raised a storm of indignation, even in Syria. He had quarrelled with the Pope; he was at discord with the Templars and the Hospitallers. The majority of the barons of Cyprus, many of the barons of Syria, hated him. He had offended Bohemond IV. of Antioch by a sudden demand for homage; and that prince, thunderstruck at such a claim, could do nothing but feign illness and cry out, 'Ah! ah! ah!' in the agony of his spirit. The moment he could he fled away from Frederick's court to one of his own castles, and, in the quaint words of the chronicler, 'as soon as he got there he was cured of his ailing.' Meanwhile Frederick was mustering his navy at Acre; no one knew for what purpose. He made a violent speech against the Templars, and commenced an almost open warfare with the Patriarch. He crowded the house-roofs and the city towers with crossbowmen and archers, till, in the words of a contemporary, he showed himself 'a deadlier foe' to Christians 'than he had ever been to Saracens.' At last the city rose against him, and on one May morning the great Emperor, the king of countless realms, had to make his way down to the harbour secretly. But not so secretly as to escape espial. From the houses and the streets that lined his route on that early May morning the old women and the butchers of the city greeted him with contumely, flinging down the entrails of their cattle and filth of every kind

upon his head. On this occasion he owed his personal safety to the chivalry of his enemy, John of Ibelin. For John, hearing of his mishap, rode down to bid the mob of Acre leave his lord in peace. Standing on the seashore, he wished his persecutor adieu in God's name. Frederick himself for once was almost shamed into silence. 'He made answer,' says Philip of Nevaire, 'in a low voice—whether for good or ill I know not—saying that he left as his lieutenants in Syria the Lord of Sidon and Monsieur Garnier, the German.' This over, he sailed for Cyprus, taking the young King Henry with him. At Cyprus he married his ward, now just twelve years old, to his kinswoman, Alice of Montferrat; after which, having sold the office of bailiff to Amalric Barlais and his four friends, he took his way back to Apulia.

The new bailiffs were supported by a large force of hired soldiery—Germans, Flemings, and Italians. When, even with this assistance, they could not hold the island against the will of the Ibelins, they made every effort to effect a reconciliation with the Lord of Beyrout. Philip of Nevaire, who happened at this moment to be in Cyprus 'upon private business,' was chosen as the medium of communication. They sent for him secretly by night, and he consented to act as intermediary between the bailiffs and his friend. But when, despite all their fair promises, Philip found the new rulers persisting in a course of robbery and violence, he convened an assembly of the great nobles at the king's court. Being an Italian by birth, he could not claim to take part in this council; but, as he modestly stood outside the chamber, one of the lords came out to seek him, and, flinging his arm round his neck, led him to the young king's presence. Henry, indeed, stood in sore need of honest advice. He was in a position of great peril, and Philip, as he entered the room, noticed that the bailiffs had set armed men to guard the door. Then William de Rivet, one of the five, rose to accuse the Ibelins of heinous wrongdoing and to claim an oath of obedience to Amalric Barlais and his fellows. Henry himself sat still, saying what he had to say in a low voice and looking earnestly at Philip. Then a copy of the Gospels was brought forward, and Amalric Barlais called on Philip of Nevaire to take the oath of allegiance first of all. But neither promises nor threats could force this staunch adherent of the Ibelins to do anything that might tend to the disadvantage of the Lord of Beyrout and his children,

‘whom I love beyond all things in the world.’ ‘You hear his words,’ burst out another of the five; ‘I vote that he be hanged.’ Then there rose a confused medley of cries. Philip, fearing for his life, flung himself at the young king’s feet, recalled the bailiffs’ promise that his life should be spared, and offered to defend his honour on the field of battle. More than one of the knights standing by wished to take up his gage; but Philip refused to meet any one of less degree than one of the five; he was their peer in all respects, and claimed his full privileges. That night he spent in prison guarded by a band of knights, each holding in his hand a naked sword.

After some delay Philip was set free. He sought shelter in the Hospital, which he succeeded in garrisoning with a hundred and fifty men. Had he not taken refuge here, he would have been assassinated in the night. Next day he found himself closely besieged, and could do little except act on the defensive and send to the Ibelins for help. This he did; but, even in the horror of his present situation, he could not take things altogether seriously. He would not couch his cry for succour in legal Latin or in French prose. He turned it into verse, utilising the characters of the old chanson of ‘Reynard the Fox,’ so as to hold up his enemies to scorn. Amalric Barlais figured as the crafty Reynard, Grimbert stood for Amalric of Bethshan, while Hugh of Giblest, with his twisted mouth, was dubbed the ‘ape.’ Having finished this rhyming letter, Philip sent it off to his friend and gossip, Balian, John of Ibelin’s eldest son, at Acre.

These pungent verses did not fail in their effect. Every one in Acre read them with delight, and there rose a general cry, ‘To the rescue of the good ladies and the good people’ in Nicosia; for with Philip at Nicosia were shut up the wives and daughters of many Cyprian nobles. No time was lost. A comforting message was sent to the young king; John of Ibelin landed with an army, and the five bailiffs fell back upon Nicosia. Outside the walls of that city was fought a terrible battle. The enemy scattered before the onset of the Ibelin chivalry under Balian. While this latter noble was hotly engaged in the pursuit his father was almost taken prisoner, and was only saved thanks to Sir Anselm de Brie, who, thundering up on his armoured war-horse, helped to keep the foe at bay till Balian’s return. Philip of Nevaire, who made a sally from the Hospital of St. John, bore no small share in the victory. The five



bailiffs, who had already shut up the young king in the castle of Dieudamour, fled from Nicosia into one stronghold or another. These were simultaneously besieged by John or his lieutenants.

John of Ibelin advanced against Cherines in person. Very soon its Lombard garrison surrendered, thanks once more to Philip of Nevaire, who, in all this pressure of fight and business, found time to write another song and send it to the constable at Acre. Anselm de Brie undertook the capture of Kantara, and all Cyprus rang with the fame of the marvellous *trebuchet*—a newly invented instrument of war—which he constructed for the demolition of this stronghold. Even John of Ibelin made a special journey from his own leaguer of Dieudamour to see this wonder of his cousin's military skill. All this time Philip of Nevaire lay with his lord before the walls of this last-named fortress. Here the younger chivalry of Cyprus loved to display its valour in deeds of 'derring-do.' On one occasion Balian rode up to break his lance against the iron stanchions of the great gate, and 'many a splendid feat of arms was wrought on 'either side.' And through all this bright procession of knights and steeds and men-at-arms there moves the gracious form of Philip de Nevaire, with the war-sword ever in his hand and the war-song ever on his lips. Once, as he stood before the great town-gate, a lance-thrust wounded his arm and clove the iron sleeve of his hauberk. The warriors in the castle raised a cry: 'Our song-maker is dead; our 'song-maker is killed!' ('Mort est notre chanteor, tué est!') Some rushed out to seize his charger by the rein, and it might have gone hard with the good knight had not John of Ibelin come up to the rescue. But neither so severe a wound nor so narrow an escape from imminent death could damp the singer's spirits; that very evening found him making two new songs, and, these once made, he had himself carried out from his quarters to a rock hard by the castle, whence he sang his ditties to the enemy's reproach. 'Then,' to quote his own words, 'did they of the castle know well that I was 'not dead.' And, indeed, through all this weary length of siege and war the gay and happy figure of Philip de Nevaire meets us everywhere—at watch, at fight, at board—singing his own songs of Renard and his crew for the encouragement of his friends and the derision of his enemies.

At last Dieudamour surrendered, and the young king was once more in the hands of his faithful Ibelins. Philip of Nevaire, however, could hardly be got to yield assent to the

peace which was now patched up with Amalric Barlais and his party. He refused even to speak to his old persecutors, and hurried off to Limasol, intending there to take ship for Rome, or France, or Spain, or England, carrying with him messages of complaint against the emperor's doings. He was actually on board when the news of the conclusion of the treaty reached him, and, characteristically, he at once began to ridicule it in verse; though a wholesome dread of the anger of his chivalrous lord, who would not allow even a false friend to be attacked with open scorn, constrained him once more to find a vent for his chagrin in allegôry rather than in plain story.

For almost two years (1230-1231) there was peace between the bailiffs and the house of Ibelin, a peace honest enough, doubtless, so far as the latter party was concerned, a treacherous peace as regards the former. Time after time did Amalric Barlais send to Frederick for help, but always unsuccessfully till Frederick had made his peace with the Pope. Then, at last, the emperor despatched a large army into Cyprus under his marshal, Richard Filangieri. A swift ship carried the news to John of Ibelin in Beyrout. Once more he hastily gathered all the men he could, and reached the island just as the Italian fleet was putting into harbour near Limasol. He carried the young king down to the seashore, and the Italians, finding themselves unable to disembark, sailed off under cover of the darkness to seize John of Ibelin's own city of Beyrout. The treacherous bishop gave them entrance inside the walls. Only the castle remained untaken, and it, too, was straitly sieged.

It was now full winter, and the time for the Christmas council was drawing near, when the news of the taking of Beyrout reached Cyprus. The nobility met in court in the presence of their young king. Crossing his legs, as was his wont when speaking, John of Ibelin rose to his feet, and then and there in a loud voice called upon his boy-nephew for help. He enumerated all his past services both to Henry and his father Hugh. He reminded the child-monarch how he had been his faithful guardian since he was left a fatherless babe only nine months old; how, at that tender age, he had saved him from the greed of the Duke of Austria; and he adjured him, by the memory of all these services, to come to the rescue of his vassal now. As might be expected of the patron of Philip of Nevaire, he appealed for precedents to the old French romances, and bade his

sovereign recollect the words in which William of Orange\* reproached his lord, the Emperor Louis, for the slackness of his help to a faithful vassal. He exhorted Henry not to follow any cowardly or craven precedent, but do his duty manfully and royally, winding up with a fervent statement of his case: 'Now have these Lombards taken my town ' and sieged my castle, so that I and my liegemen are like ' to lose all that we have; wherefore I pray you, for God's ' sake and your own honour, in recompense for our past ' services as well as by reason of our kinship by blood and ' birth, to march in person to our aid.' So saying, he fell upon his knees before the king, as though to kiss the boy's feet. This appeal was more than Henry could stand. He sprang to his feet and flung his arms around his uncle's neck, while all the other nobles, kneeling round, devoted their persons and their property to the Ibelin cause.

Nothing can better illustrate the complex nature of feudal society than this story of John of Ibelin's appeal to his king, Henry, for protection against their common overlord, the emperor. As a noble of Cyprus, John was the vassal of King Henry; as lord of Beyrout, he was the vassal of Frederick and his son Conrad in the kingdom of Jerusalem. But in appealing to his nephew for help in the recapture of Beyrout he was, in a certain sense, asking the King of Cyprus to levy war upon the King of Jerusalem, and that in the matter of a fief situated not in Cyprus, but in the land of Jerusalem. He was also prompting a vassal king to take up arms against his suzerain, the emperor. In both respects he was, at all events to some extent, sinning against the theory of feudal obligation as his enemies would like to interpret it. And yet, from the higher stand of equity, his appeal was not merely justifiable—it was something more. If Frederick was now seizing John of Ibelin's strongholds in Syria, it was not for any offence that John had committed against the emperor as King of Jerusalem; it was because John, in his capacity of vassal to the young King of Cyprus, had foiled Frederick in his illegal attempts upon that island. And, despite all subtle technicalities of the law, the young King Henry would have been trebly dishonoured had he hesitated for a moment to listen to his uncle's appeal. It was true that Beyrout lay in Syria, not in Cyprus; but it was also true that whatever danger

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\* The allusion is to the great *chanson de geste*, 'Aliscans,' perhaps the finest of all the old French *épopées* next to the 'Chanson de Roland.'

threatened the great seaport now, threatened it because of its lord's fealty to Henry himself. If it had been John's duty as a vassal to defend the rights of Henry against Frederick the emperor, no less was it Henry's duty to defend John's rights against Frederick the king.

A stormy winter followed the Council of Nicosia, and it was weeks before the Cyprian host could leave the island. It was John of Ibelin's plan to carry wellnigh every available warrior over to the mainland, leaving Cyprus almost defenceless. The Cyprians eyed this project askance, and called upon Philip de Nevaire to lay their fears before his lord. John answered that, in such an emergency, the highest courage was the highest prudence; it was a time to risk everything on a single throw of the dice: 'If we conquer, each man on our side will have his fill of fame and profit, while, if we die, we shall at least die together, fighting for our rightful heritage in the place where all my ancestors were born and died.' He would leave none of his name and lineage in Cyprus to carry on a hopeless struggle after he, their lord, was dead. This reasoning satisfied Philip de Nevaire, and as he expounded it to the folk outside they, too, caught their lord's enthusiasm and raised a universal shout of 'Well said! well said! For God's sake let us be off.' And so the Cyprian fleet set sail for Syria.

Hardly had the troops landed near Tripoli when Amalric Barlais fled away with eighty knights to join the Lombards in Beyrout. This was a heavy blow to so small an army. But John of Ibelin put a brave countenance on his loss, and declared that he would much rather have these traitors openly fighting against him in the ranks of his enemies than plotting secret treason in his own. From Boutron he marched south to relieve Beyrout, and soon the red lights flashing out from the castle hill told his vassals' joy at their lord's approach. As yet, however, he could give them little effectual aid. The town itself was in the hands of Richard Filangieri, while the castle, towering up upon the sea-washed promontory, could not be relieved from the land. All access, too, was barred from the Mediterranean, for there the harbour was ringed round with the Lombard fleet. All that John of Ibelin could do he must do by stealth; and so, warrior after warrior, in the dark spring nights, did the Cyprian sergeants strip them almost naked, and, plunging down deep into the waters, swim their way under the keels of the Italian ships to shore. This slow and laborious process was soon exchanged for a bolder plan.

A hundred men were ordered to embark under one of John of Ibelin's younger sons, and the vessel that held them was to make its passage, under cover of the darkness, through the hostile fleet. Every one was eager to share in this enterprise, for '*never was lord loved of his people,*' says Philip de Nevaire, '*as John of Ibelin was loved of his.*' His eldest son, Balian, could hardly be appeased at seeing his younger brother preferred before him, and, when the news of the intended exploit was noised abroad, so many volunteers forced their way on board that the ship almost foundered. Many fell into the water and were drowned; but, despite all impediments, the plan was successful. As it was being carried into execution, John himself lay in fervent prayer upon the ground, with his head turned towards the east and his arms stretched out so as to form a cross; and it was not till the blaze of fires shot up once more from the castle height, and a great shout of triumph rang out from the castle mound, that the Lord of Beyrout knew that his efforts had not failed, and that the faithful vassals who looked to him for aid had not looked in vain.

Richard Filangieri now broke up the siege of Beyrout, and carried his army over to Cyprus, where he occupied himself in reducing one stronghold after another. Meanwhile John of Ibelin hurried south to Acre, where the people made him mayor, and where he began active preparations for the siege of Tyre. Thus, by a curious accident, of two rival hosts, each was ravaging its enemy's land. At Acre, John of Ibelin became almost supreme, and the enthusiasm of the citizens rose to boundless heights when the great noble swore himself in as a member of their own guild of St. Andrew. Higher still waxed their devotion when, in the church itself, he made his plaint before the people, and enumerated all the losses he had sustained for the honour of his young king and his native land. That winter there had lain in Acre harbour some eighteen vessels belonging to the Emperor's fleet, and as the Lord of Beyrout ceased speaking there rose a simultaneous cry, '*As chalandres!*' ('To the ships! to the ships!') while, as if moved by one heart and one mind, the whole populace swept down to the seashore to seize upon the hated Lombard craft, only one of which escaped capture.

John of Ibelin now resolved to lay siege to Tyre. He sent the young king forward to Casal Imbert, some miles south of that seaport, with the main part of his army. The care of Henry's person was entrusted to a knight named

Raymond Babin ; the army itself was under the command of Anselm de Brie, with whom were the three young Ibelins, Baldwin, Hugh, and Guy, along with their cousin, John of Ibelin, then a newly dubbed knight, but afterwards Count of Jaffa, and author of the 'Assizes of Jerusalem.'

It was the evening of May 2, 1232. Next day would be the young king's birthday, the day on which, according to the custom of his realm, he would come of age and cease to be a pupil. Anselm de Brie, unsuspecting of attack, set no watch at the northern outlook of his camp, the point where danger threatened most. Towards the south there was a guard under the younger John of Ibelin. But this guard, fearing no surprise, took to their beds, or amused themselves with playing with their sparrowhawks. Suddenly, towards midnight, there was a cry of battle and of onset. The Lombards had stolen out from Tyre under Richard Filangieri, and were working their will upon the sleeping host. It was to little purpose that John of Ibelin and his cousins now did marvellous feats of arms ; to little purpose that Anselm de Brie fought as never man had fought before. Day dawned upon a plundered camp and a little band of Cyprians stoutly holding out upon a small hill against an army. Meanwhile Raymond Babin had set the young king upon his horse and sent him under a fitting escort back towards Acre, with the news of the disaster that had happened. At Acre, John of Ibelin called the people to arms, and galloped north towards Casal Imbert, attended by whatever knights he could muster. In Acre or, it may be, just outside the city gates, he met his royal nephew, and gave God thanks that *he* at least was safe. Further on he fell in with a second band of soldiers fleeing from the battle. These did their best to keep out of the old man's sight ; but one of them, bolder than the rest, forced his way to John of Ibelin's presence. Then, bursting into tears, he cried out : ' You have lost all ' your noble sons ; they are all dead.' Stoical as a Roman in appearance for all his inward suffering, John made answer : ' What of that, sir villain ? How can a knight die better ' than when defending life and honour ? ' He reached Casal Imbert just in time to make one charge upon the retreating Lombards, though too late to retrieve the fortunes of the day. ' So he led his own men back to Acre, thanking God ' he found them alive.'

From Syria the war passed over into Cyprus, where the young king, now of age, though still dependent on his uncle's power and counsel, began to chase the Lombards from castle

to castle. At last Richard Filangieri was driven out of the island, and the Lord of Beyrout was victorious over all his enemies. Amalric Barlais and his friends were disinherited, and their estates given to the king's more faithful servants. At the siege of Cherines Philip de Nèvaire distinguished himself once more. He discovered one of the Cyprian generals in an act of treachery. The unfortunate man was fastened to a *trebuchet* and launched over to his friends within the castle. Almost at the same time the gallant Anselm de Brie came to his end. A bolt from a crossbow struck him on the thigh, and while attempting to extricate it he unluckily forced the barb deeper in. The blood gushed out in such abundance that he swooned; his friends carried him off to his own quarters, and thence to his house in Nicosia. There he lay sick for half a year, the iron still rankling in his wound. Nor could this iron be found, for all the surgeons' skill, till three days before his death. And thus 'did God lay his mandate' on the 'red lion' of the Cyprian army, as his friends loved to call him. 'Great dole made the King of Cyprus and all the good folk of that land over his loss.'

Frederick's power was now destroyed so far as Cyprus was concerned. The great baron had triumphed over the great emperor, and henceforth practically there was to be no claim of effectual suzerainty over that island on behalf of the Empire of the West. But in Syria, where Frederick ruled as king in the name of his infant son Conrad, Richard Filangieri's power, though greatly hated by the native nobility, went on for almost ten years longer. At last, in 1236, John of Ibelin died, leaving his estates and influence to his son Balian. 'In this year,' writes Philip de Nevaire, 'my lord John of Ibelin, the good Lord of Beyrout, made his will and died.' His horse fell under him, and, as he lay upon his deathbed, much to the grief of his friends and children, he entered the ranks of the Templars. He was borne down to Acre, and as the moment of his departure drew near he called for a crucifix. Philip of Nevaire, ever faithful to his lord's requests, was standing by, and brought what the sick man asked for. As he drew near, the dying noble stretched out his hands and kissed the feet of the sculptured Christ. Then, breaking out, so far as his feeble strength would let him, into one last prayer: 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,' the good knight, the staunch friend, the faithful vassal, and the generous master passed away. His life had been the model of a Christian

life; his death was the model of a Christian death. So quietly did he die that the bystanders hardly saw a single throe of dissolution; and, in the words of his noble follower and liegeman, Philip de Nevaire, 'if we believe that the soul of a good man goes into God's presence, we ought to feel well assured that his soul went into Paradise.'

One more scene closes all we know of Philip de Nevaire, as it practically closes all we know of the Lombard rule in Syria. Richard Filangieri continued to rule Tyre till the year 1242 or 1243. About this time the Queen-dowager of Cyprus, Alice, married a French noble, Ralph of Soissons, on her return from France. Shortly after this there was open war in Syria. Richard Filangieri, stealing out of Tyre in the days of disturbance, made his way into Acre. Hearing this, Balian of Ibelin hurried down to the great seaport likewise; and on his arrival the imperial lieutenant had to flee for shelter into the Hospital of St. John, whence he soon crept stealthily back to Tyre under cover of the night. The whole land was now in confusion. Frederick determined to recall Richard Filangieri, and send Thomas of Aquino to take his place. Richard took ship, leaving his brother Lotier in command of Tyre. Their enemy once gone, the men of Tyre sent to Acre offering to betray the city into Balian's hands; for Balian was now the recognised head of the anti-imperial party in Syria, just as his father had been in Cyprus. Balian took counsel with the great lords and Philip de Nevaire. They determined to accept the offer, and so parted for the night.

Philip of Nevaire, however, was above all other things a lawyer and a just man. If he took part in a revolution, it must at least wear the garb of legality. No man should say of him that he had risen up against his rightful lords, the young King Conrad and the emperor, without some show of justification. After long thought he laid his scruples before his old friend Balian, pointing out the necessity for having at all events the seeming of a legal sanction for what they were proposing to do. Up till that year the emperor had been bailiff of Syria, and to rise up against him would have been flat rebellion. But now, so ran his contention, within the last two months Conrad had come of age. This fact determined the emperor's right of baildom, and from that moment the office, so long as the young king was absent, lapsed into other hands. The fact of Conrad's majority, he argued, altered the whole complexion of affairs. The guardian of a minor king was not of



necessity the warden of a kingdom in its king's absence. The true guardian of the realm, till Conrad should appear in person, was not Conrad's father, Frederick, but Conrad's great-aunt, Alice. Let them, then, at once declare Alice and her husband bailiffs. This done, they might with a safe conscience march upon Tyre in the name of the new rulers. Nothing would be illegal. All would be done in the name of law and right. Philip's reasoning was received with delight; every one was eager to salve his conscience with this sophistical balm. The office was offered to Alice and her husband. It was accepted without demur, and the host started for the siege of Tyre. Some went by sea, some by land. Among the former was Philip of Nevaire, who received an enormous reward for his opportune advice. He fitted out a huge vessel at his own expense. The sea was rough and stormy; the horses suffered much, and even the men could hardly keep their feet. Balian, who had gone by land, saw the vessels of his fleet making their way one after the other into the harbour of Tyre. He plunged his spurs into his horse's side, and rode down to the seaside to greet his friends. There he came in time to see his godson and namesake, Philip de Nevaire's son Balian, who was the bearer of his father's banner, tumble from the vessel's side into the waters; and, if we read our author's somewhat obscure language aright, it was the great Lord of Beyrout himself who snatched the floating ensign from the waves.

The men of Tyre were as good as their word. Balian was soon master of the city; and Lotier Filangieri drew off for safety to the castle, which might have held out for any length of time had it not been for a happy accident.

One evening towards the end of June or the beginning of July, as Philip of Nevaire's great ship lay at anchor in the harbour, there drew up alongside of it a strange vessel. The newcomers hailed the sailors in Philip's ship in a friendly manner, asking who they were and whence they came. Philip's followers recognised the accent or the features of the fresh arrivals, who were at once seized and carried up into Philip's ship. An envoy was sent ashore to tell the Lord of Beyrout that his mortal enemy, Richard Filangieri, was now a prisoner in the hands of one of his own vassals. For, indeed, the newcomer was none other than Richard Filangieri, who, after a long and tempestuous voyage of many weeks' duration, had at last been driven back to the port from which he had sailed. In a moment all the city was astir. Richard was handed over to Ralph of Soissons.

Ralph surrendered him to Balian, who flung him into iron chains, in recompense of the treatment he himself had received from Richard's master fourteen years before.\* Then, on the advice of the lawyer John of Ibelin, afterwards Count of Jaffa, the besiegers threatened to hang their captive out of hand if the castle was not surrendered. Once more Philip of Nevaire's diplomatic talents were brought into request. He conducted the negotiations for the Syrian nobles. The castle of Tyre was given up, and Richard Filangieri and his brother were set free. Richard, on reaching Italy, was promptly flung into prison by the emperor he had served so long. As for Frederick's new bailiff in Syria, Thomas d'Acerro, it is plain that he never had much authority there. With the fall of Tyre the Lombard and Imperial rule practically came to an end upon the mainland and Acre, just as it had ten years before come to an end in Nicosia and the island. And 'thus,' to quote Philip de Nevaire's own words—'thus was rooted up the cruel domination of the Lombards, so that they never after this had power in Syria or in Cyprus.'

And here, with the final subversion of the imperial power in Cyprus and its practical extinction in Syria, the history of Philip de Nevaire, so far as it has been preserved, comes to an end. We have already spoken of his greatest work as a practical illustration of the extreme complexity of the commonest feudal obligations, such as those between emperor and king, king and great vassal, vassal and sub-vassal. It remains to say a few words about the man from other points of view.

Philip de Nevaire was in many ways a type of the age that was coming on rather than the age that was passing away. There is hardly a touch of true crusading enthusiasm in his character. He fights and he lives in the East, it is true, but he lives in the East because it is in a certain sense his home; and he fights there, not against the infidel Saracen, but against his Christian brother: not for the recovery of God's Holy City, but for the recovery of his lord's fief. His ambitions are not the ambitions of Godfrey de Bouillon, of Louis VII., or even of his contemporary, Joinville. He is of the earth, earthly; they, at all events in some respects, were of heaven, heavenly. From other points of view his character is even more significant; and here, to find his parallel, we must look to England, or to France. The man who drew up the first law-book for the kingdom of Jerusalem claims a seat hard by Rannulf Glanville, who drew up the first extant treatise on the laws of England; hard by Philip de Beau-

manoir, who drew up the most important of the early French 'Contumes.' As the immediate precursor of John of Ibelin and the 'Assizes of Jerusalem' he may plead for a higher rank still. But, while remembering all we owe to him as a lawyer, we must never forget that this is only one of his titles to fame. Like Philip de Beaumanoir,\* he was, almost above all else, a poet. For the most part he uses Philip's favourite metre; and if his compositions, like Philip's verses, fall somewhat short of the measure of true poetry, he was at least an effective satirist; while almost every page of his history shows that he was steeped to the lips, like Rannulf Glanville† himself, in the literature of the French 'Chansons de Geste.' In truth, Philip de Nevaire's intellectual activity was such that he left hardly any field of literature untried. We have lost the religious songs he wrote in praise of 'Our Lord, His Mother, and the Holy Saints;' but we still have some of the secular songs with which he charmed his friends and his enemies alike. His genial nature and his high spirits appear to have fascinated even his fellow-Lombards, against whom he fought, and who must have regarded him as half a traitor to his race; for there seems to be something of the pride of personal possession in the cry that went up when the lance-thrust wounded him at the siege of Dieudamour: 'Our song-maker is dead.' He was fighting on the wrong side, it is true; he was singing in the alien French tongue, and not in his and their Italian; yet for all this he was *their* fellow-countryman, of whose genius and versatility they were proud.

Like Brunetto Latini, like Canale, Philip de Nevaire forsook his native Italian for French; and his works are a curious illustration of the extent to which that tongue dominated literary production in the thirteenth century. Like Martin de Canale,‡ he may have made his choice partly 'because the French tongue is current over the whole world,' and is more delectable to hear and read than any other; or, in the slightly different phraseology of Dante's tutor, 'because it is a more delightful tongue, and better known

\* Philip de Beaumanoir's poems have been lately edited in two vols. by H. Suchier (Soc. des Anciens Textes).

† For Rannulf de Glanville and the French Romance of 'Raoul de Cambrai' see Giraldus Cambrensis, 'De Instructione Principum,' iii. 12 (Rolls Series, p. 248).

‡ Canale's 'Chronique des Veniciens,' Pt. I. c. 1: 'Et por ce que langue Franceise cort parmi le monde, et est la plus delitable a lire et a oir que nule autre, me sui ie entremis de translater l'ancienne estoire des Veneciens de latin en Franceis.'

‘than all the rest.’ But it must also be remembered that he had an excuse for employing French in his works such as his two contemporaries lacked. It was the language of the Cyprian court in which he lived ; and it was largely for this reason that he wrote in French, even when compiling his treatise on the Four Ages of Man, a work which in its trick of anecdotal moralisation challenges comparison in some respects with Nicholas Bozon, or even with the *Gesta Romanorum*. Naturally, he drew up in French his treatise on the Laws of the French Kingdom of Jerusalem ; and, still more naturally, it was in French that he composed his greatest work of all, that work which is his chief claim upon the gratitude of posterity—his History of the War between John of Ibelin, the greatest baron of the Latin East, and the Latin emperor, Frederick. This is one of the very few thirteenth-century French books that can fairly be called a history. In this respect it is miles above the childish, though charming, naïveté of Ernoul or Joinville ; while, at the same time, it is hardly less removed from the somewhat purposeless detail of Villehardouin. It is not a great work as the work of William of Tyre is great. But, tried by any lesser standard of comparison, it will something more than hold its own. And when we consider that Philip de Nevaire was a man of action as well as a student, we may justly give him the very highest place in our esteem ; seeing that even as a man of letters he stands far above many of his better-known contemporaries. But, while thanking him for all his literary work, we are still more grateful to him for the picture he has set before us of the crowning virtue of mediæval times—that of mutual fealty and trust between lord and vassal. His life exemplified the ideal of the old French poem he must have known so well : ‘For his lord ought a man to suffer every ill ; for his lord ought he to thole both heat and cold ; for his lord ought he to pour out his blood and spend his flesh.’ Faithful to his lord’s interest, he fought for John of Ibelin while John of Ibelin was living ; and, when his lord was dead, he penned his praise as hardly any other mediæval hero’s praise was penned. And we may most fitly take our leave of loyal lord and loyal vassal in Philip’s own words, praying that

‘Our Lord God, who is pity and compassion’s self, of this pity and compassion, in that other life, will give lasting rest and joy unending both to him who wrote this book, and to all other Christian men and women, if it be His good will. Amen.’

- ART. IX.—1. *The Art of Music*. By C. HUBERT H. PARRY, M.A. Oxon. &c. London: 1893.
2. *Primitive Music*. By RICHARD WALLASCHEK. London: 1893.
3. *Chappell's Old English Popular Music*. New edition. Revised by H. ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE. London: 1893.
4. *Studies in Modern Music*. By W. H. HADOW, M.A. London: 1893.
5. *Studies in Modern Music*. By W. H. HADOW, M.A. Second Series. London: 1895.
6. *Masters of German Music*. By J. A. FULLER MAITLAND. London: 1894.
7. *Masters of French Music*. By ARTHUR HERVEY. London: 1894.
8. *Wagner and his Works: The Story of his Life, with Critical Comments*. By HENRY T. FINCK. London: 1893.
9. *Wagner as I knew him*. By FERDINAND PRAEGER. London: 1892.
10. *Richard Wagner's Letters to his Dresden Friends*. Translated by J. S. SHEDLOCK. London: 1890.

THE period of decadence of any art is always the period at which criticism and discussion as to its conditions and principles are most rife. In the earlier stages of its history, when it is rising in importance and significance, the chief producers or makers in the art are entirely occupied in the work of production, and have neither leisure nor inclination to propound theories as to their methods and aims. It is when the epoch ends, when all the fresh resources of the art seem to be exhausted, when its practitioners (if we may be pardoned so formal a word) are anxiously striving to evolve from it something which may at least have sufficient appearance of novelty to keep up a belief in its prolonged vitality—it is then, when the whole achievements of its past are spread as an open book before us, that it becomes a tempting subject for philosophic speculation and literary discussion, and, in Matthew Arnold's phrase—

‘The famous critics judge it all.’

At this point we seem now to have arrived in the art of music. All seems to have been made out of it, for this

epoch, that can be made ; it will have a renaissance some day, no doubt, and perhaps a great and fertile one. In the meantime we are writing books about it, by way of paying the last honours over its grave.

The most important of the publications relating to music which have recently appeared in England is unquestionably Dr. Parry's 'Art of Music,' which aims at nothing less than presenting, within the space of one moderate-sized volume, a complete summary of the history and æsthetic conditions of the art, from its earliest inception down to the present moment. That so ambitious an attempt in the criticism of music should have been made, and that it should have been successfully carried out, by a musician who is engaged in the active exercise of his art as a composer, is in itself somewhat remarkable. Possibly, however, there may be more relativity between the occupations of composer and analytical critic in this case than appears at first sight ; since Dr. Parry's compositions, in spite of occasional out-breaks of genuine inspiration, impress one for the most part as the productions of a studious and thoughtful master of the technique of his art rather than the spontaneous utterances of a musical poet.

Dr. Parry is a very different writer now from the 'C. H. H. P.' whose initials used to appear, in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music,' at the foot of articles characterised at once by enthusiasm, intolerance, exuberance of style, and occasionally very bad English. He has not acquired a literary style, so that his book is rather heavy reading, and he still occasionally makes slips in grammar ; e.g. 'The adoption of 'harmonic principles of treatment were as essential to the 'development of modern orchestration as to the development of forms of the sonata order ;' on which the natural comment is, 'Were it ?' But he has become far wider and more tolerant in his views, and much less exuberant in his expression of them ; his work is, in the main, a fair and well-balanced critical exposition of the history and æsthetic of the art of music, which will probably take a permanent place in musical literature, and with much of which we are entirely in agreement ; and where we cannot concur in the author's opinions we can, at least, find little to complain of in the spirit in which they are expressed. Indeed, considering that Dr. Parry belongs professedly to what may be called the party of progress in music, and is a devout admirer of Wagner, his impartiality towards some composers who are generally supposed to represent the very

opposite tendency in music is noteworthy, and might well be taken as a lesson by some of the so-called musical critics of the day.

In his views as to the origin of music Dr. Parry is an adherent of what, to borrow a term from the philologists, we may call the 'bow-wow' theory. 'The story of music,' he says, 'has been that of a slow building-up and extension of 'artistic means of formulating utterances which in their raw 'state are direct expressions of feeling and sensibility.' This is the theory supported by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and illustrated by him by means of an example intended to show that, with increased stress of feeling, the intervals between high and low-pitched sounds, in the ordinary speaking-voice, tend to increase, coupled with the assertion that a similar variation of pitch is characteristic of music in which there is a stress of passionate feeling to be expressed. Mr. Spencer gives no musical examples, and probably as many might be adduced in contradiction of his theory as in favour of it. Dr. Parry does not commit himself to anything so definite as this, and he of course entirely repudiates the 'music-of-nature' theory, which, in fact, is so completely dead that it was hardly worth while to stab it again. Yet, when he comes to saying that 'a dog making short barks of joy on a single note 'at the sight of a beloved friend or master is as near making 'music as the small human baby vigorously banging a rattle 'or drum, and crowing with exuberant happiness,' is he not coming rather near to the 'music-of-nature' fallacy? Nor will Dr. Parry's attempt to do away, to some extent at least, with the line of demarcation between music and the imitative arts by any means pass muster. That the object of painting is not the mere imitation of nature or of the human form is a truism, or passes for such nowadays; but to say that music is really on the same footing as painting, that 'the history of both arts is really that of the development of mastery of design and of the technique of expression,' that 'the only real difference is that the artist 'formulates impressions received through the eyes, and the 'musician formulates the direct expression of man's inner-'most feelings and sensibilities,' is pushing a partial analogy a great deal further than it will bear. The medium of expression in music is subject to and controlled by physical conditions; but the conceptions which it expresses are of a purely metaphysical order. We speak of the 'form,' 'proportion,' and 'design' of a piece of music, because we have no other means of expressing conveniently our sense of certain

metaphysical properties in a musical composition than by using a language of comparison with the physical properties of another art. We are almost in danger of forgetting that these terms are only metaphorical; as Dr. Parry apparently forgets when he observes that 'complete musical art has to be made definite in its horizontal as well as in its vertical aspects, in the forward as well as the up-and-down motion'—meaning that rhythm has to be subject to design as well as melody; a very unphilosophical mode of expression when we consider that neither quality has anything whatever to do with horizontal or vertical movement, except solely in regard to the system on which music is indicated to the eye by written signs. The remark made, if we remember right, by Macfarren, that harmony of the old school was to be read horizontally, and harmony of the modern school vertically, was a good generalisation and a perfectly correct expression, since it referred to the method of reading the music on the page. Dr. Parry seems to have inadvertently made a further application of the expression, in a sense in which it has really no meaning, and only tends to confusion of ideas.

The assertion that music formulates the expression of man's innermost feelings and sensibilities in the same way that painting formulates impressions received through the eyes, equally involves a confusion of ideas. The expression in painting is imitative, while that in music, supposing that we admit that the object of music is the expression of our feelings, is at best purely symbolical. A mountainous landscape in a picture, however it may be conventionally treated in regard to colour and effect, in order to realise a certain ideal of the painter's mind, is still a mountainous landscape, perfectly recognisable as such, and capable of direct comparison with the original in nature. Still more emphatically is this the case with the representation of the human figure, which, however it may be used for the expression of special feeling or emotion, or as a portion of a composition invented by the painter, must in the first instance be a correct drawing of the figure, and is directly referable to the life-model as a test. Where is there anything analogous to this in the art of music? What possible resemblance is there between a mood of feeling in the mind and a combination or succession of musical tones? The two ideas are incomparable; it is only in a metaphorical sense that the latter can even be said to be symbolical of the former. It is true that crude and barbarous forms of



music have been evolved among savage tribes by, apparently, an attempt to arrange cries or sounds in a certain form of repetition and contrast, and so far these efforts may be taken as instances of an attempted formation of music on the 'bow-wow' theory; but it is noteworthy that no music (if we are so to call it) commenced in this way has ever got very far. Those who are interested in the subject will find in Mr. Wallaschek's book a great deal of curious information, evidently the result of much labour in inquiry and classification, in regard to the partially formalised cries and noises of barbarous tribes; but we do not believe that anything like the art of music, as we now know it, would have evolved itself out of the systematised howlings of all the savages in the world. The art of music, in the only form in which it has ever been worth serious attention, is an essentially artificial treatment of sound, founded on the Greek scale; and the Greek scale arose out of no 'bow-wowism,' but out of the intellectual recognition by the Greeks of the mathematical relations of sounds. Here was laid the foundation of the possibility of the infinite variety of tone-structures which musicians of the modern epoch have built up, and, in building them up, have exercised that power of artistic creation which is one of the greatest joys and privileges of which the human intellect is capable. The production even of a new melody, distinct in its own special qualities of outline, proportion (to drop into metaphor again), and accent, is much more than a specialised form of human expression: it is the absolute creation of a new entity. The building up of a number of such melodies into an organised structure of sound, governed in all its parts by one predominating design, is a further effort of creation, the same in its nature, but of far greater power, interest, and elaboration. It is from no desire to express any meaning that musicians have created such works: it is for the pure pleasure of creating a new and beautiful organism; and to say that music—pure instrumental music—is the expression of certain feelings in human nature is putting a secondary object before the primary. Music may express, or be supposed to express, certain definite ideas or feelings of the mind, either by being linked with words, or by an indication prefixed to it (such as the word 'Eroica' attached to Beethoven's Third Symphony) as to some feeling that was uppermost in the composer's mind when writing it. But even in the case of such indications it is the music itself that is the interest to us, not the feeling we are told that it

is to express. The statement that the slow movement of Beethoven's Op. 26 Sonata is a 'Funeral March on the 'Death of a Hero' gives us a reason for its gloomy grandeur of style and its regular and persistent rhythm; but it is the grandeur of the composition that impresses us, not the fact that it expresses funeral lamentation; and neither the beautiful Theme and Variations which open the Sonata, nor the brilliant and striking 'Allegro' which concludes it, are any the less interesting because there is not the slightest indication of a meaning attached to them. In short, the reply to any one who asks, after hearing a fine piece of instrumental music, 'What does it express?' is that it expresses *itself*, and is to be judged by its own character and effect as an artistic creation. Any other answer is beside the mark, and music which cannot interest the hearer by its own inherent power and beauty, without a secondary meaning tacked on to it, is essentially deficient as music.\* This abstract character of the art of music is logically connected with its scientific basis in the Greek scale, and is inexplicable on the 'bow-wow' or barbaric theory of its origin, which we entirely repudiate. The latter is only in keeping with a theory of music which demands that every composition shall have its 'poetic basis'; that is to say, that it should have a meaning capable, if the composer had so willed it, of expression in words. Every such insistence, so far from being, as people nowadays wildly imagine, an addition to the intellectual interest of music, is merely a relapse towards 'bow-wow' and barbarism, a fall from 'the great massy strengths of 'abstraction' to flounder in the 'boggy Syrtis, neither sea 'nor good dry land,' of programme music and Romanticism.

It is important to notice this point as to Dr. Parry's

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\* Even in the case of such a composition as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, in which the strongly marked character and contrast of the first and the last two movements suggest the existence of a definite idea in the composer's mind when writing them—i.e. an idea which could have been expressed in words—it is hardly likely that we should gain anything in enjoyment of the work by any indications of 'meaning' having been appended by the composer. To have done this would only have been to narrow the poetic effect of the work, instead of leaving the imagination of the hearer free play. A chance expression of Beethoven's in regard to the theme of the first movement has led to a definite idea being attached to that; but even in this case it is doubtful, from the way the expression is recorded, whether it was not more a kind of passing comparison in the composer's mind than a definite statement of an intended meaning.

theory of the origin of music, and whither it leads us, because it is evident, though he does not directly say so, that he has had in his mind a connexion between this idea as to the origin of music and his critical estimate of the recent Romantic movement, as we may call it, in modern music. At the close of his first chapter he observes :—

‘ Taking the most comprehensive view of the story of musical evolution, it may be said that in the earlier stages, while the actual resources were being developed and principles of design were being organised, the art passed more and more away from the direct expression of human feeling. But after an important crisis in modern art, when abstract beauty was specially emphasised and cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, the balance swung over in the direction of expression again ; and in recent times music has aimed at characteristic illustration of things which are interesting and attractive on other grounds than mere beauty of design and texture.’

Obviously, what the reader is to understand by this is, that the true and original aim of music was the expression of something else than beauty of design and texture ; that it fell under the condemnation, for a time, of seeking beauty of design as its chief aim, and in recent times has recurred to its true and original object of definite expression of ideas. It is easy to see, of course, all that this thesis is intended to cover. The expression ‘ beauty of design,’ we must observe, is rather unfairly used, as if to imply that this is all that is aimed at or is to be looked for from music of the classic school ; as if it were a mere external play of musical design. We should be the first to admit that no music which is merely that can exercise much permanent influence on the human mind. The great works of the masters of the classic school are replete with feeling, controlled by artistic form ; but the feeling is *inherent in the music itself*, and cannot be expressed otherwise, and is not to be thought of as something separate from and behind the music, and capable, had the composer so chosen, of expression in words instead of in music. Regarding musical expression from this point of view, the truth appears to us to be quite in the opposite direction from that suggested in Dr. Parry’s sentence just quoted. Music was commenced on a scientific basis, and was carried on until quite recent times as a form of artistic invention and construction, with the exception of isolated protests on the part of men like Monteverde and Gluck—people of poetic perceptions but with very limited powers of musical construction—in favour of expression overriding form. In the present day, as Dr. Parry quite correctly says, there is a

kind of rally in favour of expression, to the neglect of form. But this is no return to the initial conditions of music: it is merely putting a secondary object of music in place of the primary object; it is an æsthetic disease of the decadence. Whatever Greek music may in reality have been—which we shall never know with certainty—we must feel quite certain, from our knowledge of the Greek mind and temperament, that considerations of form must have been prominent in it; and as to early music of the modern era, we should like to ask Dr. Parry two questions: first, does he class Palestrina among the composers with whom expression was paramount? And secondly, which is the greater musician, Palestrina or Monteverde? They are near enough in epoch to be fairly compared, and the world has long ago decided that there can be only one answer to that question.

Apart from this initial heresy, Dr. Parry's analysis of the elements of the art of music is most interesting, and is more full of thought and suggestion than most treatises of the kind that we have seen; though, as we shall have occasion to note, his manner of arranging his subject is not always as lucid or logical as it might be. He defines very well the parts which the two main elements, rhythm and melody, play in the formation of the complete art. But a more interesting and more original portion of his preliminary chapter is that in which he analyses the origin and nature of the effect of contrast, which is so prominent an element in musical design—the most important modern form of instrumental music, being, in fact, a dual system, in which the most important features in the composition are its two contrasting 'subjects.' Up to a certain point the human creature, he observes, is capable of being more and more excited by a particular sound or a particular colour; but the excitement must be succeeded by exhaustion, and relief must be sought, not necessarily in absolute rest, but in appealing to other parts or centres of the organism, leaving those first appealed to time to recover themselves:—

'From this point of view, a perfectly balanced musical work of art may be described as one in which the faculties or sensibilities are brought up to a certain pitch of excitation by one method of procedure, and, when exhaustion is in danger of supervening, the general excitation of the organism is maintained by adopting a different method, which gives opportunity to the faculties which were getting jaded to recover; and when that has been effected, the natural instinct is to revert to that which first gave pleasure; and the renewal of the first form of excitation is enhanced by the consciousness of

memory, together with that sense of renewal of a power to feel and enjoy, which is of itself a peculiar and very natural satisfaction to a sentient being.'

Dr. Parry here supplies, in one sentence, a kind of key to the whole philosophy of the most prominent forms of musical composition: the reason for the adoption of 'subjects' of contrasting character, for presenting them in different keys, for changes of key generally, and for the reversion to the first subject and the early design of the composition towards its close. Even the *coda* would be thus accounted for—at least one aspect of it; for a rightly designed coda always has some relation, either in melody or rhythm, to the main contents of the composition, so that here again we come on the element of 'the consciousness of memory.' The other aspect of the coda, as a means of emphasising in a dignified manner the close of an important composition, is not, indeed, explained by this analysis; that is a thing apart, and is a matter not so much of physiological experience as of æsthetic perception. A composition on a grand scale and of serious character cannot be permitted merely to die out, as it were, when its main design is completed; we want to mark its termination in a manner worthy of its importance; and, moreover, we feel instinctively (as we do in all formal art, whether it be architecture, decorative design, or music) that continued progress in one direction cannot be suddenly arrested, with satisfaction to the mind, without the intervention of a specially designed 'close,' forming itself a feature of the main design.

The author's chapter on scales ought to be an interesting one to all readers who wish to have a correct idea of the function of the scale in music, of the degree of its relation to physical law, and of the important differences which distinguish the scale as employed in modern European music from the scales employed by some Oriental nations, and which appear to our ears so exceedingly abnormal and deficient in constructive principle. Many persons who listen to music without any thought of the conditions under which its production is possible may obtain a good deal of enlightenment by the careful perusal of this chapter in Dr. Parry's book. Before any music in an artistic form can be possible a scale of definite sounds must be fixed upon (*scala*, 'ladder,' or series of steps in tone); that is to say, that out of the innumerable sounds of different pitch which are possible, but the closer intervals of which are barely appreciable by our ears, some must be selected and agreed

upon as forming the materials out of which an art of music can be constructed, and which can be indicated by written signs; for, until we have systematised our tones so as to be able to reduce them to writing in some shape or other, no musical composition is possible beyond the mere learning of melodies by ear. Many persons, probably the majority of those who are not in any special sense students of music, have an impression that the musical scale, as we habitually hear and sing it, is a sequence of sounds which has a basis in natural law, and which it is more natural to human beings to sing than any other. This apparent naturalness, however, is to a great extent the effect of habit on ears which, even when not specially instructed in music, are certain to hear the accepted scale in some form or other from early childhood; coupled, perhaps, with an acquired hereditary tendency towards the acceptance of that particular succession of sounds. Those who cherish the innocent superstition referred to should study carefully Dr. Parry's account of the scales of the Persians, Japanese, Indians, Chinese, and some other nations, and they will see how different nations have put together and made use of scales entirely different in intervals from ours, and which to us it seems almost impossible that any one could sing. Yet Dr. Parry affirms, and speaks as from certain knowledge of the fact, that the Siamese, whose scale consists of seven notes exactly equidistant from one another, and possesses neither a true fourth nor a true fifth, have had their ear so accurately educated to this scale that their musicians can tell at once by ear when a note is not true to their theoretical scale. This fact in itself is sufficient to show how large a part mere practice of the ear plays in habituating one to the sound of an interval.\*

It must be admitted, however, that Dr. Parry hardly makes it clear to the reader who is not a musician that there is one important distinction between our scale and the other existing scales of the world. It is perfectly true that our scale has no existence, so to speak, in nature; that it might have had more notes than it has, or some of them

\* We remember hearing the National Anthem played by a Siamese band, and the very curious result. The scale so far approximates to ours that the outline of the melody of 'God save the Queen' could be plainly distinguished; but the whole sounded, both in regard to melody and harmony, as if it were played on instruments hopelessly out of tune.

different from what they are ; but it possesses the very important superiority over all other musical scales in the world that its two middle, and most important, notes, next to the terminal ones, or octaves, each represent the interval of a fifth from one of the octaves—the interval which presents the most complete concord (two vibrations to three in equal times) after the octave (one to two in equal times). Thus these two notes—the central fortress of our scale—do rest on a physical basis of precise numerical ratio, and the intermediate notes between them and the octave are arranged as nearly in simple numerical ratios as the imperfections of many of our instruments will admit. Such a scale admits of the simultaneous use of different notes in harmonic combination, if not quite with theoretical, at least with practical, correctness ; in other words, a considerable proportion of the notes in our scale are in such relationship of vibration-numbers that they can be sounded together without producing harsh and disagreeable dissonances. It is only with a scale formed on such a principle that the European developement of music, as an art of harmony as well as of melody, would have been possible. It was in the struggle towards an art of harmony on the part of the early mediæval Church musicians that certain intervals of the Greek scale were slightly modified because, although sufficiently agreeable and convenient for a severe form of melody, they did not lend themselves sufficiently to the production of truly consonant harmonies ; and the other scales of the world, however available for the production of melody, and however interesting and piquant some of their melodic effects may appear to us, are of no use for the building up of an art of music in which harmonic structure goes hand in hand with melodic design. Moreover, the possession of this firmly and scientifically fixed fourth and fifth in the centre of our scale is of great importance, even in a melodic sense, as a guide to the ear in singing. Let any one try to sing, by ear alone, a succession of eight or more notes in intervals of whole tones, with no mental reference to any harmonic relationship in the notes, and see where he will land.

That point us to the difference between the Greek tone-interval and certain of the tone-intervals of our scale Dr. Parry, by the way, passes over without mention. In what we suppose is intended for a popular book on the æsthetics of music it should have been explained in general terms, as it affords rather an instructive comment on the difference in the necessary conditions of a scale when required for har-

mony, and when required for melodic use alone. It may be put in a simple and empirical way thus: If we take two notes C, an octave apart, and then have F a perfect fifth below the high C, and G a perfect fifth above the low C, the interval between the F and G, thus fixed by their harmonic relation with the octaves, would represent the Greek interval of one 'tone.' But if we were to begin to construct the scale from the lower C by making D one such tone above C, and E one such tone above D, keeping the same proportionate distance between each as between the first formed tone of F-G, we should find the E thus arrived at too sharp to form a consonant third with the C below it. In Greek music, which (whatever it was) was only melodic, this did not so much matter; but as soon as harmony was introduced a difficulty arose, and the tone-intervals between C and D and between D and E had to be lessened slightly, so as to bring the E to a true third with the C. Thus the intervals of whole tones in the modern scale are not all exactly the same, those between the first and second and second and third notes being smaller than that between the fourth and fifth. The interval between the latter is fixed by the fact that the fourth and fifth notes of the scale must necessarily form true fifths to the two C's at the extremity of the octave. The other tone-intervals are modified arbitrarily, in a melodic sense, in order to obtain the most consonant harmonic relations. That one fact, perhaps, goes further than anything else to make clear to the general reader the real relation of our scale to the art of music. It is based on physics to a considerable extent, but is not by any means physically perfect. But, as Dr. Parry observes in summing up the subject—

'An ideally tuned scale is as much a dream as the philosopher's stone, and no one who clearly understands the meaning of art wants it. The scale as we now have it is as perfect as our system requires. It is completely organised for an infinite variety of contrast, both in the matter of direct expression—by discord and concord—and for the purposes of formal design. The instincts of human creatures for thousands of years have, as it were, sifted it and tested it till they have got a thing which is most subtly adapted to the purposes of artistic expression. It has afforded Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and Brahms \* ample opportunities to produce works which, in their respective lines, are as wonderful as it is conceivable for any

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\* The omission of the names of Handel and Mozart is characteristic.



artistic work to be. A scale system may fairly be tested by what can be done with it.'

Having taken his readers through the subject of scales, Dr. Parry devotes the succeeding chapter to the subject of 'Folk-Music,' which he makes use of to illustrate the earliest and simplest types of musical form. There is no question that many early examples of popular song do illustrate very well the kind of duality, the alternation of a first and second part and the return to the first part, which is the essential element in musical compositions of the most elaborate order. But to bring in this first notice of musical form as a kind of secondary point in a chapter devoted to 'folk-music' seems hardly the way to give the ordinary reader a just idea of the importance of the subject. We should certainly have expected, in a work of this kind, to find a whole chapter devoted to the consideration of the subject of musical form, as the most important element in music next to melody and harmony. In such a chapter examples of folk-music might very suitably have been brought in as illustrations of musical form in its simpler developements, and it would certainly have been a great deal more logical to do this than to devote a chapter to folk-music, and then drag in musical form as a kind of after-thought. The possible result of this manner of treating the subject is, that readers who are taking up the book to gain a first idea of musical æsthetic would be completely misled in their sense of proportion.

While mentioning the subject of folk-music, we may diverge for a moment to recommend to the notice of our readers the fine reissue of Chappell's 'Old English Popular Music' under the able editorship of Mr. Wooldridge, who has evidently thoroughly studied the subject, and whose numerous notes on the various compositions add a great deal of new information in regard to many of them. Besides these additions, Mr. Wooldridge, in his preface, has raised an important point for consideration in regard to the question of the true form of some of the older examples of popular song. It was formerly supposed, he observes, that the makers of the popular music had arrived by ear or intuition at a near approach to the modern melodic scale, while the learned musicians were still writing in the ecclesiastical 'modes,' and it was presumed that if an old popular melody appeared to be written in one of the ecclesiastical modes it was because of the omission of the modern signs of sharps or flats, which required to be supplied, and in the original edition of 'Chappell' were in many cases supplied.

Mr. Wooldridge argues that there is no historical basis for such a supposition; that the church music and the popular music of the day were based on the same scales, the latter being only the secular employment of the same art. For his argument on this point we must refer the reader to his preface; we feel convinced that the view is correct in the main, and that in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century there was no more a distinct sacred and secular art of music than in the full mediæval period there was a distinct sacred and secular art of architecture. Acting on this conviction, Mr. Wooldridge has restored some of the older melodies to the form in which, at all events, they were written down, and has harmonised them in accordance with the 'mode' in which they were written. In most of the later examples Macfarren's harmonies are retained. Some songs which rest only on tradition, and not on ancient documentary evidence, have been omitted from the new edition, which contains only such melodies as can be traced to their assumed date in written form. We may add that the book is produced in very handsome form, and is a valuable addition to the library of the musical archæologist.

Resuming our main subject, we turn next to Dr. Parry's chapter on 'Incipient Harmony,' which is very well done. It gives a vivid sketch of the curious floundering of the early composers in their attempts to make two or more sets of notes go together, and it may assist the reader who gives it his attention to do what is, no doubt, very difficult, viz. to realise what was the aspect of the problem of harmonised music to the men who first endeavoured to grapple with it, and had all its difficulties before them, without a precedent of any kind to guide them. We must here merely recommend the chapter to the attention of the reader, and pass to that on 'Pure Choral Music,' which deals with the period from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, when part-writing had been rounded into something like a systematic form. These two centuries, as Dr. Parry puts it, were a period of music 'most pure, serene, and innocent, when 'mankind was yet too immature in things musical to express 'itself in terms of passion or of force, but used forms and 'moods of art which are like tranquil dreamings and 'munings of man with his inner self.' The music of the period was purely choral; men's perceptions 'were just 'awakening to the actual beauty of the sound of chords 'sung by voices, . . . and to the beauty of the relations of 'the melodic forms of the different parts to one another;'

and this new delight awakened them 'to a delicate perception of artistic means and a sense of style which is almost unique in the history of the art.' Whether this is not putting it a little too strongly, whether the artistic beauty and importance of the music of the school of Palestrina and his compeers are not a little overrated at present, is a question to be asked. It is somewhat the case with it as it was with the early Italian painters—the pre-Raphaelite painters—at an earlier period of this century: they had been so long unduly neglected that there was a tendency, *en revanche*, to exaggerate them. Still, there is not much in Dr. Parry's critique of the composers of this date, or their music, in which we cannot fully agree. We observe that he rightly emphasises the importance which they attached to providing that each individual part should be pleasurable to sing—a lesson which one may well wish could be re-learned by the writers of many modern hymn-tunes, services, part-songs, and others of the shorter order of choral compositions, where we find, too frequently, the choral parts used merely to make up successions of chords such as might with equal effect be played on the piano. Dr. Parry draws attention to a feature which every one who listens intelligently to the choral music of the early period must be conscious of—that in order to emphasise the independence of the voices, which was one of the great sources of beauty in this pure choral school of writing, the composers aimed at making the accents and climaxes of the various parts constantly alternate with one another: 'one part rose when another fell, one held a note when another moved,' and so on. The effect of this with a large and well-balanced chorus is something exquisite in its way,\* and, to our thinking, often succeeds in producing the effect of passionate expression, though in its general form and conception the music is perfectly passionless.

We find, again, an instance of the author's want of orderly and comprehensive method in the manner in which, in the chapter entitled 'Pure Choral Music,' the subjects both of early instrumental music and of organ music are dragged in, in a kind of parenthetical way, just as 'Form' is dragged into the chapter on 'Folk-Music.' This is certainly not the

\* We have never heard this class of music given with such effect and finish as by the Bristol Madrigal Union, a chorus of about ninety amateurs who have made a special study of ancient part-music, and have arrived at absolute perfection in singing it.

way to bring a great subject systematically and logically before the reader's mind. The rise of instrumental music should have been separately traced. There was more excuse for treating the early organ music in the same category with the early choral music, since, as the author observes, it was much more closely connected with the forms of choral music, although in some of its features the early organ music represents the first real attempt at important separate instrumental composition. The characteristics of the class of organ compositions which were the immediate precursors of the great organ works of Bach are very well, though briefly, analysed by Dr. Parry; but the description, like that of the lute music, would have had its proper place in the succeeding chapter, 'The Rise of Secular Music,' for, in spite of the fact that the organs were mostly placed in churches, the people in the time immediately preceding Bach went to the churches to hear what were really concert-solos on the organ, and the music performed was often of a perfectly secular character, and was, in fact, as brilliant as the capabilities of the performer and the character of the instrument permitted. As to the latter point, indeed, many of these early organ compositions are, from our present point of view, totally unsuited to the genius of the instrument.

In considering the rise of secular music, Dr. Parry takes a reasonable view of Monteverde, who has been elevated by some modern critics to a position quite beyond his merits. As the author observes, 'it may well be doubted whether he ' would ever have succeeded in a line of art which required ' concentration and logical coherence of musical design. He ' seems to have belonged to that familiar type of artists who ' regard expression as the one and only element of importance.' Possibly, some of us may think of a modern dramatic composer to whose position and achievements, *mutatis mutandis*, somewhat the same criticism might be applied. The author does full justice to the importance of Lulli in the development of the art of instrumental music, as also of Scarlatti, Corelli, and Couperin. The two pages in which the development of the organ fugue from the imitation of choral part-writing is traced give a clear indication of the process, and of the transformation into a more free form which the fugue soon assumed on the organ. A reflection which commences the succeeding chapter—'Combination ' of Old Methods and New Principles'—is worth quoting for a double reason:—

'The development of design in music must inevitably wait upon

the developement of technique. . . . One of the reasons why instrumental music lagged behind was, that men were slow in 'finding out the arts of execution, and even when the stock of figures and phrases which were adapted to various instruments had become plentiful, it took composers some time to assimilate them sufficiently, so as to have them always ready at hand to apply to the purposes of art when composing. It was this which gave performers so great an advantage in the early days, and accounts for the fact that all the great composers of organ music were famous organists, and all the successful composers of violin music were brilliant public performers. In modern times it is, necessarily, rather the reverse, and the greatest composers are famous for anything rather than for their powers as executants.'

The first portion of this paragraph is no doubt true, and is interesting as drawing attention to the very different position and significance of executive power at a time when the art of instrumental music was in its infancy. But as to the last sentence of the quotation, we may surely ask, Why is it 'necessarily' the reverse now? and Where does the author draw the line of 'modern times'? At a very recent date, certainly, if facts are to bear him out. Beethoven, in his younger days at least, was a powerful executant on the pianoforte, and his perfect technique in treating the instrument in his compositions is, no doubt, partly to be attributed to this fact; Mendelssohn was a splendid pianist and a very fine organ-player, and wrote admirably for both instruments (and in the case of the organ it may be seriously questioned whether any one who does not play the instrument can write properly for it). Spohr, a composer of a very high order in a general sense, and certainly one of the greatest composers for the violin, was also one of the greatest of violinists. M. Saint-Saëns, the most gifted and most ambitious of living French composers, is a splendid executant both on the organ and the piano. Herr Brahms first came prominently before the world as a young pianist of remarkable powers, making concert tours with the gifted but eccentric violinist, Reményi ('Powers eternal! such names mingled!' one might exclaim); whether he now undertakes to play his own pianoforte-music we know not, but if not, that is perhaps one explanation of its frequent toughness and awkwardness for the player, in which it is so different from the greater pianoforte music of Beethoven, which, except in a very few short and isolated passages, invariably 'lies well for the hand.' Our own feeling, which has been before expressed in these pages, is that for a composer to have no proficiency in execution and no joy in playing music is an

indication of some serious defect in his musical organisation.

What Dr. Parry means by 'old methods and new principles' is, that the first representatives of the new (secular) school of music had been exceedingly inefficient in choral writing, having discarded the methods and learning of the old school; but that by the time men's minds were set in the direction of modern tonality and harmonic form, as distinct from melodic modes and essentially contrapuntal texture, something of the old choral style was revived under the influence of the new feeling for tonality. For as the art progressed it naturally became wider and more all-round in its aims; instead of being confined to one class of work, it was perceived that music could exercise itself in various fields—in instrumental compositions, in opera, in choral music—and the latter must be resumed on a wider basis, and in combination with instrumental music. This led up to the oratorio as presented by Handel, not without influence from the Italians, as Dr. Parry fully recognises. 'All the German composers,' he observes, 'undoubtedly learned much of their business from Italian examples,' only adding to the Italian style the greater power of characterisation which belonged to the stronger German race. Dr. Parry, perhaps, even goes too far in finding in Bach a great deal of evidence of Italian influence and Italian study. That Bach may have studied the Italian music of his day is probable enough, but he does not appear to have benefited by it in the same way that Handel did, by acquiring the art of writing for the voice in a true vocal style. We are glad to observe that Dr. Parry, unlike many other musical critics of the present moment, is fully alive to this. He says plainly that Bach's musical organisation 'had become steeped in organ effects, and the phraseology which was most appropriate to the instrument became the natural language for the expression of his musical ideas, and remained so for the rest of his life;' and that 'the origin of the style of his vocal part-writing was the kind of counterpoint that he had learned from studying and hearing organ works when young.' This is very much what was said some time since in our own pages, and what was again pointed out in a criticism on the Bach Festival of this year in the 'Fortnightly Review,' which very much displeased some of the Bach-worshippers of the day. Dr. Parry's estimate of Handel is, however, less judicial and impartial than his attitude in regard to Bach. In contrasting

Handel with the Italian composers, from whom he acquired his skill in writing for the voice, he says truly :—

‘He not only gives in his choruses the direct expression of the feelings of human creatures whose places the singers might be said to take, in exultation, mourning, rage, devotion, or any other phases of human feeling; but he makes most successful use of them for descriptive purposes, and for conveying the impression of tremendous situations and events. This may have been somewhat owing to his English surroundings, as the German bent is to use music more for the expression of inward emotion and sentiment than for direct concrete illustration. But this was a part of the development of the artistic material of music which had to be achieved, and as it might not have been done so thoroughly under the influence of any other nation, it is fortunate that Handel did his part of the work under English influences, for the thoroughly Teutonic part of the work was assuredly as perfectly done as is conceivable by J. S. Bach.’

But Dr. Parry is like Trinculo and Caliban under the cloak : ‘His forward voice is to speak well of his friend; his ‘backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract;’ for on almost the next page he endeavours to represent Handel as for the most part essentially a realist in music, and Bach essentially a spiritualist. Such a view of Handel’s genius as is implied here\* is simply ridiculous—it is a monstrous distortion; and we can only say that we are heartily sorry for any musician who can utter it. The same critical fallacy appears in the remarks as to Handel’s and Bach’s recitative, in which we are told that Handel, having accepted the conventions of Italian art, ruined an enormous number of his works by mechanical formulas, while Bach endeavoured to intensify from moment to moment the expression of the words; that Handel’s recitative may be easier to sing, but it means nothing. ‘Easier to sing’—that is hardly the way to put it. The truth is that Handel’s recitatives are first-rate specimens of vocal declamation by a composer who knew how to write for the voice, and Bach’s, for the most part, are not. And as to the universal expressiveness of Bach’s recitative, the fact is that he often becomes trivial and puerile in his attempt to put special expression into words that do not call for it; whereas Handel’s instinctive sense of proportion showed him that there was no artistic necessity for labouring to give special expression to words that were merely narrative or explanatory. To say that he could not write recitative of the highest expressive power when the

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\* See p. 180 of Dr. Parry’s book.

situation demanded it is ridiculous, and the mere recollection of two such recitatives as 'Deeper and deeper still,' and 'Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,' ought to have been sufficient to prevent such a slander on his memory. In the general comparative consideration of the choral works of Bach and Handel, and the conditions under which they were written, which occupy the succeeding pages, we are glad to find indications of a more just estimate of the greatness of Handel, although he is again utterly ignored in the succeeding chapter, on 'The Climax of Early Instrumental Music.' This chapter is really entirely devoted to Bach, and the analysis of his organ music and of the 'Wohl-temperirte Klavier' is excellent, and such as we entirely concur in. But although there is no question that Bach is a far more important personage than Handel as an instrumental composer, one would have thought that some mention might have been made, in a chapter on such a subject, of the composer of the First and Second Organ Concertos, of so many interesting and spirited oratorio and opera overtures, and of the 'Suites' in A, E, and E minor, the latter containing a fugue which, if it had been discovered among the 'Wohl-temperirte Klavier' fugues, would certainly have taken rank as one of the finest in the collection.

The chapter headed 'Modern Instrumental Music' is again an example of the confused plan of the book, as in reality it only deals with the earlier composers who led up to the 'Sonata Form' of composition. The type of the earlier form of sonata is here sketched out and described. The remark that Haydn, and Mozart, and 'all the harpsichord composers' failed in the slow, emotional movement of the symphony or sonata, is perhaps open to question both in regard to the fact (considering such an instance as the slow movement of Mozart's C minor Sonata) and to the explanation given of it, viz. that 'music had to wait for the development of the technique of expression much longer than for the technique of mere design.' That 'the full perfection of the slow, emotional movement was not attained till Beethoven's time' is true, but we believe the reason is to be sought in causes that lie much deeper than any question of musical technique. The type of emotional feeling expressed in the slow movements of Beethoven did not exist in the days of Haydn and Mozart; such music could not have been produced in the eighteenth century, any more than Shelley's poetry could have been produced in the eighteenth century; the difference in the emotional element is just as marked in



poetry as in music, though in the case of the former there is no question of technique to be taken into account. \*

We may for the present skip Dr. Parry's chapter on 'The Middle Phase of Modern Opera,' and proceed with his treatment of the subject of pure instrumental music, continued in the chapter entitled 'The Middle Stage of the Sonata Form,' in which the treatment of the fully developed form of composition which is almost invariably observed in the first movement of a symphony or sonata is analysed in some detail, though without musical illustrations, which would certainly have been a great assistance in rendering the subject clear to the reader. 'From the point of view of design,' the author observes, 'every moment and every step, from beginning to end, in such a work should have its own inherent justification and reason for existence. . . . In the more perfect movements there should be no moment when the principle of design is lost sight of or the ideas cease to be articulate.' This is a perfectly true statement of the requirement of an ideally perfect movement of a symphony or sonata; it is also true that there have been only two or three rare geniuses in the world who have had such complete hold of their resources as to produce movements which are ideally perfect from every point of view. Dr. Parry avoids giving any instances. Among works which might be named as ideally perfect in form and detail are the whole of Mozart's three principal symphonies; the whole of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony; the first and the last two movements of his C minor Symphony; the whole of his Concerto in E flat; the whole of Mendelssohn's 'Italian' Symphony, and several of his overtures, especially the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Hebrides;' Mozart's 'Die Zauberflöte' overture, &c. But we fear our selection will not exactly please Dr. Parry. In general, we think his characterisation of the special qualities of Haydn and Mozart is fairly just, as comparative criticism; but Dr. Parry consistently underrates Mozart, and generally speaks of him as he is spoken of in Crystal Palace programmes, with a slight sub-flavour of condescension. In the general remark that 'composers whose main spur is artistic facility come to the point of production early, and do not grow much afterwards,' he is probably right; but he adds as an illustration:—

'Such composers as Mozart and Mendelssohn succeeded in expressing themselves brilliantly at a very early age; but their technical facility was out of proportion to the individuality and force of human

nature, and therefore there is no such surprising difference between the work of their later years and the work of their childhood as there is in the case of Beethoven and Wagner.'

Passing over for the moment the critical absurdity of coupling Wagner with Beethoven, the reference to Mozart and Mendelssohn, as illustrations of the point in question, seems doubly misleading. In the first place, Mendelssohn's main deficiency actually was in technique—as far at least as construction is concerned (he was a complete master of form and instrumentation)—and his strength lay in fancy and feeling, though not of the highest order; and as to Mozart, the advance in seriousness of aim and in power of expression in his later works, as compared with his earlier ones, is remarkable, and continuous to the end, the portions of the 'Requiem' which are known to be his own being the most serious work that he ever produced.

Nearly all that Dr. Parry has to say about Beethoven is admirable, and attention should be drawn to the observation as to the combination in his nature of a very keen sense of design with a very powerful impulse towards expression. This, as Dr. Parry observes, accounts for the curious variation in type of his work; the intensity of expression sometimes breaking through formal design, while in later works the feeling for design again seems to come uppermost. That in some of Beethoven's latest works the preponderance of expression over design threatened to upset the coach he does not say, though we think it might be said (in the light of a warning); and in remarking on the manner in which Beethoven revolutionised the technique of the keyboard, and evolved the true pianoforte style out of the old harpsichord style, it should not be forgotten that Mozart, though nurtured on and too much possessed all his life by the harpsichord style, had, nevertheless, foreseen and suggested some of Beethoven's modifications of treatment.\* And while we concur, of course, entirely in the author's remarks about the importance of studying and realising the design of a great composition in all its detail—how few hearers

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\* See, for instance, the syncopated passages for the piano part in the slow movement of the Sonata in A for Pianoforte and Violin; the similar passages in the beautiful slow movement of one of the solo Sonatas in F; the broad and massive style of the middle episode in the slow movement of the Sonata in C minor, and the style of the finale of the Sonata in A minor. This latter movement, there can hardly be a doubt, furnished Beethoven with the hint for the finale of his D minor Sonata.

probably do so!—it appears to us that his method of illustrating it by the comparison between a composition of Mozart's and one of Beethoven's which happen to commence with the same phrase (the finale of Mozart's G minor Symphony and the first movement of Beethoven's First Pianoforte Sonata), of course to the disparagement of Mozart, is one of the most far-fetched and illogical proceedings we have ever come across in musical criticism. In spite of their beginning with the same phrase, the two compositions are so totally distinct in character and aim that they do not bear comparison in any way; and while we must remember that Mozart's is a late composition (in his comparatively short career), and Beethoven's an early one, it is certain that the former has a force and a constructive power about it compared with which this particular composition of Beethoven's appears very naïve. If the book reaches a second edition, we hope the author will expunge this unhappy effort in comparative criticism, and illustrate the detail of musical form, and its bearing on musical expression, in some more logical manner.

The principal modern composers are touched upon in the chapter on 'Modern Tendencies,' mostly with very just criticism, and with occasional happily characteristic touches, such as the remark about Berlioz, that 'he was more excited 'by the notion of what music might be brought to express 'than by the music itself.' Of Mendelssohn Dr. Parry says, with perfect truth, that 'he was one of the few composers to 'whom, in his best moments, all the resources of art were 'equally available.' And to Mendelssohn's success in oratorio he does almost more than justice, for one can hardly say that his choral writing was 'the best since Handel and Bach,' with Mozart's 'Requiem' and Beethoven's two Masses staring one in the face; and, while Mendelssohn treated the chorus grandly in passages of massed harmony, he was certainly very weak in anything like fugue or constructive part-writing. However, as Dr. Parry is a musician whose opinion will have weight with the 'advanced' set of amateurs and critics, it is to be hoped that his hearty recognition of Mendelssohn's powers will do something to put a stop to the absurd tone of depreciation which has lately been adopted in musical circles in regard to this composer. It is noticeable also that, in referring to Schubert, Dr. Parry speaks of him merely as a song-composer; so that we may presume that he has nothing to say to the attempts which have been made in this country to inflate Schubert

into a great instrumental composer, merely because the scores of his lost symphonies were discovered by an English amateur with a great many friends in the musical press.

The development of Opera is treated of by Dr. Parry in the two chapters, consecutive in subject, though not in position, on 'The Middle Stage of Modern Opera' and 'Modern Phases of Opera.' In the former chapter he deals chiefly with Gluck and Mozart, going into a good deal of interesting analysis of the methods of both, but, in our opinion, overrating Gluck and greatly underrating Mozart. There seems to be a general reluctance among writers on music to tell the whole truth about Gluck. When they approach what they must inwardly know are his weak points, they shuffle out of it with evasive phrases, as Dr. Parry does when he says, 'He [Gluck] has very little feeling for polyphony, or for the effects which are produced by those kinds of chords which become possible only through the independent treatment of parts.' The plain truth is that he could not make use of polyphonic composition because he had neither natural nor acquired mastery over its difficulties; and Handel's rough criticism, 'He knows no more of counterpoint than mine cook,' expressed just the fact. That Gluck was a man of great earnestness of purpose, that he wrote noble and expressive melodies, that he had a great deal of perception and originality in the use of special instruments to produce special effects of colouring in the accompaniments (a point in which he was quite in advance of his age), that he had a very fine perception of dramatic effect and situation—all this is perfectly true; but as far as musical composition in the wider sense is concerned Gluck was weak, and could only move timidly and within narrow limits; and the reason why Mozart's operatic works exhibit a free and splendid use of polyphony, and Gluck's do not, is not so much from any difference of principle as for the much simpler reason that Mozart could do it and Gluck could not, and the result of this is that a good deal of Gluck's music is, after all, rather dull. People have heard a good deal of his 'Orfeo' lately in London (by no means so well done as it ought to have been, in spite of newspaper raptures), and we would ask those who can think for themselves whether, after all, it is not the fact that 'Orfeo' is made chiefly by the two great airs for the principal character, and whether the remainder of the work did not really impress them as rather weak, uninteresting, and naïve music. As to Dr. Parry's cautious and grudging praise of such a masterpiece as 'Don Giovanni,' merely because its

æsthetic form does not satisfy a certain conventional principle in regard to the relation of music to dramatic situation, we need not now enlarge on the subject, since we have already expressed ourselves fully in regard to Mozart in an article \* which, possibly, some of our musical readers may not have entirely forgotten. We may merely repeat here what we have before urged, and what ought to be obvious enough to every thinking person—that the question of the dramatic quality of the Mozart school of opera, in which a strict musical form is adhered to, is merely a question of the extent and nature of the conventional treatment agreed upon. In comparison with absolute realism, Wagner's opera is as conventional as Mozart's: it is only a different kind of convention; and it is unquestionably true that Mozart was not a less, but a much more, dramatic composer than Wagner, since he possessed an apparently almost inexhaustible power of inventing melodic forms which are at once beautiful in themselves and essentially characteristic of the personages to whom they are allotted, while a majority of Wagner's character-phrases (they are hardly melodies in the true sense) are not essentially characteristic at all: they only become artificially so, in the course of the performance, by the fact that they are consistently allotted to special characters.

Dr. Parry's chapter on 'Modern Phases of Opera' contains much admirable criticism of modern opera. While concurring entirely with his general view as to Meyerbeer (which, in fact, is very much the view of all thoughtful critics now), we may suggest that this composer deserves a little more recognition for his really brilliant and effective musical scene-painting, while occasionally, as in the well-known air for Isabella in the fourth act of 'Robert,' he did rise to the expression of genuine passion. The larger share in the chapter is devoted to Wagner's operas, a subject on which Dr. Parry is so thoroughly in earnest, and at the same time so thoroughly free from the vulgar cant and the exaggerated phraseology of the common Wagner-worshipper, that even those who differ from him may read him with pleasure. Nor do we know that there is any specific statement in his analysis that we should entirely dissent from. What we dissent from, rather, is the general deduction drawn—that Wagner's method 'is the logical outcome of the efforts of the long line 'of previous composers, and the most completely organised 'system for the purposes of musical expression that the

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\* Edinburgh Review, October, 1879.

‘world has yet seen.’ Both propositions we should call absurd. ‘In what possible sense is it the outcome of the highly elaborated developement of musical form in instrumental composition? It is a departure in another direction—a breaking up of musical form; and, in fact, some of the most ardent worshippers of Wagner will not scruple to say, ‘You must not think of or criticise it as mere music; you must regard it as a combination of drama and music;’ which is quite another thing. Then, as to the ‘most highly ‘organised form,’ what does Dr. Parry mean by ‘highly ‘organised?’ Of course we concur with him in regard to Wagner’s splendid mastery and expressive use of orchestral colouring; and his claim that Wagner was not by any means as regardless of tonality as he has been supposed to be is supported very plausibly, though it looks to us rather like an *ex post facto* attempt to find law and order where they hardly existed in the mind of the composer. Dr. Parry lays stress on Wagner’s polyphony, which he compares to that of Bach; and Mr. Hadow tells us, in his chapter on ‘Musical Criticism,’ that polyphony nowadays is to be taken to mean ‘free counterpoint,’ in opposition to the old, rigid system of counterpoint. We will make no quarrel about words, but does not this really mean polyphony not of a *more*, but of a *less*, highly organised type than that of the old masters? In plain English it means the flinging in of notes anyhow, so that they seem to subserve the desired effect; and the result is a kind of ‘wobble’ of combined sounds, in which accuracy of playing even becomes of little consequence, in place of a distinctly and logically organised construction. We are not arguing for what are called ‘rules of counterpoint,’ or any scholasticism of that kind, but simply for the observance of what may be called musical logic; every sound having a definite and logical relation with what preceded, accompanies, and is to follow it; and to lose that is not to organise, but to disorganise, music, as, in fact, we maintain that Wagner has done. For that kind of achievement which is the real test in the mastery of organised form in music, the origination and construction of a great piece of abstract instrumental music, Wagner, like Gluck, had no faculty at all; he could only deal with the succession of short instrumental episodes suggested by the changing situations on the stage and by the words of his poems. That he showed wonderful skill in linking these episodes together is true, but episodical composition it is for all that. The ruin of singing, which seems likely to be a collateral consequence of

Wagner's popularity, is another point not to be overlooked, and Dr. Parry's specious argument, that singing which is not beautiful may have much more intellectual interest than singing which is beautiful, fails to appeal to us. To our mind singing is singing, and shouting is not singing. Not long since we heard 'Tristan und Isolde' given in one week, and 'Fidelio' in the following week, by the same company, the principal singers being naturally the same in both cases. Now, those singers who in 'Tristan' were shouting at the top of their voices with the greatest freedom and *aplomb* positively could not sing Beethoven's music—seemed perfectly embarrassed and overweighted with it; and the quartet in the first act and the exquisite tenor solo at the commencement of the second act were jerked out rather than sung, without any charm or finish of vocalisation whatever. That is what must be the result if the Wagner mania goes on. To another and more deeply seated incongruity of Wagner's art we shall have to refer before concluding.

It is significant that Wagner's method of composing is said to have been that of 'pounding' on the piano till he got what he wanted. It is impossible not to feel considerable sympathy with his first wife, Minna, who was practically deserted because she did not care enough about her husband's music; and who, according to Mr. Finck, naïvely asked a question which is likely to be some day asked again—'Is Richard really such a great man?' Perhaps the most characteristic thing in Mr. Praeger's volume is the following short note addressed to him by the composer:—

'MY DEAR F——,—You will be, no doubt, angry with me when you hear that I am soon to marry Bulow's wife, who has become a convert in order to be divorced.

'Yours,

'R. WAGNER.'

Mr. Hadow is, in a literary sense, an admirable writer, and in a musical sense possesses a thorough knowledge of his subject. His 'Studies' relate to Berlioz, Schumann, and Wagner in the first series, and to Chopin, Dvorák, and Brahms in the second series. The first series is prefaced by an essay on 'Music and Musical Criticism;' the second, by one on 'Outlines of Musical Form.' It is these two essays which give their chief permanent value to the two books; and perhaps the author would have been better advised to have published them together in a separate volume, instead of binding them up with essays on special composers, which properly belong to a different class of musical literature. As far as these critical essays on composers are concerned,

they may be said to show excellent judgement and insight as comparative criticism, with the defect that, in a positive sense, they are mostly pitched in too high a key. Mr. Hadow is a modern of the moderns, and, like many critical writers on art and literature in a decadent period, he mistakes characteristics of decadence for characteristics of promise. When a critic, in speaking of form, casually observes that it is vain to hope for a perfect work of musical art, 'unless it be one signed by Beethoven or Brahms,' we can see pretty well where he is. His essay on Wagner presents rather a curious contrast between the very enthusiastic praise bestowed on the various compositions considered separately, and the rather cautious and balanced language of the summing up in the last two paragraphs. Mr. Hadow tells us that "Tristan" in its purely artistic 'aspect is simply irresistible,' and somewhere among Mr. Finck's rhodomontade we read that some new word is required to represent adequately its perfection. We quite understand the sense in which Mr. Hadow speaks: the composer has carried out in every detail the scheme of musical treatment which he designed, with the greatest completeness. Yet we can conscientiously say that every performance of 'Tristan' that we have heard has confirmed the impression which the first study of the work made on us: viz., that the first act is very interesting, and full of dramatic incident; the second act very lengthy, the love-duet absurd at the opening and tediously sensuous at the close, and the chance of an exquisite musical effect in the combination of the love-scene with the voice of the watching Brangäne entirely *manqué*; while the third act is dull to a degree, in some places ridiculous, and for the most part totally unworthy of the name of 'music'—always excepting the final death-song, which is one of the great moments that are to be found in all Wagner's operas. Add to this that the majority of the poem is simply fustian, considered in a literary sense, although the whole conception is no doubt very striking. And we believe that opinion would be shared by a great many more persons than Mr. Hadow has any idea of, and people whom it would be quite impossible for him to daff aside as intellectually incompetent to form a judgement.

In regard to other points in Mr. Hadow's volumes, we may say that we think his chapter on Chopin an admirable piece of criticism, though a little cold; that on Schumann an excellent and very just appreciation of the special qualities of his genius. That on Brahms is worth reading, but we feel



almost certain that he places Brahms a good deal too high; and his constant insistence on the gravity and seriousness of Brahms's genius seems rather like the desire to defend his idol against the charge, which may certainly be made against him, of being not infrequently rather dull; at all events crabbed and obscure, and occasionally very lengthy. Mr. Fuller Maitland, in his '*Masters of German music*,' compares Brahms with Browning, and points out how much of Browning's writing, at first considered merely obscure and uncouth in comparison with Tennyson, has been recognised as instinct with dramatic life and meaning. To this we may reply that Browning has already passed through a phase of being somewhat over-estimated, and that a certain reaction in regard to him has already set in. Mr. Fuller Maitland's study of Brahms is pitched in a lower key than that of Mr. Hadow, and we think is nearer the truth; but the time has hardly come yet to attempt to form a conclusive judgment on the ultimate position of this composer in the hierarchy of great musicians. It is a subject to which we may return.

The other composers dealt with by Mr. Fuller Maitland are Max Bruch, Goldmark, Rheinberger, Joachim, Madame Schumann, Bruckner, Strauss, and one or two others whose names are little familiar to English ears, but possibly should be more so. The book, it should be observed, is one of a series dealing with living composers only. We know not why, in referring to Rheinberger's organ compositions, there should have been any reservation in speaking of them as the best compositions of their class since Mendelssohn's Sonatas, or why the reservation should be made in favour of so dull though respectable a composer as Gustav Merkel. '*Masters of French Music*' is a companion volume by Mr. Arthur Hervey. As this was completed just before Gounod's death he is included among the composers treated of, forming, in fact, the chief name among them. Mr. Hervey's literary style is poor and commonplace, and some of his musical prejudices seem pretty strong; but his summary of Gounod's art represents, we think, the exact truth, doing full justice to the composer's genius and originality without ignoring his deficiencies. In one sense Gounod seems to have been for a long time in France what Mendelssohn was in England, a kind of popular model of perfection. A remark of Ernest Reyer's is quoted, to the effect that every one nowadays wrote music in the style of Gounod, with the addition, 'So far, it is still that of Gounod himself that I prefer.' The article

on M. Saint-Saëns is interesting, giving a good idea of the multifarious and all-round acquirements of this remarkable musician, but we fear that the estimate of his importance as a composer is too high. There is splendid talent in everything he does, but there seems always a certain hardness and lack of inspiration about his music, which inclines one to hear it with respect and interest rather than enthusiasm.

It is one of the merits of Dr. Parry's book, to which we have devoted the chief portion of our space, that the opinions expressed in it are in many points independent of, and at variance with, the current fashion of musical taste. It is curious how little there is of this independence of thought in the average musical criticism of the day, which appears to be, for the most part, merely the journalistic expression of popular taste, not in any sense the director of it. Twenty-five years ago, for example, England was dead against Wagner, and all the critics sang the same tune. Now Wagner is the fashion, and all the critics follow suit; and the same about other points in music. Schubert is also at present a fashion in this country,\* and in the 'Times' of March 4, 1893, we were told that 'the immortal Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and the not less sublime unfinished 'Symphony of Schubert, are worthy in all respects to stand 'side by side.' What can one think of the critical judgement, of the sense of proportion, of a 'critic' who could pen such a sentence as that? A curious part of the spectacle is the astonishment and anger exhibited by the professional critics when any one presumes to express an opinion different from the fashionable one, and their apparently absolute persuasion that they, and they only, are the leaders of musical thought. What presumption for any writer to call in question the position accorded now to Wagner, when 'we have now at 'last made up our minds on the subject'! The 'we' in this case was, if we mistake not, the author of the doggerel verses on the death of Mozart which were read at the Mozart centenary concert of the Philharmonic Society amid the impatience and contempt of every educated person in the audience. Is it by intellects of such a standard that the questions of the intellectual value and probable permanence of this or that type of art are to be settled? or by the gentlemen who write smart impertinence in the musical

\* The current idea that Schubert is a great instrumental composer of the first order is purely insular; it has no existence, as far as we can ascertain, out of England.

columns of the 'Pall Mall Gazette' and the 'Saturday Review,' from which latter journal one of the 'most competent critics of the day has recently been banished to make way for a literary mountebank with a little smattering of musical knowledge?' 'Vernon Lee' thinks it astonishing that the good renown which music has gained in its more healthful and more decorous days can make us sit out what we do sit out under its influence—

'Violations of our innermost secrets . . . melting away of the soul's outward forms, of its active structure, its bone and muscle, till there is revealed only the shapeless primæval nudity of confused instincts, the soul's vague viscera. When music does this it reverts, I think, towards being the nuisance which, before it had acquired the possibilities of form and beauty it now tends to despise, it was felt to be by ancient philosophers and lawgivers. At any rate, it sells its artistic birthright. It renounces its possibility of constituting, with the other great arts, a sort of supplementary contemplated nature; an element wherein to buoy up and steady those fluctuations which we express in speech; a vast emotional serenity, an abstract universe, in which our small and fleeting emotions can be transmuted, and wherein they can lose themselves in peacefulness and strength.'

This is beautifully said. And to the imaginary answer of a musician, that all new forms of music have brought the same kind of emotional stress with them at first, though they appear calm when we have become familiarised with them, 'Vernon Lee' replies, 'So much the worse, if true,' but questions its truth. 'Was the music of Handel ever morbid like the music of Wagner?' The whole article is worth the attention of those who give serious thought to music and its place and function among the arts.

ART. X.—1. *Madagascar: an historical and descriptive Account of the Island and its former Dependencies.* By S. PASFIELD OLIVER. 2 vols. London: 1886.

2. *Histoire Physique, Naturelle et Politique de Madagascar.* Par ALFRED GRANDIDIER. Vol. i. Histoire de la Géographie, avec Atlas, 2me tirage, revu et augmenté. Paris: 1885-1892.

3. *Madagascar et les Hova.* Description, organisation, histoire; avec une carte des environs de Tananarive du R. P. ROBLET. Par J.-B. PIOLET, S.J. Paris: 1895.

FROM 1883 to the end of 1885, when M. Ferry was Premier, a small force of French colonial troops, backed by a squadron of men-of-war, commanded in succession by Admirals Pierre, Galiber, and Miot, held possession of the Malagasy ports at Mojanga, Vohemar, and Tamatave; although the commanders were never able during all that time to drive the Hova garrisons away from the positions to which they had retired, at but a short distance inland, whence they constantly harassed the invaders. Nor, indeed, does it seem that there was any intention whatever on the part of the French Government, during this period, of advancing their marine infantry further into the interior of the island. When M. Ferry's administration came to an untimely end, chiefly through misadventure of colonial enterprise in Tonquin, after a last half-hearted endeavour to penetrate the enemy's intrenchments outside Tamatave, by M. de Freycinet's instructions Admiral Miot negotiated a most unsatisfactory treaty with General Willoughby, and a French Residency was duly established at Antananarivo, where its presence was, so to speak, tolerated just so long as the carefully tabooed expression 'protectorate' was never allowed to pass the lips of the representative of France.

The history of those protracted and desultory naval operations on the coast of Madagascar, of the heated discussions thereon in both the French Chambers, and of the wearisome pourparlers which preceded the conclusion of the unstable convention—never properly ratified—has been recorded at length in the second volume of Captain Oliver's historical compilation; but no official report, or *livre jaune*,\* giving

\* A précis of the diplomatic correspondence appeared in a yellow book, 1866; and the Hova Government published even fuller reports of the negotiations at Tamatave.

the full military details of the disastrous occupation has ever been published in Paris. At last, indeed, at the eleventh hour, on the eve of the present expedition, Captain Humbert, one of the orderly officers of the Minister of Marine, has been allowed to give to the public a brief and semi-official account of the late Franco-Hova war, which, however, adds nothing to what we have been able to gather from Captain Oliver's book, excepting some good plans of the French lines and positions of the Hovas at the various points attacked and taken by the marine infantry within range of the French men-of-war. Moreover, good care has been taken to suppress all details and figures which could convey any true idea of the terrible mortality among the colonial troops which had the ill-fortune to be quartered on the fever-stricken coast during the operations. In the decade which has wellnigh elapsed since the termination of those events, the situation of all parties concerned has totally changed. Africa has since been regarded in an altogether different light by Europe. A greed for territorial annexation has been awakened by the now famous partition of the dark continent among the great Powers; and colonial expansion, which ten years ago was a reproachful expression in the French Parliament, to-day has become a representative watchword of rivalry to Great Britain. France, too, no longer stands alone in Europe. The Republic, having formed a quasi-platonic alliance with the Eastern Empire, again seeks to create for herself a preponderance beyond the seas. She has determined to exhibit proof of her vitality and of her military and naval rejuvenescence by her ability to strike a powerful blow, at a distance from her arsenals, in a quarter where her dignity has been impugned. It was obviously her first obligation to erase the stigma which rested on her flag since it was hauled down at Antananarivo, to avenge the double check sustained both by her arms and diplomats, both of which had been forced to retire after a vain endeavour to uphold the rights they claimed for France over the island of Madagascar. 'Nous avons eu raison,' said M. Ribot, 'de faire cette expédition, de l'entreprendre avec résolution, car nos droits et notre dignité y étaient engagés.'\*

It should be remembered that, previous to 1883, an ancient understanding existed between France and Great

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\* *Le Discours* de M. le Président du Conseil, M. Ribot, à Bordeaux, May 11, 1895.

Britain by which neither Power could interfere in Malagasy political affairs without the assent of the other. Consequently, it was rightly supposed in France that England viewed with some disfavour the enforcement by arms of French claims over Malagasy territory. All causes for any misunderstanding on this account have long since been removed. Five years after the Franco-Hova treaty had been signed, on August 5, 1890, Lord Salisbury made an arrangement with the then French ambassador at St. James's, M. Waddington, to the effect that, in return for the recognition by the Republic of a British protectorate over Zanzibar, the Government of Her Britannic Majesty would recognise the protectorate of France over the island of Madagascar 'with its consequences,'\* thus effectually wiping out the verbal agreement which had been made thirty-two years before, by Lord Malmesbury (under Lord Derby's administration), by the two Governments not to establish any protectorate in Madagascar.

Ever since the cession of Diego Suarez, that deep gulf at the extreme north of the island, an extensive naval dépôt had been there installed by the French marine authorities, together with the nucleus of a colonial establishment. Defences were erected and a commodious port, named Antsirane, has sprung into existence. As early as 1888, two years before the famous declaration, the southern limit of this new colony extended to the fort of Mahatsinjaorivo, about six miles inland from the bay, and was connected by a Decauville tram-line with the town; whilst this station has quite become recognised as the head-quarters of the French naval division in the Indian Ocean. The accumulation of coal and other supplies for their men-of-war in such a convenient situation thus gave the French an important advantage which they had not possessed in the previous Franco-Hova war of 1883-85. Moreover, the military commandant was enabled here to recruit a number of Sakalavas

\* 'I. Le Gouvernement de sa Majesté Britannique reconnaît le Protectorat de la France sur l'Île de Madagascar avec ses conséquences.' When M. Hanotaux, Minister for Foreign Affairs, quoted this paragraph in his statement in the now historic debate of November 13, 1894, he took care to emphasise the concluding sentence by the insertion of the word 'toutes'—'avec toutes ses conséquences'—i.e. to ignore the statement of Lord Salisbury that his Government had 'reserved all rights and privileges which all subjects of either country might have in either island.' *Vide* debate on Anglo-French Agreement, August 11, 1890.

from the west coast and, by way of experiment, form a battalion of tirailleurs, which has proved such a success that two more similar battalions have since been added, thus constituting a Sakalava regiment, the nucleus of a future Franco-Malagasy army, formed on the same lines as that which has done service for France in Senegal, Dahomey, and the Soudan. The Ministry of Marine had previously tried its hand at directing the former operations on the coasts of Madagascar, and it was now the turn of the Ministry of War to initiate the more important measures, which were contemplated, for the subjugation of the interior of the island. M. de Freycinet, who was responsible for the conclusion of the unprofitable treaty,\* was in 1890 Minister for War, and under his auspices the Conseil Supérieur quietly set on foot the necessary preliminaries, the most important of which was the study of the ground which was meant to be the theatre of the coming campaign. It had long been an axiom in Malagasy warfare that the two most notable features of defence relied on by the Hovas ever since the days of Radama the Great were those presented by the traditional 'generals,' Hazo and Tazo, in other words, the forest and the fever, which have proved such obstacles to all foreigners on the coast line. It was the duty of the War Ministry to ascertain the exact topography of the terrain between the coasts and the capital, so that no obstacles in the route should delay an expedition in the lower country, where the mortality by fever could hardly be avoided.

Two staff officers first traversed the ordinary routes, for they are mere tracks which cannot be dignified by the name of roads, which lead from the commercial ports on the east and west coasts. These were Chef d'escadron Gaudelette and Lieutenant-Colonel de Beylié, who were, however, so 'shadowed' by the Hovas that they were prevented from making such accurate observations as were required; but there was no lack of information from other sources. M. Alfred Grandidier, the naturalist, who has explored the island in all directions, had accumulated a large amount of geographical information from reliable observation, which must have proved most valuable to the army authorities at

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\* 'En France on considéra le traité du 17 décembre 1885 comme un succès; mais pour ceux qui étaient à même de bien saisir la question, ce n'était qu'une trêve, rien de plus.' *Vide* 'Guide de Madagascar,' par Lieut. Colson, p. 201.

this juncture; and, again, Père Roblet, of the Jesuit brotherhood, had triangulated, surveyed astronomically and hypsometrically, the whole of the interior highland province of Imerina, including the actual environs of Antananarivo, which he has since mapped on the considerable scale of 1-100000. Recently MM. Suberbie and Laillett have issued a good map of the whole island on a scale of 1-1000000,\* whilst the late M. Guinard has furnished materials for a geological chart of all the regions which came within the scope of the French plan of attack; so that, in fact, the general nature of the country on all sides of the capital, as well as along the commercial highways leading to it, was fairly well known. It was, however, judged necessary to send an expert officer to examine yet more closely the rugged basin drained by the Ikopa and Betsiboka rivers, up which it had been decided to advance the main columns of the expedition; and, for this purpose, Lieutenant Aubé was sent out (ostensibly as a mining civil engineer) to prospect for gold in the auriferous region above Metatanana and the gold-washing establishment formed by M. Suberbie, and he was able to ascertain definitely all the information required by the Council of War sitting in Paris.

The best possible test, however, of the practicability of the Betsiboka route, which had been chosen, was that applied when the evacuation of the Residency took place last October, as soon as the French ultimatum had been rejected. On this occasion the escort of marine infantry under Captain Lemolle effected its retreat down the valley of the Ikopa to Mojanga, thus demonstrating the capacity of this track for the passage of infantry under arms accompanied by their supplies on the backs of oxen. It was found that the French soldiers, who had been somewhat acclimatised by their stay at Antananarivo—a few of them had marched up there on foot from the east coast about a year before—accomplished the arduous journey down to Suberbieville and the navigable waters of the Ikopa, whence they reached Mojanga in boats, without great difficulty, at the end of the dry season, the distance marched being something under 200 miles.† But they were descending, not ascending, the valleys drained by these streams.

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\* A larger map of the island is in course of publication by M. Hansen, on a scale of 1-750000; it is in ten sheets, of which four sheets, representing the north of the island, have appeared.

† According to General Cosseron de Villenoisy this distance is only



The composition of the expeditionary force was evenly divided between the military and marine troops, although at first there was some little outcry against employing regiments belonging to the *armée de terre* outside the confines of European territories. General Mercier, who had become Minister for War at the end of 1893, and on whom the organisation of the expedition devolved, was unwilling to deprive the regular land forces of France of the honour of co-operating in the Madagascar campaign, and he devised a scheme by which no single unit in the general system of territorial mobilisation was interfered with. He arranged that each of the eighteen corps d'armée in France should contribute a single company of 250 men, wherewith to form a new regiment (named the 200th) of three battalions of infantry of the line, which together with an Algerian regiment of three battalions would make up the land brigade, whilst the naval brigade was constituted of a new regiment (the 13th) similarly constituted from the marine dépôts, together with a colonial regiment to be formed at Réunion and Diego Suarez by Sakalava and creole recruits.\* In addition, a few batteries of artillery and sections of other departmental branches of the service completed the constitution of the little army which was placed under the leadership of General Duchesne.

It was fully decided to attract the notice of the Hovas away from the real base of operations by establishing, as before, a foothold—so to speak—on the enemy's immediate front at Tamatave; where, behind the lines of Farafate and Sahamafy, the flower of the troops from Imerina, the veterans of the previous war, had immediately taken up their former position. Commodore Bienaimé landed the marine infantry from Réunion and occupied almost the same stations as the three admirals had held from 1883 to 1885. But this was only meant to keep the attention of Rainilaiarivony directed to the east coast, whilst the real descent was made on the north-west. It was General Mercier's intention to

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286 kilomètres, i.e.  $177\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The same authority also calculates the whole length of the route from Mojanga to Antananarivo to be 442 kilomètres ( $274\frac{1}{2}$  miles), but his estimate is below the figures given by others.

\* This appears to us to be a very questionable measure, for it had the effect of depleting the French *armée de terre* of a considerable body of men, who were probably the boldest and bravest in it. A large number of them have perished in the campaign.

land Duchesne's expedition at Mojanga, whence it would have the benefit of water carriage up to the rapids of Nosifito, where a secondary base could be established within 200 miles of the capital.

But General Mercier did not remain in office to see his project carried into effect. When M. Felix Faure, who as Minister of Marine had been co-operating with him in the work of organisation, became President of the Republic, General Zurlinden became Minister of War, and it was from him that the Chamber of Deputies required explanations as to the employment of British steamers for the transport of the steam launches and river boats to be employed on the Betsiboka estuary.

It is not our intention here to discuss the Madagascar expedition either from a military or political point of view. It will be sufficient for our purpose, in order to remind our readers of the circumstances attending the French expedition to the island, if we briefly state that, as we can all remember, the whole of the French army was safely and expeditiously conveyed in a fleet of twenty-eight transports from Marseilles and the Algerian ports to Mojanga during April and May. There, however, great delays occurred. No adequate preparation had been made for stores or transports, and the army lay inactive for many weeks. General Metzinger with the advance guard had occupied both the banks of the large delta as far as Mevarano and Mahabo by the date of the Commander-in-chief's arrival in the first week of May, at the end of which month the French troops had occupied the plateau and hills of Ankarafantsika (May 24) and seized the island of Amparihibe, thus making themselves masters of the junction of the Ikopa with the lower reaches of the Betsiboka river with commendable promptitude.

Early in June General Metzinger had driven the Hovas out of Mevatanana, and had established the command of all the navigable waters of the river approach for 156 kilometres from the base at Mojanga. The attempts of the Hova soldiery, poor fellows, who scarce deserve the name of troops, to stand before the trained regiments of a great military power in Europe, as might have been imagined, were not only in vain, but worse than useless. We do not suppose that the steady, slow but sure, advance of the 40th Chasseurs, the 200th Regiment, or the marine brigade has been delayed for one moment by any of the defensive works prepared by Ramasombazaha, the Hova Governor of Boina,

at Miadana, Marovoay, Andriba, and elsewhere. Nor could all the reinforcements despatched under Rainianjahy, and posted at intervals below Kinajy, make any better efforts to obstruct the way. The occupation of the chief road to the capital, ensured by the presence of a division of the French army in two brigades echeloned along the line of communications from the coast close up to Imerina, was thus achieved. But the progress of the army has been excessively slow. They were still at Andriba on September 15, having spent five months in advancing about 150 miles; and the most difficult part of the route still lay before them.

Madagascar has been so long known as the Great African Island that this name has all the respectability attaching to an ancient title, originally due to its geographical vicinity to the dark continent; yet, from a scientific point of view, the remarkable peculiarity of its flora, fauna, and ethnology markedly separates the island as a natural province altogether distinct from the vast and neighbouring region of Africa. Madagascar, indeed, must originally have been joined to its parent continent in remote ages, when the terrestrial features, the geographical distribution of its lands, were altogether different from those of the present epoch. It must have become dislocated from the mainland before North Africa had been united with Asia and Europe, and therefore before the higher types of mammalia had migrated so far south from the Euro-Asiatic continent. Hence the development of such singular types as the lemurs (which form two-thirds of the mammiferous animals in the island); the cryptoprocta, a plantigrade cat; the isolated *Æpyornis*, the hugest of known birds; the reptiles, like the gigantic chelonians and diminutive horned chameleons, and the remarkable insects. In fact, as Grandidier teaches us, Madagascar has preserved up to the present day an almost Eocene fauna.

We shall better comprehend the extent and value of the new field for colonisation, now invaded by the Republic, if we take a rapid glance at the features of the country, whose outside geography has been long made known to us by the hydrographical surveys of Captain Owen and his successors.

As every one knows, Madagascar is mostly within the southern tropic, extending for 940 miles, from  $12^{\circ}$  to  $25\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south latitude, with a breadth of 370 miles, possessing a coast line of 2,500 miles and an area of 590,000 square kilometres; in fact, larger than France, whose superficies is but

528,000 square kilomètres. So it is evident that the French contemplate the possession of a vast territory, situated moreover, so to speak, in a ring fence, not inconveniently crowded by neutral or hostile neighbours, whilst its chief port at Mojanga is within three weeks' steaming from Marseilles through the Suez Canal, and is connected by a telegraphic cable with the European systems. These expectations are of a purely speculative character, and may prove entire delusions.

Père Piolet has been able to publish the results of the explorations made by the late M. Guinard, a mining engineer, who was for some time in the service of the Malagasy Government, for whom he examined extensive districts throughout the interior of the island in search of mineral deposits; from which he was able to construct a fairly comprehensive map indicating the general geological structure of the island, which we now proceed to sketch.

Dividing the island roughly into two triangles, if we cut off the south-west corner by an imaginary line from about Cape St. Vincent (a name which we regret to notice has been erased in the last issues of Government charts) to somewhere near Fort Dauphin, it will be found that the remaining portion (two-thirds of the island) is covered with mountains, heaped confusedly on one another, pell-mell and without order, so much so that it has, not inaptly, been compared to a stormy sea whose immense waves have become solidified. This seems to have been brought about by two successive granitic eruptions or upheavals, upsetting, as it were, more than 90,000 square miles, and resulting in a chaos of mountain ridges, narrow valleys, gorges and scarped ravines, which has presented to the adventurous foreign intruder those obstacles which have hitherto enabled the native inhabitants of the interior highlands to preserve their ancient isolation and independence.

On nearer examination, a certain order and arrangement—in the midst of this apparently inextricable disorder—can be detected. A great longitudinal range comprising two principal contiguous chains of mountain ridges stretches from north to south, forming the skeleton backbone of this massive system of primitively upheaved gneiss, mica-schists and granite rocks. Although generally much nearer to the east coast line than to the western shore, the foundations and buttresses of this granitic rampart extend as far north-west as the navigable confluence of the Ikopa and Betsiboka

rivers, and towards the south beyond Fianarantsoa, the capital of the Betsileo province.

Along the east coast runs a narrow belt of tertiary deposit from twenty to thirty miles in width, covered with sand and alluvium washed down by the torrents from the steep sides of the mountain range which so nearly approaches the sea, and along this shore line is a series of shallow lagoons extending for three hundred miles south of Tamatave, the principal port on this side of the island. This tertiary belt is cut across at certain points, near Mahanoro and elsewhere, by remarkable basalt dykes. This basaltic intrusion has contributed to build up the highest summits in the island, those south of the capital, the Ankaratra mountains, whose peaks attain an elevation of 8,600 feet.

Originally vast lacustral basins seem to have been formed by the longitudinal mountain ranges and the basaltic dykes across them, and these again must have been broken through and the lakes have been more or less drained by serious volcanic outbursts during the quaternary period. A series of extinct volcanic cones has been traced along a line east and west, south of Antananarivo, in a line which, if prolonged under the sea, would pass through the volcanic islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, where an active vent is constantly in eruption.

South of the Ankaratra mountains we find a considerable area of Silurian formation occupying a deep and wide cavity in the surface of the primitive granite base. Here are discovered crystallised calcareous azoic rocks, traversed by lodes of metallic copper and other metals. To the north-west of the island, opposite Nosibé, is a large carboniferous basin, although no workable seams of coal have yet been exploited. And from here it would seem that the geologists of the French expedition will have been able to note, during their march up the Betsiboka valley, the whole series of the sedimentary rocks, from the tertiary to the trias, in strata of wide extent and well marked; and these sedimentary formations are also found throughout the whole of the west coast.

Before the end of the Franco-Hova war in 1886 all search for minerals had been strictly prohibited by the Hova authorities, although a partial exploitation of the alluvial goldfields near Ampasiry had been made by Rainianjanoro for the benefit of the Malagasy Government. But after the conclusion of the treaty more systematic explorations were conducted by M. Guinard, Père Campenon, and by a scien-

tific mission consisting of M. Daléas, M. Delhorbe, and M. Bourdariat. Numerous privately conducted prospecting parties of miners from the South African, Australian, and American goldfields also attempted explorations, but of these no record has been kept. The auriferous region, long known to exist but carefully ignored and depreciated by the Hova Government, has now been traced over a wide extent of country. It stretches from the banks of the Mahajamba river over a broad tract which embraces all the middle basin of the Betsiboka and Ikopa rivers; passes beyond, right across Vonizongo and along the western confines of Imerina, past the flanks of the Ankaratra mountains, where the upper waters of the great rivers of Menabé take their sources; spreads round the Silurian basin just mentioned, and terminates at the line of the Mangoka river, thus including a large portion of the Betsileo country. As all this gold region is brought within easy access by the navigable waters of the rivers running into the Mozambique Channel; as soon as sufficient protection is afforded by the French gendarmerie, there will be no want of European applicants for concessions of mining claims. Indeed, no better advertisement can be needed than that afforded by the march of ten thousand French troops past the gold-mining establishment of M. Suberbie, left intact by the Hovas, under Mevatanana; where gold-washing and ore crushing works have been carried out, since 1886, on a large scale in the bed of the river, and from excavations of the rich reef, which extends up the valley of the Mandrozia stream for at least five miles, with a thickness of 13 feet and a depth of 100 mètres, yielding, it is said, 2 grammes (20·86 grains) to the ton of crushed ore.

Another gold-mining establishment was commenced, in 1889, by M. Guinard, for the Malagasy Government, at Ialatsara, near Ambositra, in Betsileo country, and at the same time some veins of copper ore were partially worked along a lode, discovered at Ambatofangana in the same neighbourhood by Rainimiaraka as long ago as 1882-83, consisting of blue carbonate, malachite, and variegated copper.

Hematite and other specular species of iron ore have long been utilised by the Hova and Betsileo tribes. Their rude bellows, made from trunks of trees, by which the blast was applied to the charcoal and ore in their clay furnaces for smelting and foundry purposes, were described in the last century by Rochon and earlier writers.

Nevertheless, whatever may be the value of the mineralo-

gical treasures beneath the uninviting surface of the deep red clay, which covers so many square miles of the interior, it would seem as if the superficial productions above ground were, after all, not inferior as a source of richness to all this subterranean wealth. The late M. Guinard, who had, perhaps, better opportunities of judging than any other European investigator, declared: 'Ce n'est pas le sous-sol qui sera la richesse de l'île, mais son sol même; et longtemps après que, ses mines, en particulier ses mines d'or, auront été épuisées, l'île de Madagascar sera une colonie très productive par ses récoltes et l'élevage des bestiaux.'

Madagascar is, in fact, so large that, as Père Piolet observes, there is room for a little of everything. This is the language of inexperience and enthusiasm. There is no heavier burden than a wild territorial country inhabited by barbarians and savages. Hitherto Madagascar has exported nothing of value but cattle. There are large tracts of land (apparently) rich and fertile, whilst others appear arid and sterile; here are to be seen districts well watered by frequent rains, and there others dried up by extreme droughts. On one side are the lowlands, warm and suitable for all kinds of intertropical cultivation; on another may be found elevated plains with moderate temperatures and a climate fit for European agriculture.

M. Alfred Grandidier, however, takes a far less optimistic view of the island's capabilities as a field for agricultural enterprise on a large and remunerative scale. In an interesting memoir, read before the Académie des Sciences on April 30, 1894,\* this experienced traveller remarked how tropical countries did not, as a rule, possess that excessive natural fertility which has been popularly ascribed to them. 'Because,' he said,

although the sun furnished to those regions continual warmth and plenty of bright light, so propitious to vegetable life, two other elements had to be taken into consideration which were not likewise so favourable. On the one hand the rains, which, as often as not, were distributed inconveniently; and on the other hand the nature of the soil, which, throughout a large portion of these countries, consists of a silico-ferruginous clay, altogether deprived of limestone. This argillaceous layer, often of a thickness of 300 feet, which is due to the decomposition of crystalline schists and eruptive rocks of

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\* About the same time, if we mistake not, the authorities at Kew Gardens issued a circular warning British settlers abroad against assuming the richness of the soil from the apparent density of vegetation in tropical countries.

various ages, is washed periodically—and in proportion to its production—by the rains, so abundant at certain seasons that they carry off all the soluble parts useful to vegetation. In Madagascar at least two-thirds of the island are formed of this arid clay. In the south and west the soil, which is silico-calcareous, would be more favourable for plantations if it were not for the drought. On the other hand, the rains are distributed very differently according to the regions. Abundant throughout all the year in the east, they do not fall in the centre of the island except from November to March, and in the south they are yet more rare. From these geological and meteorological conditions pertaining to Madagascar it happens that, although there are certainly some oases (*ilots*) or belts (*filons*) of good land here and there, and that the bottoms of ancient lakes and the numerous marshy valleys may be fit for the cultivation of rice, the soil, taken as a whole, is arid throughout all that part of the island where the region of rains is more or less favourable, and that in the west, where the soil would be better for vegetation, the slight annual rainfall opposes to the creation of plantations great and real difficulties. Many travellers, after seeing the several groves of fine coffee shrubs which are met with on the road from Andavoranto to Antananarivo (at Ampasimbé, for example), as well as the various agricultural farms recently started in the central province around the towns and principal villages (as at Ivato), have come to the conclusion that the central plateau can lend itself easily to remunerative agricultural exploitation. It would be neither prudent nor wise thus to generalise from these special cases, for these trees and plants owe their fine growth entirely to the fact that they have been planted in a soil deeply modified—furnished and fertilised by long and incessant accumulations and detritus of all kinds, due either to cattle shut up all night for years in enclosures, or to the numerous inhabitants of the towns of Imerina or Betsileo.

In short, M. Grandidier counsels all colonial adventurers to guard against the illusions which may be given to them regarding the fertility of the district where they may propose settling by the mere aspect of lands covered with woods or with herbaceous plants of vigorous appearance.

Père Piolet strives to explain away M. Grandidier's depreciative arguments by quoting in opposition the opinions, first of Prince Henri d'Orléans, who was a mere tourist; next of Père de la Vaissière, who is neither a botanist nor geologist like M. Grandidier; and, lastly, of M. Larrouy, who was Resident General in the island from October 1892 to September 1894. M. Larrouy's opinion is entitled to respect, for he carefully studied the subject from an administrator's point of view, and was mindful of his responsibilities; but he gives a very qualified and reserved opinion, which only serves to strengthen M. Grandidier's warning



notes. Writing on June 27, last year, to the Governor of Réunion, M. Larrouy stated: 'Aussi, bien qu'il le pays *paraisse* offrir aux planteurs les plus grandes ressources, ceux-ci ne devront pas oublier en venant ici, qu'ils en seront réduits à essayer et à étudier par eux-mêmes les conditions de leur installation.'

M. Larrouy, however, goes on to suggest the great field offered to immigrants by the facility for rearing and breeding cattle, for wild and domestic oxen of a peculiar humped breed are raised by the western tribes over a wide extent of the island from north to south in large herds with little trouble, wherever there is prairie land: 'Enfin il ne faut pas oublier l'élevage des bestiaux, qui paraît susceptible d'un grand avenir dans tout Madagascar.'

The richness and strangeness of the Malagasy flora, with its variety of extraordinary types, have ever attracted the admiration and wonder of all botanists who have wandered about the island, from the days of Commerson downwards. The establishment of a Resident General at the capital and the building of a grand residency brought from Paris to Imerina a distinguished architect, M. Jully, whose attention was immediately drawn to the supplies of timber brought from the forests in the north, west, and east districts of the country. He made a comprehensive collection of the principal trees, including transversal and longitudinal sections of the finest species, together with specimens of their leaves, flowers, and fruit, which have, as yet, not been fully reported upon by the experts to whom they were submitted in Paris. Doubtless they will be shown to the public during the great forthcoming exhibition at Paris in 1900 in the colonial section. From the appearance of the wooded hills and mountains of Madagascar, as viewed from the coast, it was for a long time supposed that Madagascar was covered with forest, whereas it has now been ascertained that the existing forests are circumscribed within certain regions, and even in these a large proportion of the timber trees has been terribly devastated and the supply is perceptibly diminishing. The French are alive to the importance of preserving forest tracts, and no doubt under the protectorate the timber trees of Madagascar will obtain an additional lease of their existence and the propagation of the most valuable species will be attended to.

Everywhere, when travelling by forest paths, the visitor cannot help noticing around him, at frequent intervals, the gaunt, tall, lifeless, and blanched skeletons of huge trees

rising ghost-like amidst the undergrowth of weeds and worthless shrubs which have replaced the ancient forest vegetation. For miles and miles these wrecks, blasted with fire, and now only affording a home to the white ants, can be observed, from one end of the island to the other, wherever there is any neighbouring village; for clearings are annually made by the natives in order to obtain with the least trouble virgin ground for the cultivation of their rice, to be abandoned directly afterwards for newer ground. These gradual encroachments are destroying the woodlands, and if not checked must sooner or later lead to the total destruction of the best species of timber trees. According to Dr. Catat, a recent scientific observer, 'Au bout d'un siècle ou deux de ces coups brutals et inintelligents, Madagascar, si l'on n'y met bon ordre, n'aura plus de forêt: ce qui amènera de grandes perturbations dans le régime des pluies et conséquemment dans la culture.'

Having thus hastily glanced at the physical nature and resources of the island, it is now time to turn our attention to its no less interesting inhabitants, who, at last, are to be brought within the dominion of the French Republic, after so long remaining independent, in spite of their adoption of many European institutions during the last thirty years, after centuries of isolation from foreigners and the outer world, like their distant relatives the Japanese, with whom they have many points in common.

The conclusions which naturalists have arrived at with regard to the insular fauna and flora agree with the evidence produced by hydrography of the comparatively recent submergence of many large and almost continental islands, whose summits alone still survive above the sea level, indicated by the extensive archipelagos, reefs, and banks—such as Cargados, Saya de Malha, the Chagos and Maldives, &c.—thus accounting, in some measure, for the easier transmission of organic productions from the Indian peninsula. It is in this direction that we must look for the broken, but not impassable, track by which the first human inhabitants reached Madagascar, for it is almost beyond doubt that the Malagasy (as we conveniently term the people of the island) are Indonesians, whose forefathers have sprung from successive waves of migration of those widely scattered races which inhabit Oceania, Indo-China, and the Malayan islands. Both on ethnical and linguistic grounds, it is generally acknowledged that the separate tribes now inhabiting Madagascar, have derived their origin from mixed

types of these Indonesian or Malayo-Polynesian peoples. Dr. Catat has classified these tribes, somewhat ingeniously, according to their relation with the Hova, the dominant tribe of the interior, and, at the same time, in connexion with the odd distribution of the forested or disforested lands; for he is inclined to believe that, originally, the whole of Madagascar was covered more or less with woods, and that the destruction has been mainly accomplished by human agency.

He divides Madagascar into three regions—first, the region of great forests; second, the region of the brush (brushwood); third, the wholly denuded region. The denuded zone, he says, marks the densely inhabited countries of the agricultural people—Antimerina or Hova, and the Betsileo tribes. Wherever in the bush region you come across large cleared tracts you may be certain that it marks a Hova settlement. The bush region, on the other hand, is characteristic of the independent tribes who have not submitted to the Hova—the warlike cattle-raising Sakalava and Bara tribes. The forest zone, which partially encircles the island, is, according to this authority, occupied by the milder Betsimisaraka tribe, who are ever submissive to the Hova dominion.

Père Piolet divides the population into three political parts—viz. (1) the Hovas and the tribes wholly subject to them, in the interior of the island and on the east and north coasts; (2) the populations partly subject or semi-independent, west; (3) the people entirely independent, who inhabit the southern regions of the island.

The Hova, however, as the dominant race, require a special notice at our hands, and we cannot do better than follow M. Grandidier's study of this small but sturdy and self-confident people, who have raised themselves so far above the heads of their neighbours under peculiarly adverse and repressing circumstances.

When Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar relinquished the government of Mauritius in 1823, thirteen years after the capture of that colony, he brought with him to England a quantity of manuscript books and papers respecting Madagascar during the possession of the French, which he presented to the British Museum. In one of the manuscript volumes is a collection of travels in the interior of Madagascar made by M. Mayeur, a government interpreter, in 1774, 1777, and 1785. M. Mayeur appears to have at first acted under the direction of that celebrated adventurer

Baron Benyowsky; but his journey into the country of 'Ancove,\* autrement dit des Hóvas ou Amboilambes,' was undertaken after Benyowsky had been discarded by the French Government. This appears to have been the first time that any European penetrated within the somewhat jealously guarded frontiers of this secluded race; and the traveller relates with admiration his first coming in contact with such an intelligent nation, who even then possessed a wonderfully advanced social organisation.

Here we must remark that this *namé* Hova, applied to this tribe by Europeans ever since the days of Mayeur, is an erroneous appellation. M. Grandidier and Dr. Catat both strongly insist that the real name should be *Antimerina* or *Ambanilanitra*—i.e. 'inhabitants of Imerina' (the bare country), or 'the men under the sky,' meaning highlanders. But as the missionaries, who have practically created the written language of the people, have called them Hova ever since they have been made known to Europeans, we do not suppose that this popular name will bear correction, although Dr. Catat throughout his recent work adopts the newer word 'Merina' whenever he refers to the Hova. To return, however, to M. Mayeur's visit. When he reached 'Ancova,' by way of 'Ancaye,' through what he calls the country of the 'Bazangouzangoux'—whom we now call the Bezanozano—he was struck with surprise at finding, in the very depths of a supposed barbarous and savage country, several most interesting industries being carried on, the products of which were sold or interchanged at regular markets or fairs held every week on fixed days in various districts. He beheld with wonder on these days, from early morning, interminable groups of pedestrians in single file assembling together from various directions, generally at a rapid pace, laden with varied merchandise—silks, cotton cloths, rice, iron implements, &c.—all hurrying along in a businesslike manner, while even the children carried smaller burdens in proportion to their strength. M. Mayeur observes:—

'The Europeans who have only visited the coast tribes would scarcely believe that in the interior of Madagascar, at thirty leagues from the sea, there can be found a country, hitherto unknown, surrounded on all sides by barbarous and savage nations, yet possessing more enlightenment, more industry, a more active police, and arts more advanced than on the coast—whose inhabitants, moreover, are in constant relation with foreigners. Yet this is the truth! . . . No people unite to greater natural intelligence & better aptitude for work;

the Hova, in fact, spare no pains in their agricultural or commercial undertakings, and they show an unconquerable perseverance and incredible activity, bestowing continued toil on ungrateful and laborious tasks, such as those involved in the cultivation of their sterile soil.'

The Merina are divided by M. Grandidier into three castes—the Andriana, or the aristocracy; the Hova, or middle class of freemen; and the Andevo, or slave. The Andriana, or nobles, have various ranks or sub-castes. Thus, the Sovereign's near relatives are Zanakandriana, or princes of the blood, and besides are the descendants of various other chiefs who have ruled over Imerina. But the whole caste or class of Andriana may be taken to be the wellnigh pure descendants of the Malay immigrants; whilst the Hova freemen are the representatives of the chiefs and ruling class among the Vazimba, the first occupants of the central plateau before they were conquered by the Malay Andriana. These seem to have been earlier immigrants, with as much negrito as Malayan blood in their veins. Finally, the Andevo, or slave class, comprehends the lower-class Vazimba, who have submitted to their Malay conquerors, mixed with Hova, Malay, Sakalava, and even negroes, Mozambiques or Makoas from Africa—an impure and mixed type. The laws of the Andrianas forbid mixed marriages, and the people of the different castes do not intermarry.

The name Hova signifies 'freeman,' and this class is nearly related to the dark Indonesian race which has peopled the whole island; those nearest to the Hova being the Betsileo, the next most important and most intelligent tribe in the island—the only tribe, perhaps, which has shown any rudimentary taste for artistic work. The Betsileo inhabit the highlands contiguous to Imerina and south of the Ankarastra range. They form an inoffensive and submissive population since their subjugation to their more arrogant neighbours, who now rule them with a rod of iron. Within the Betsileo province are those rich mineral lodes which have been previously mentioned. They cannot fail to prove a source of great wealth when they come to be opened out, as they must be in the future, as soon as peace and order have been restored under the French flag. The other neighbours to the Hova, and subject to them, are the Antsihanaka, or 'people of the lake,' to the north, in the region of the marshy valley and swamps about lake Alaotra; and the Bezanozano, who inhabit the valley of Tankay, or

‘burnt country,’ on the upper waters of the Mangoro, thus named, doubtless, because these plains were cleared of forest by fire.

The Antsihanaka are a pastoral as well as an agricultural tribe, far less intelligent than their Hova conquerors; whilst the Bezanozano, who are clever at weaving mats, are mostly employed as porters between Imerina and the east coast. The Betsimisaraka people occupy the whole length of the east coast, and have been well known to and in contact with Europeans for more than three hundred years. They are a fine race, docile, amiable, good-looking, but, like their kindred in the South Sea Islands, idle and wholly ruined by drunkenness and debauchery. Unlike the Hova, they seem not to care for money. When M. Jully tried to get some of these people to carry timbers for the construction of a hospital at Tamatave, high wages in dollars would not tempt these Betsimisaraka. The only thing which appeared to produce any efforts on their part, he tells us, was the offer of a little powder and shot.

Père Piolet assures us that these tribes on the east coast welcome the arrival of the French: ‘Ils sont naturellement doux et ressentent facilement de la sympathie pour les Blancs, pour les Français en particulier, dont le caractère franc et ouvert s’harmonise mieux avec le leur.’ The Antaimoro, another of the coast tribes entirely subject to the Hova yoke, are perhaps the most interesting of all the populations in the island. They are capital workmen, they are sober, and, what is more remarkable in a Malagasy people, they add morality to their sobriety. Their young girls are respected before marriage, and the married women are faithful to their husbands, even when these men are absent on long journeys. Their faults seem to be useful to them. They are excessively conceited, inclined to insolence, contemptuous and quarrelsome towards their neighbours. Arab and Mahomedan influences have not a little affected the character, manners, and customs of these people, among whom, for instance, pork is still altogether interdicted. They practise circumcision, and many of their domestic and social usages indicate ancient Arabic settlements on this south-east coast.

The whole of the north of Madagascar was conquered by Radama I., and since his days the Antankarana—inhabitants of the coral banks—have remained submissive to Hova rule. Although the French colonial officers at Diego Suarez have attempted to gain the affections of this boating and fishing population, the Antankarana, who are assimilated

to but hardier than the Betsimisaraka, have till the last remained faithful to their Hova masters. Now, however, that the Hova stronghold of Ambohimera has fallen into the hands of France, the Antankarana tribes are not likely to give any trouble by resistance to the constituted authorities.

The tribes who are but partially subjugated, who remain in a state of semi-independence—obedient only to Hova rule within a certain radius of the garrisons—include the widely spread pastoral Sakalava tribes, under various names, who inhabit the whole of the western portion of the island; the Antanosy, to the south-east; part of the Tanala, south-west of the Betsileo; and the Bara, north of the Tanala. Among the populations entirely independent we may rank that section of the Tanala about Ikongo, that branch of the Antanosy which has migrated on to the upper waters of the Onilahy river, the Antandroy at the extreme south, the Mahafaly on the south-west coast, and the Machicora to the north of the Mahafaly, but more in the interior. It should be remembered that these tribes are scattered somewhat unequally, and even sparsely, over those districts outside the more densely populated metropolitan provinces of Imerina and Betsileo, whilst wide tracts are entirely destitute of inhabitants. Thus M. Grandidier tells us that whilst travelling in one part of the island he slept for seven consecutive nights in an absolute desert, between Manja and Modongy. These tracts are not arid wastes like the Sahara, but well wooded and well watered, and simply uninhabited borderland between the wild western Sakalava and the central tribes of the highlands.

Such is the island—a miniature continent—such are the people, who are now attacked by the French Republic. It remains to be seen what the colonial authorities would do with their possession, if it is to be held by a permanent occupation, when it has been handed over to them by the Ministry of War. He would enter upon a most difficult task. M. Chautemps, the Colonial Minister, has no want of would-be advisers on this subject. Of course, Père Piolet advocates the immediate increase of the Catholic missionary staff: '*C'est à la mission catholique que nous devons de n'avoir pas perdu Madagascar.*' '*Ils ne sont pas 25 missionnaires valides en Imerina, et il en faudrait 250 tout de suite. Il ne sont pas 50 pour toute l'île, et il en faudrait immédiatement 500.*'

Comte Meyners d'Estrey\* is desirous to have French creole officials posted to the new colony :—

‘Grâce à nos possessions des Comores, à nos Français de la Réunion et à ceux de l’île Maurice, Madagascar peut devenir, entre nos mains, une source incomparable de richesse et de puissance. Prenons garde d’y essayer les plâtres pour d’autres : écrasons vite toute résistance, et faisons la place large, dans la colonisation à nos crébles, à nos Français de là-bas. Méfions-nous à Madagascar, non seulement des Anglais, mais des petits fruits secs de Paris ; *la future administration malgache doit être créole.*’

M. Martineau, whose work is the only one which gives a succinct account of the working of the quasi-protectorate during the last ten years under the *régime* of the Residents-General, is inclined to think that Madagascar may become a prosperous colony in French hands under the following sensible conditions :—

1st. That it is not annexed, but that a real and efficient protectorate be established.

2nd. That not too many functionaries be sent out ; that they shall live entirely on their own resources from their salaries ; and that the taxes already existing shall be exclusively paid over to France.

3rd. That few colonists should be sent at first, but societies and companies should be formed, strongly organised, with an administration above suspicion.

Unless these principles are followed, Madagascar, he says, will ever form a heavy charge upon future French budgets.

Dr. Catat, on the other hand, is for annexation pure and simple : ‘Je suis convaincu que si l’île de Madagascar forme un jour une de nos plus belles colonies, elle ne formera jamais que notre plus mauvais pays de protectorat.’

M. Ribot happily explained to the mercantile community at Bordeaux, last May, what steps his cabinet intended to take as soon as General Duchesne had completed his projected occupation of Imerina, and it will be interesting to watch the method by which he attempts to carry out these wise intentions :—

‘As soon as the conquest of Madagascar has been accomplished, we shall use our utmost endeavours to prevent this territory, thus won for France, from becoming a colony merely for the benefit of office-seekers (“*une colonie pour les fonctionnaires*”), and we shall ask you, the merchants of Bordeaux, to assist us. The rôle of the State



is not to form colonies for herself, that is impossible; however powerful the State may be, there are many tasks which she cannot undertake, which are beyond her competency. What we can do is to throw territory open to colonisation, to plant there the French flag, and to protect the efforts of individual initiation; but nothing can replace the spirit of initiation, the effort of the individual or free association; and, indeed, it is not in a great town like Bordeaux that such language can be misunderstood. Yes, if it is necessary for us to plant our flag upon these distant territories, it is not merely in order to add a page to the annals of our army or—as I said just now—to extend the list of our functionaries. It is to enable our youth, who cannot here find sufficient employment for their vigorous energies, to go out there with funds which our capitalists find such difficulty in investing with advantage, to go out and create there a new France, and to prepare—more surely than all grandmotherly legislation at home can do—new commercial relations, new outlets for trade, and a fruitful source of new riches for the old France, who stands sadly in need of such outward extension.'

Père Piolet imagines that when this territory is thus thrown open to colonisation a stream of immigrants will set in thither from France, Bourbon, Mauritius, and other foreign countries. He would encourage nearly all settlers, but one race he would carefully exclude: 'Il n'y a qu'une seule race que je voudrais voir excluse à tout prix de Madagascar. Je ne veux pas dire la race chinoise. Je ne crois pas que les Chinois y aillent nombreux, et puis les Malgaches sauront bien s'en défendre. Mais la race arabe. Il n'y en a déjà que trop et ils font un mal énorme.'

We fully agree with Père Piolet's objections to the Arabs. They people the Comoro Islands, and are numerous in the French colony of Nosibé and in the coasts and islets adjoining. Their presence everywhere creates a centre of vice and corruption. The taint of slavery, immorality, and wickedness of every description marks their contact with any village or port along the shore wherever their dhows can penetrate.

In England the greatest sympathy and interest has been bestowed upon the Hovas during the last quarter of a century, mostly on account of the wonderful conversion of the people in Imerina to Protestant Christianity, including the Sovereign, her Prime Minister, and officials. It is natural that we should be somewhat anxious for the future of Protestantism in a country annexed by France, in spite of diplomatic assurances. The missionaries themselves, however, have reassured us in this respect. Mr. Cousins, a

prominent representative of the London Missionary Society, who has watched observantly the whole progress of Christian expansion through the island for thirty years or more, reminds us how necessary it is to bear in mind that it was in consequence of the late Queen Ranavalona II. and her minister professing Christianity, that the thousands of semi-heathen natives came rushing into the churches like a flock of sheep,\* involving an inevitable lowering of the tone of Christian life in Imerina; and, with regard to the present invasion of the Malagasy territory by General Duchesne's army, and the permanent acquisition of the island by France, he remarks:—

‘We may be sure that one of the first results of French predominance in Madagascar would be the speedy opening up of the country by the construction of roads and railroads, and by the development of its vast material resources. The cultivation of sugar, tea, coffee, vanilla, and other products, would soon be carried on in a far more extensive and enterprising manner than at present. Scientific gold mining would also be developed rapidly. . . . Speaking generally, we are, I think, justified in holding as possible that French administrators may govern with a broader view of the needs of the country, and with a deeper desire to rule justly and for the good of the whole community, than seems possible to the present Hova rulers. These larger and juster ideas as to the functions of rulers are with European nations the result of long experience in the past; and it is, perhaps, not to be wondered at if the Prime Minister of Madagascar and those under his control should too often show how they lack this broad sense of

\* M. Alfred Grandidier's critical observations on the conversion of the Hova people are yet more suggestive of the true character of their Christianity: ‘Certes les voyageurs ont souvent ri de ces Merina (Hova) qui, en portant notre costume, en imitant notre tournure et nos gestes, croyaient s'être élevés au niveau de notre civilisation: il n'en est pas moins vrai qu'il y avait là une tendance intéressante. Ces hommes si fins et si intelligents, mais ignorants, qui se rendaient parfaitement compte de la supériorité des *vazaha* ou étrangers, et qui étaient désireux d'atteindre leur niveau, se sont demandé quelle pouvait être la cause de la différence si grande existant entre eux et nous, et, notre costume étant ce qui les frappait le plus, ils l'ont aussitôt adopté, pensant ainsi devenir nos égaux; l'illusion ne dura pas longtemps, et ils se mirent de nouveau à chercher la solution du problème qui les intéressait; ayant reconnu, après de longues délibérations, que *les bœufs seuls n'avaient pas de religion*, ils se sont décidés à se convertir en masse au christianisme auquel, avec toute raison, ils ont attribué le développement si étonnant de la civilisation européenne.’—*Revue Générale des Sciences*, January 30, 1895, p. 53.

justice, and this steady and determined purpose of seeking to make their rule a blessing to the common people of the land.' \*

We have collected from the best French authorities, chiefly naturalists, these details of the physical conditions of the great island, which is so imperfectly known. It will be observed that their opinions and statements are highly speculative; and that the most intelligent and impartial of these writers warn their countrymen that they are treading on very uncertain ground. There is an auriferous region, but its produce is not known, as yet, to have repaid the cost of production. There are spots adapted to tropical cultivation, but we are told that a great part of the soil is an 'arid clay' intersected by forests, mountains, and morasses; above all, the climate is one in which white men can neither labour nor live. Such a country is singularly unattractive to emigration, and France has no redundant population impatient to emigrate. We believe that none of the great colonising races of antiquity have left any trace of a settlement in Madagascar.

As to the operations of the French army, and the future political designs of the French Government, even less is known—in fact absolutely nothing, for if this be a conquest it is in a war without combatants and without an adversary. It is a significant fact that since the opening of the campaign in April no despatch or bulletin (beyond a telegraphic message) was published by the Government until September 21, when a fuller despatch from General Duchesne laid bare the situation. All intelligence had been rigorously suppressed, and nothing was communicated to the world, or to the French people, of the success or losses of an expedition in which their interests are so deeply engaged. The French Chamber meets on October 22, and we trust that they will immediately insist on the production of a complete journal of the campaign, with a precise account of its cost, both in money and lives, and of the results obtained.

Meanwhile, it may be inferred by a not unfriendly critic that the French Government have found the enterprise in which they embarked with a light heart a much more formidable affair than they anticipated; and that, whatever be the turn of events, the position of the forces in Madagascar is an embarrassing one. The expense has been enormous, and the estimates have probably been doubled in

amount. . The army finds itself on the eve of the autumnal tropical rains, which last for five months with great severity, and render all military operations impossible; with the prospect of a second campaign in the spring. All they appear to have occupied as yet is the line of march towards the capital for about 200 miles. No part of the island has been conquered.

To an impartial observer, expeditions of this kind are manifestly injurious to the real power of France. Her primary interest lies in the concentration of her forces by land and sea; instead of which she has scattered her fleets and armies in Tonquin, in China, in Algeria, on the West Coast of Africa and interior, and other transmarine possessions, all of which are supported at the expense of the mother country. We doubt if any French colony makes any return to the treasury or even pays in the cost of its own establishment. She encounters no civilised enemy; there is no fighting, but a constant waste, in an inglorious struggle against barbarism and the adverse forces of nature. All her military and naval supplies must be drawn from France; and in the event of maritime war she would require, in addition to her Channel and Mediterranean fleets, powerful squadrons in the South Atlantic, in the Indian Ocean, in China, and perhaps in Japan, merely to convey the reliefs and stores for the troops engaged there. Coal must be at hand to refit all these vessels. Such a dissemination of force is fatal to the first principles of naval strategy.

Mankind are slow to learn that the acquisition of a wild uncultured territory, and the conquest of a sparse and barbarous people, are not desirable objects, and entirely fail to repay the sacrifices by which they are purchased.

ART. XI.—1. *Speech of the Marquis of Salisbury in the House of Lords.* ‘Times,’ August 16, 1895.

2. *The Army Book for the British Empire: a Record of the Developement and present Composition of the Military Forces and their Duties in Peace and War.* By Lieutenant-General W. H. GOODENOUGH, R.A., C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. DALTON (H.P.), R.A., aided by various Contributors. London: 1893.

3. *Reports of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments and the Relation of those Departments to each other.* London: 1890.

NO one who listened to the speeches of the present and of the late Prime Minister in the House of Lords on August 15 last would have learned from them the momentous importance that, on this occasion, belonged to the opening of the new Parliament. Each spoke in the character of a party leader, Lord Salisbury naturally rejoicing that the electorate had shown its determination to uphold the constitution in its main lines; Lord Rosebery, no less naturally, consoling himself with the reflection that even the largest majorities have not endured for many years, and that the ‘swing of the pendulum’ would sooner or later restore to office those whom, for the moment, the country had so severely censured. Yet the leader of the ‘Liberal’ party showed some perception that his overthrow was something more than the temporary defeat which every party leader from time to time has had to suffer. Before ‘Liberals’ again induced the country to trust them with the administration of its affairs, they would have to set their own house in order from foundation to roof-tree; for, to use Lord Rosebery’s vigorous metaphor, when an evergreen has become sickly, or apparently dead, ‘it is necessary to cut it down to ‘the roots that it might grow again.’ As regards this fresh growth, in what direction will it develope itself? ‘There ‘must be a variation in Liberal policy, but there will be no ‘variation in Liberal principles,’ says Lord Rosebery, in language as enigmatic as his late leader could have employed. Let our name be ‘Liberal’ and our ‘policy’ ‘opportunist’ is hardly an unfair rendering of the advice given to latter-day ‘Liberals.’ They are not asked to stand firm to any cause, to rally round any principle. Burke’s

famous definition of the word 'party' is inapplicable to the motley crowd of ex-officials, extremists, and Irishmen who at present form the parliamentary opposition.

Yet, in truth, the meeting of the new Parliament has given unmistakeable and official recognition to the commencement of a new era in our party development. The general election of last July has put an end to the political strife of ten years. The struggle has been an arduous one. It has caused the rupture of old party ties and of political friendships which had endured for generations. It has made and increased the reputation of some statesmen, whilst it has destroyed that of others. It has at last ended with an overwhelming national approval of the Unionist cause. The parliamentary union of the three kingdoms is to be maintained. Parliament, within the main lines of the constitution, is to devote itself to measures for the practical benefit of the people. The country by an overwhelming majority has decided—and has decided, unless we are greatly mistaken, once for all—that it will not have Home Rule. It was necessary a second time that a Home Rule Government should put its Home Rule projects in the form of a bill to convince the people that this specious phrase meant either a thinly veiled separation, or a new constitution no less humiliating, confusing, and disastrous for Great Britain than for Ireland itself. Home Rule then is dead. What of life remains in the 'Liberal' party?

To say that the party lately led by Mr. Gladstone, and now not led at all, has suffered the heaviest defeat inflicted on any political party since 1833, is to give a most inadequate description of what has occurred. The party has been dispersed, many of its leaders driven from the House of Commons, and not a single 'plank' of its elaborate programme remains upon which the surviving remnant of a spurious 'Liberalism' can hope to take its stand. Such is the condition of the Opposition that its surviving leaders have not ventured to summon a general meeting of its parliamentary representatives to face and take into consideration their situation and prospects. In Great Britain it is not too much to say that the general election has proved that Home Rule as a policy has no friends. The attack upon the House of Lords for rejecting Home Rule naturally, therefore, failed to rally support. Disestablishment, understood by the light of the Government measure for Wales, was a cry that lost more votes than it gained, in England, in Scotland, and even in Wales itself. The Payment of Members, another plank of

the Newcastle Programme, and a favourite 'fad' of Radical wirepullers, was not popular; and the Liquor Veto Bill not only alarmed the powerful liquor interest, but stirred, amongst the most moderate of drinkers, a sentiment of resistance against the arbitrary dictation of teetotal fanatics. Above all, Mr. Gladstone's leadership was at an end, and was replaced by the ill-assorted combination of Lord Rosebery and Sir W. Harcourt. The thin and scattered bands of the Opposition cling perhaps all the more closely to the name of Liberal, since it is by virtue of its name only that it remains a party.

The change has come none too soon, if the House of Commons, as the great assembly of the nation, is to maintain the high place it formerly held in the estimation of Englishmen. A leadership of the House of Commons, whose great end was to embroil, in the hope of party advantage, the relations of the two branches of the legislature, was not calculated to give a high tone to the representative chamber. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Asquith, either professedly or by their conduct, made themselves responsible for that 'ploughing of the sands,' and that prolonged effort to 'fill up the cup,' which did so much to disgust the electorate with the late House of Commons. It was the credit of the representative, not of the hereditary, chamber which the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Rosebery did so much to lower. A new House of very different composition, led by a front bench on which sit such statesmen as Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Goschen, will cut a different figure in the public eye from that unlucky assembly lately dissolved, in which Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, conscious of their own weakness, had to bow themselves in humble supplication for the support of their all-powerful patrons on the Irish benches.

It is, of course, too soon as yet to form an estimate of the personal composition of the new House. In it a far larger number of young men find a place than in the late House. The new members are, in great measure, young men, and this, for various reasons, is a healthy symptom of the condition of their party, and promises well for its future. The inestimable advantage, however, of the present situation comes from the fact that the Government has now a free hand. It is in power as well as in place. Its life from day to day does not depend upon the support of rival groups and sections, indifferent to the main objects professed by the Government, and trafficking with their votes in order to gain

advantage for themselves. We have returned to a healthier parliamentary atmosphere. A party founded on well-tryed political principles gives its solid support to an administration composed of exceptionally able and powerful statesmen. The country feels that it has done its part well, and, weary of sensational programmes and make-believe revolutions, it now looks forward to a period of steady, businesslike administration, during which the affairs of the nation at home and abroad will be prudently and firmly handled by men who feel the strength that comes from the knowledge that they are trusted, and who are not in daily trepidation through fear of ignominious dismissal from office. The House of Commons will be amply employed in superintending and aiding the work of administration, and in devoting its legislative energies to measures for the practical amelioration of the condition of the people rather than to the destruction of essential portions of our old Constitution and fantastic attempts to construct a new one.

The *character* of the new Government and of the new majority was sharply tested on the very first day of the assembling of Parliament. A ministry actuated by a spirit of mere partisanship, or a weak ministry in which the voice of the wirepuller and the caucus predominated, would have treated the Speakership as a legitimate party prize. Only a few weeks before, in the late Parliament, the general sentiment of the House had been ruthlessly brushed aside; and the Government, yielding to the pressure of a mere section of its supporters, had, by force of a bare party majority of less than a dozen votes, placed a new Speaker in the chair. The then Government had it in its power to nominate one of their own party, a gentleman of the front rank in parliamentary standing, one who would have obtained the unanimous approval of the House of Commons. They chose, by an almost nominal majority, and by virtue of their party strength, in the last moments of a dying House, to seat a comparatively unknown member in the Chair in the face of a very plain intimation from the Opposition that in a new Parliament the question of the Speakership would be open to reconsideration. An improper use of mere party strength had undoubtedly been made; and when in July last an overwhelming Unionist majority was returned to Westminster, it was but natural that many Conservatives, flushed with victory and party zeal, should claim that in mere fair play it was now their turn to select a Speaker, and should point out that their party had not had a single nomi-



nation to the Chair since before the Reform Bill of 1832. The new Government acted both rightly and wisely in refusing to regard the question solely from the party point of view. What had been done was done. Mr. Gully had had, indeed, but little opportunity as yet of proving his possession of the necessary qualifications of a successful Speaker. But so far as he had been tried he had done well, and there was reason to hope (a hope which further trial has greatly strengthened) that he would fill the Chair with ability, dignity, and success. It was the duty of the Government to have regard, in the first place, to the dignity and efficiency of the House of Commons. It would be an evil precedent to associate the Chair with feelings of party triumph and defeat. And so party claims and hopes were put aside, and the House, in which English Home Rulers were now become an insignificant minority, responded to the wishes of its Unionist leaders, and replaced an English Home Ruler in the Chair. If it had been the object of Unionists to present to the country a favourable contrast between themselves and their opponents at the earliest possible moment, none better could have been desired than that afforded by the different treatment of the question of the Speakership in April and in August of the present year.

The most striking features in the present political situation are of course the co-operation and union of parties in support of the Government, and the disintegration of the party in Opposition. The coalition or fusion that has taken place between Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists has been brought about naturally by the conditions of the time, and by the rule, which always prevails sooner or later in English politics, compelling those who have led in Opposition to take upon themselves, when they have obtained a majority, full responsibility in governing the country. The coalition was in no degree brought about by the intrigues of place-hunting statesmen, eager to sacrifice their principles in their thirst for office. Had the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain declined to join Lord Salisbury's present Government, on the ground that they were Liberal-Unionists and not Conservatives, they would have injured the cause of the Union, and they would not have conformed to the well-understood constitutional principles by which English statesmen have in the past been guided.

It is the strength of the Unionist party that it is built not upon arrangements, or compromises, or bargains between statesmen or groups of politicians, but on the facts and con-

ditions of the time. No amalgamation took place till ten years of working side by side for common ends had proved the strength of the alliance between the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist forces. They co-operated in the beginning as allies to secure a particular end—viz. the maintenance of the Union. As time progressed, and the degeneration of the Gladstonian party, now dominated by Irish faction, went on apace, Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists discovered that their co-operation was possible and desirable for many other purposes—for the carrying of progressive legislation, for the maintenance of strong government, for upholding the dignity and independence of the House of Commons. Almost insensibly the two allied parties found that they had become ‘wings’ of one and the same national party; and that their combined party was now not only becoming thoroughly consolidated, but had become the only party in the State. Their opponents consisted of half-a-dozen or more groups which had in view different political ends, and which, by means of ‘log-rolling’ tactics, were able for a time to keep in office without power the weakest and least successful administration of modern times.

If we stand back a little from the mere incidents of the moment, in order to take a wider view of the progress of events during the last few years, we shall find the developments of our party history well worthy of attention. Down to December 1885 hardly any one foresaw the imminence or nature of the grand crash then actually impending over the Liberal party. Yet already the clouds were gathering for the storm which was to rend to its foundations that great political party to whose guidance, since 1832, the destinies of the country had for the most part been entrusted. For some time past, indeed, there had been signs that Liberal statesmanship had begun to lose the vigour of its grasp upon fundamental principles, and that the ship of State was in danger of being allowed to drift about in a sea of opportunism, where safety was to be found only in the firmness of the man at the helm. The high hopes of 1880 were not realised. Before that Parliament was dissolved, disappointment and dissatisfaction had become rife amongst Mr. Gladstone’s followers, inside and outside the House of Commons. It could hardly have been otherwise, considering the want of success with which at home and abroad the affairs of the country had been managed. Even now it is painful to Liberals to look back to the Mr. Forster and Lord Cowper period of Irish administration, when the arm of

authority was rendered powerless by the absence of hearty support from a determined and united Cabinet in London.\* Mr. Forster's Irish Compensation for Disturbance Bill of 1880 and Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act of 1881 contained much that was distasteful to Liberalism of the older type, whilst the Irish Coercion Acts which accompanied the remedial measures of the ministry were no less distasteful to many of the advanced Radicals. During the same period, the conduct of foreign affairs had been marked by a lamentable want of definite aim and purpose, and the vacillation that throughout afflicted our proceedings in Egypt had produced the most disastrous consequences. No wonder that before 1885 the Gladstone name and the Liberal party had lost some of their glamour in the country, and with many of their old and tried friends!

The party had already begun, if not actually to 'shed,' at least to lose the hearty support of some of its best men. For different reasons, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright, the Duke of Argyll and Lord Lansdowne, had declined to join or to continue in Mr. Gladstone's administration; and there is no question that, long before any English statesman had dreamed of pandering to the Home Rule cry, symptoms of political differences had appeared in the Liberal party, far deeper than those which must always, to some extent, exist in a 'party of progress.' It must be remembered that in those days a considerable number of Liberal members of Parliament were men of no little independence, whom it was impossible for the party whips to treat as mere items in a division list. It was the aim of the more Radical section of the party to render powerless or expel from the Liberal ranks those whom they derided as Whigs, and the latter, or more moderate, section of Mr. Gladstone's following were on their side beginning to look with doubt and distrust upon their leader's apparent readiness to surrender his own cherished principles to the pressure of the extremists. These differences had come to the surface more than once in the view taken by the two sections on the subject of Irish administration. To the moderates it seemed to be the very first duty of every government to maintain and enforce the law. Mr. Parnell and his followers defied it. Mr. Forster had been thrown over by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Spencer became, in his turn, the object of Home Rule denunciation; and he might possibly

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\* See Life of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster.

have been thrown over in his turn, had not the moderate Liberals, under the leadership of Lord Hartington, publicly testified to their appreciation of his patriotic services.\* No one foresaw the Home Rule crash; but the prevalent sense of failure and disappointment, and the knowledge of internal dissension in the party, must have brought to the minds of leading Liberals the possibility of ultimate rupture.

To extreme men, and to violent partisans, a complete breach with 'Plain Whig Principles,'† and with the moderating element in the Liberal ranks, presented an attractive aspect. A purely Radical Government supported by a majority of Radicals against Conservatives and Whigs together was the dream of many of Mr. Gladstone's most active adherents. More prudent and more responsible men contemplated with the deepest misgivings the complete dissociation of a steadying and restraining influence from the party of innovation and Radical reform. They heartily agreed with Mr. Gladstone that, though mistakes might have been made from time to time, the Liberal party had been 'a great instrument' for good. Within its ranks had always been numbered 'moderate' as well as 'advanced' politicians. This 'instrument' must not be dashed to pieces without a great effort to save it, and accordingly a great and last effort was made by the Liberal leaders, in the autumn of 1885, to present once more a solid front to their old opponents.

Mr. Gladstone was in Opposition, and he had, it will be remembered, fighting at his side, during the general election, not only Lord Hartington, but also Mr. Goschen and Mr. Forster. Whigs who looked to Lord Hartington, Radicals whose eyes were fixed on Mr. Chamberlain, were welcomed as followers by Mr. Gladstone, and the Liberal leader went to the country with an almost passionate entreaty to be given a Liberal majority, composed of every section of the party, large enough to make him independent of Mr. Parnell, and capable of resisting the disastrous policy of Home Rule. It was the last time that Mr. Gladstone was to obtain a Liberal majority at all. The last effort at union amongst Liberals was so far successful that they returned to the new House of Commons in a very consider-

\* Banquet given to Lord Spencer by Liberal peers and members of Parliament, July 24, 1885.

† See 'Edinburgh Review,' January 1880.

able majority over their Conservative opponents—in fact, equal in number to Conservatives and Irish Home Rulers together.

Mr. Gladstone, it is clear from his subsequent conduct, misread altogether the meaning of the general election. It did not constitute a vote of unlimited confidence in himself. In 1885 there was little of the personal enthusiasm for the Liberal leader which was so marked a feature of the general election of 1880. But it did prove that the united Liberal party, in spite of some blunders and failures, was still strong with the people—that the Liberal name was still a power in the land. The new Franchise Act had earned the gratitude of the rural voters. The remarkable trust which men on all sides placed in the high character and patriotism of Lord Hartington, who seemed destined at a very early period to take the chief place in the councils of his party, contributed powerfully to the victory. The alliance at the polling booths between the Conservatives and the Parnellites, which no doubt cost the Liberals some seats in several districts where the Irish vote was strong, inflicted considerable injury upon the credit of the Conservative Government with the country at large. The Conservatives had, indeed, been poorly led throughout the whole period of 1880–85, and the country was still unaware that they had amongst them, in Mr. Balfour, one of the ablest parliamentary leaders that the Queen's reign has produced.

It is unnecessary to recount the history of Mr. Gladstone's sudden adoption of Mr. Parnell's policy. It came as a moral shock upon the conscience of the public. It completely threw into the shade Mr. Disraeli's parliamentary tactics in 'dishing the Whigs' nearly twenty years earlier, conduct which had hitherto been regarded as reaching the high-water mark of political insincerity, and which, as such, had drawn down upon him the righteous wrath of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Gladstone's action split his party from top to bottom; and it was well remarked at the time that those who left him, though in the main belonging to the moderate section of his former followers, came from every social section of the community. Mr. Chamberlain and other strenuous Radicals were the firmest of Unionists; and Mr. Gladstone's attempt to flatter the democracy by turning the battle between Union and Separation into one between the classes and the masses, though not without a passing effect upon ignorant electors, ended in a ridiculous failure. The grand result has been something very different from the

shaking off by the Liberal party of a few half-hearted Whigs. This was the aim of the extremists a few years ago. What has resulted is the consolidation of a great national party, in which, as of old in the Liberal party, the steadying and progressive elements are both strong, and both play their part; whilst of Mr. Gladstone's following, who without the moderates were to be so strong, almost nothing remains. Yet to some purblind politicians the old party fight seems still to be going on unchanged. They are puzzling their heads as to the why and the how the country should have turned 'Tory!' and are finding consolation in the thought that their disasters are due to something faulty in the organisation of their party!

There was perceived during the late general election a very noticeable disposition on the part of the public to disbelieve in elaborate 'programmes.' The very word suggests advertisement. It is not at all to the taste of the general public that statesmen should obediently accept as orders the nostrums approved by packed conferences at Newcastle, Leeds, or elsewhere. The business of statesmen and of the Parliament is to govern the country, and it is for the Government itself to select what the circumstances of the time render it expedient for it to undertake. The country can surely afford to wait till the Queen's Speech next year informs Parliament of the ministerial measures of the coming session! The idea of incorporating a vast series of proposed legislative changes, such as it would take a generation to accomplish, in 'the programme' of a single ministry has not proved a happy one, and is not likely to thrive again, at least for some time to come. It may be that for a time administration rather than legislation will claim the principal energies of the Unionist Government; and here again the change that has come gradually over the public mind is no less marked than its altered attitude towards promises of fundamental legislation.

What an utterly different sentiment now prevails with regard to the military and naval requirements of the country from that of the middle of the century! How changed, again, the view taken of the relation between the mother-country and the colonies! If the Unionist Ministry truly reflects, as we believe it does, the modern spirit of the nation, it cannot but be that the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Colonial Office, not to mention other departments, will display in the accomplishment of the national will a disposition and energy very different from those that characterised them a

generation or two ago. Already Mr. Chamberlain has made it very evident that he will be no *fainéant* Secretary of State for the Colonies. Not afraid to incur responsibility, he will be ready to give a helping hand to those who are ready to help themselves. He takes, in short, a hopeful and ambitious view of what may be done by British settlers beyond the seas, not only for themselves, but for the interests of the mother-country as well. No 'Little England' view will henceforward be allowed to damp the ardour or cramp the energies of our adventurous countrymen.

The change of attitude of the public mind is still more remarkable when we turn to the subject of national defence. Various causes combine to call particular attention at the present time to our military system. The occasion of the fall of the late Government was the censure passed by the late House of Commons in Committee of Supply on the insufficiency of munitions of war which were kept in stock. The resignation of the Duke of Cambridge after nearly sixty years of devoted service in the army, and after nearly forty years of the chief command, at the moment when Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was bringing forward projects of War Office reorganisation, impressed the public with the belief that the changes contemplated would be of a far-reaching character. And in this field also the new Government has already made it apparent that it will not rest till it has thoroughly organised in defence of the Empire the gigantic resources which it in fact possesses, but of which only a greatly improved organisation can give it the full benefit. On the first formation of the new Ministry it was announced that a committee of the Cabinet, assisted by professional advisers of both services, was to be constituted for the special purposes of considering and providing for Imperial defence; that it was to be presided over by the Duke of Devonshire, the President of the Council, with Mr. Goschen and Lord Lansdowne assisting him as First Lord of the Admiralty and Secretary of State for War: thus apparently taking a step towards carrying out one of the recommendations of the 'Hartington Commission.' More lately Parliament has been informed that a serious attempt will be made to reorganise the War Office, following in the main upon the lines of the report of the Commission already referred to.

Since the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny the nation has not been called upon to put its military strength to the test. It is nearly forty years since we were engaged in

a great war. Small wars we have had in plenty, sufficient to afford evidence, if evidence were needed, that British troops continued to possess those qualities of courage and endurance that have always distinguished them, and sufficient to show that we could count among our generals commanders of genius and resource, capable of bringing to a successful issue the very varied and difficult operations that have been undertaken. But in the present condition of Europe it would be madness of our rulers, not to provide for the possibility of our being forced, in sheer self-defence, into a war with some great European Power. We have a widespread empire to defend; and circumstances no longer make it possible for prudent citizens to trust in those hopes and beliefs of universal peace which were so widely indulged in the middle of the present century. In the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851, many men spoke and wrote as if civilisation had at last rid the earth of that greatest of barbarisms—war; as if trade and commerce were henceforth to take the place of the national jealousies and ambitions which had so long afflicted mankind. It is sad to look back across a hundred battlefields in Europe and America to the optimistic dreams of half a century ago. The Crimean War stands halfway between Waterloo and the present day. What a difference between the peace of forty years which followed Waterloo and the peace of forty years which has followed the fall of Sebastopol!

During the latter period, though Great Britain herself has been at peace, war has been loudly thundering in her ears. Nation has been competing with nation in the effort to convert its whole manhood into soldiery. We have been ourselves at peace, yet year by year our army and our navy have been increasing, and our Army and Navy Estimates have swollen to a figure which before the Crimean War, or indeed for long afterwards, would have been considered utterly preposterous and impossible for peace time. By sea and by land new methods and instruments of warfare have been introduced; a new military system affecting every rank of the service has been established; a powerful Reserve has been created, and the country has been permanently provided with a defensive force of some 250,000 Volunteers. Yet surely no one can suppose that the love of peace is less strong with the British people than with their predecessors of a generation or a couple of generations ago. The truth is that Englishmen have been forced to realise more fully than formerly the possibility and terrible consequences of



war; and it is because these dangers are in the light of the history of the last thirty years now so fully realised, that the nation willingly makes such mighty efforts to insure against them. There is amongst Englishmen none of the spirit of so-called 'Jingoism.' They wish to live at peace. But, on the other hand, the sentiments of the 'Manchester School,' the easy confidence that no nation will ever be so wicked or so blind to its own interest as to attack us, are no longer entertained.

In 1862 and 1863 Mr. Cobden was not a little scandalised at the expenditure of public money for the purpose of rendering Portsmouth, and all that Portsmouth means, secure against a land attack; and even Mr. Gladstone had assumed an apologetic air for the amount of the outlay which he said that the public had forced an unwilling Ministry to make in order to strengthen the national defences. The Prime Minister was prompt in calling to account both his colleague and his critic. Of the former he asks, 'Have Parliament and the nation been wrong, and Messrs. Cobden and Bright been right?' Lord Palmerston will have no apology made on behalf of his Ministry for an expenditure which was no more than 'an economical insurance against a national catastrophe.' And he thought it necessary to remind Mr. Cobden that they were not living in a Utopia where men thought only of peace and commerce, and had given up quarrelling and fighting altogether. 'Unfortunately man is a fighting and quarrelling animal . . . and whilst other nations are animated by human passions, a country like England, wealthy and exposed to attack, must of necessity be provided with the means of defence, and, however expensive these means may be, they are infinitely cheaper than the war they tend to keep off.'\*

It may be that Lord Palmerston, whose controversial spirit was stirred by the attacks of the leader of the peace party, assumed for the moment too severe an attitude towards humanity at large. We need not here discuss the general question whether men (like other animals) 'delight' in war, because 'it is their nature to.' It is quite unnecessary for practical purposes to take such wide ground as that. By general consent of all parties in the present day, the defence of the Empire must be rested upon its own armed strength, and not on an amiable belief that the country will never again be involved in a formidable war. On the whole,

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\* *Life of Viscount Palmerston*, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

therefore, it would seem that the policy of 'the antiquated 'Palmerstons and Russells' at whom Cobden scoffed represented the deeper and more permanent convictions of their countrymen more truly than did the well-intentioned but unpractical teachings of the 'Manchester School.'

In the 'Army Book for the British Empire' we have a clearly written and compendious account of the growth of our present army system, and a full explanation of its working, actual and intended. It is impossible to praise too highly the tone and spirit of this useful work. It is imbued throughout with the modern spirit, the authors rightly feeling that no system can succeed which is not shaped in accordance with the special circumstances of our country and age. They, however, never let the reader forget for an instant that he must not remain satisfied with organisations and arrangements *on paper*, but that every effort must be made to bring to the test of actual experiment the soundness of our preparations.

The modern army system of Great Britain may be said to date from 1870, when a reformed scheme of enlistment was introduced, followed a couple of years later by the linking together of the infantry regiments in pairs in brigade districts, which again in 1881 were converted into the territorial regiments as now existing. It was, of course, the Franco-German War that forced upon our countrymen the absolute necessity of making preparation to meet the changed conditions of the time. A few months—indeed, only a few weeks—had sufficed to lay prostrate before our eyes a great military empire, the size and courage of whose armies had not saved it from the consequences of being unprepared. Already the successes of the Prussians against the Austrians in the seven weeks' war of 1866, the deadly effects of the breech-loading rifle, and the extraordinary rapidity with which the Prussian army had been mobilised, had impressed not less the minds of British officers than the public opinion of the country. It is not easy to overestimate the great effect that the Volunteer movement has had amongst us in quickening the intelligence of the British public, and raising the character of its criticism, in reference to the military requirements of the nation. In 1870 a Liberal Government was in power, strong enough to face and overcome the outcry which the attempting of fundamental reforms in an institution of necessity so conservative as the army inevitably called forth. Thus circumstances at home and abroad rendered it possible for the nation to

undertake a new departure in matters military, and in the quarter of a century that has since elapsed there has been no pause in our efforts to bring our system up to the requirements of the time.

The condition of things had become, and is now, very different from that already referred to when Lord Palmerston was replying to the French fortification of the Channel ports by creating defensive works round Portsmouth. 'Fortification, however, is not imperial defence.'\* More than ever is it now universally recognised that 'the first postulate of imperial defence is the command of the sea,'† and that 'naval defence to be successful must be essentially 'and vigorously offensive.' The all-importance of sea-power to an empire such as ours has been brought home to the public conscience by the brilliant writings of Captain Mahan, whose examination of the strategy and tactics of our great naval commanders has impressed the minds not less of British statesmen than of British officers of both services. Uninterrupted communication with India and the colonies, the protection of our gigantic trade, the very feeding of our home population now dependent upon imported food, can be secured only by means of our naval supremacy.

New conditions have after all but given increased weight to lessons learned long ago. 'The Fleet of England is her 'all-in-all, And in her Fleet her fate,' sang the late Laureate but the other day, moved by the same spirit which a couple of generations earlier had inspired Campbell's verses on the real 'bulwarks' of our empire. It was in consequence of the Report of the Royal Commission of 1879, the first wide-reaching and systematic inquiry into the general defensive needs of the colonial empire, that measures were taken for the provision of protected coal supply at particular points on our great trade routes. The military defences of these places are but subsidiary to the all-important end of maintaining naval supremacy. This once lost for more than a very short interval, no benefit would ensue from a possession, which could be only temporary, of even the strongest fortified positions abroad. In the 'Army Book' the subsidiary character which, as regards imperial defence, military measures must bear to naval is strongly enforced, its authors never for a moment allowing a mere professional feeling to obscure their perception of the real conditions of the problem. On more than one occasion in the last few

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\* Army Book, p. 6.

† Ibid. p. 10.

years the all-important duty of strengthening the fleet, though necessitating great expenditure, has been imposed upon the administration by a strong pronouncement of public opinion; and at the present day there is little difference between parties and statesmen as to the imperious necessity of maintaining an overwhelmingly powerful fleet capable of maintaining British supremacy, even against any probable combination of hostile Powers.

Our insular position and our reliance on the fleet relieve us from the necessity of maintaining an army on the gigantic scale of the armies of the great Continental Powers. Yet our fleet, large and powerful as it is, would in a great war be severely taxed to protect the widely scattered interests of the Empire. Steam has enormously facilitated the transference of troops by sea, and a few hours' possession of the Channel by a powerful enemy would enable him to bring a large army to our shores. Englishmen at home cannot, in complacent reliance upon the security of their insular position, fold their hands and leave everything to the fleet. The British army has been called upon in the past to serve in every part of the world. At the present time it maintains in India a force of some 70,000 men. It garrisons Gibraltar and Malta, Hongkong and Halifax, Aden and Capetown, and other scattered stations. Several regiments are in Egypt; and it is liable at any time to be called upon to send an expeditionary force to wage one of the so-called 'small wars' of frequent occurrence in an empire such as ours. It is evident that Great Britain expects from its army services of a very different character from those rendered by foreign armies, and that systems and methods much approved abroad would nevertheless be quite unsuited to meet British exigencies.

The authors of the 'Army Book' do well to point out that an army system is successful in proportion as it suits the national requirements and the national characteristics of each particular case. They give an interesting account of the introduction of the conscription system following upon the French Revolution, and now superseded amongst the chief Continental Powers by the system of universal obligation for service. 'The British plan, no less well adapted to our circumstances, is the developement of the voluntary system, which, though somewhat sneered at by foreign writers, is not always understood abroad; there is perhaps no country which the Continental critic understands so little as England, her military system, and imperial

‘exigencies.’\* Our authors consider, for reasons which they give, that the voluntary system may be fairly regarded as a higher development as compared with compulsory service.

The most important lesson learned from the Prussian successes of 1866 and 1870 was that ‘it was possible for a nation to have an army numerically small on its peace establishment, yet capable of expansion at the shortest notice to many times that strength.’ The old system of going into the market for recruits at the moment when an increase of the army was urgent was evidently utterly unsuited to the sharp, short wars and sudden emergencies of modern times; and the great work initiated by Lord Cardwell and his advisers was the provision in our army of a powerful reserve. It requires at the present day but a stroke of the pen to call up to the colours some 80,000 men, who have had seven or eight years’ military service, and who are yet for the most part well under thirty years of age. This reserve has, of course, been the creation of the introduction into our system, in spite of much opposition, of the so-called short service (in general seven or eight years with the colours and five or four in the reserve). As compared with the armies of the Continent, seven years with the colours is a very long service indeed, three or two being the usual periods. It must be remembered, however, that with these armies the reserves are liable to periodical training.

The authors of the ‘Army Book’ make full allowance for the very natural dissatisfaction of commanding officers of home battalions with the thinness of their ranks and the comparative youthfulness of their men. It is the intention of the modern system that the battalions abroad should be practically always fit for war, whilst the battalions linked with them at home should be the training schools to supply the former with drafts, and should themselves form a nucleus, which the calling out of the reserve would also almost at once put upon a war footing. The first-class army reserve is, in the English sense of the word, not a reserve at all. It is part of the first line, and its calling out is a condition precedent to the fitness to take the field of our home army.

‘The reserve is strong and increasing, but there is need of it all. It is the maintenance of this reserve which is the vital principle of the whole system, and we cannot afford to trifle or tamper with it. It is

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\* Army Book, p. 88.

only necessary to remember this to recognise how idle is the complaint that such or such measures are evil because they induce men to prefer going to the reserve to remaining with the colours. It is to nurse it that the administration foregoes calling out the reserves for training as practised by our Continental neighbours. The interference with the men's engagements would be a serious matter, and it is believed that our countrymen after their long service in the ranks (long compared to the Continental standard) will assuredly not have lost their cunning in four years of civil life, and that if they should be somewhat rusty, they would very quickly brush up their knowledge. . . . The longer a soldier remains in the army the less inclined he is to leave it, knowing the difficulty of adapting himself to the new conditions which await him. At present reserve men are in the full vigour of their manhood; let them retain this characteristic. Any proposal to raise their average age should be received with the greatest hesitation. . . . Continuity and persistency in policy may be hard to attain, but must be striven for. An army without power of expansion or reinforcement, long service with estrangement from civil life, enforced abstinence from marriage or the alternative of a large following of wives with each regiment, but not on the establishment, ruined health from protracted exposure to bad climates, too long familiarity with the grog shops and liquors of garrison towns, and a heavy pension list, these were the baneful effects of our whilom army system. . . .

'It is from such conditions, from their perpetuation or revival, that we have during twenty years of effort endeavoured, and with much success, to emerge.' (Army Book, p. 119.)

The reforms initiated by Lord Cardwell were, however, not limited to providing a reserve through the instrumentality of the short-service system. It is not too much to say, in his own words when Secretary of State, that the purchase system, which then controlled the promotion and retirement of officers of the cavalry and infantry, had placed the army 'in pledge' to the officers. 'The selection, or at least sifting out, of officers for higher regimental command—an imperious necessity—was impeded at every turn by the vested right of money sunk in the regulation (and worse still, in the over-regulation) prices of commissions in expectation of its return.\*' The system was abolished in 1871; five years later Lord Penzance's commission fixed the ages for compulsory retirement, and in 1881, under the regulations of Mr. Childers, 'it became possible to act on the principles prescribed by Lord Penzance.'

To the same fruitful period of army reform belongs the welding into one of the whole system of regulars and

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\* Army Book, p. 56.

reserve forces. It was Mr. Cardwell's object—to quote his language in the House of Commons—‘to unite all the voluntary forces of the country into one defensive army, with power to supplement by compulsion in case of emergency; all to be under the general officers commanding in the districts, subordinate to one commander-in-chief, who will act with the approval of the Secretary of State . . . to lay the firm foundation of a defensive force which may be a perfect security to the country not merely against danger, but to that which is scarcely less intolerable to the spirit and independence of Englishmen—the perpetual recurring apprehension of danger.’ Accordingly in March, 1872, the militia were brought under the commander-in-chief. In case of imminent national danger, and for defence of the United Kingdom itself, all categories of Her Majesty's forces are of course available; the first line of the army, consisting of the regulars, including the army reserve, the second of the militia, the third of yeomanry and volunteers, are now-a-days alike under the same military administration, and can be utilised as part of one and the same army in the manner deemed most expedient for the defence of the kingdom.

Lord Cardwell's very first effort at military reform was, however, ‘to set his house in order.’ Accordingly, in accordance with the recommendation of Lord Northbrook's committee appointed in 1869, the whole business of the War Department was for the first time brought under one roof, and the responsibility of the Secretary of State for the whole of it was confirmed. Henceforward, the War Office was worked in three great departments: military, control or supply, and financial,\* these subdivisions being respectively under the direct control of the commander-in-chief, the surveyor-general of the ordnance, and the financial secretary. In 1888 great administrative changes were effected tending to consolidate authority in the hands of the commander-in-chief, and, in accordance with a War Office memorandum of that year which gave general control of the military department to the adjutant-general, and laid down the duties of the principal military officers (viz. the quartermaster-general, military secretary, director of artillery, inspector-general of fortifications, and director of military intelligence), the War Office is now administered. These great officers are ‘not directly responsible to the Secretary

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\* Army Book, p. 55.

‘ of State for the administration of their departments, but  
 ‘ to the\* commander-in-chief, to whom the channel of  
 ‘ approach is through his chief staff-officer the adjutant-  
 ‘ general.’\* The system, therefore, is in marked contrast to  
 that pursued at the Admiralty, where the First Lord,† him-  
 self presiding over the naval council, or so-called board, is  
 directly advised by his professional assistants, amongst  
 whom the general work of the department is divided.

The recommendations of the Hartington Commission  
 were intended in the first place to bring about a complete  
 mutual understanding of each other's plans between the  
 War Office and the Admiralty. The defence of the empire  
 should be treated as a whole by the ministers responsible  
 for the two departments, and by their professional ad-  
 visers. Hence par. 20 suggests the formation of a naval  
 and military council, with probably the Prime Minister as  
 its president, consisting of the parliamentary heads of the  
 two departments and their principal professional advisers,  
 together with any officer of distinction who might be called  
 in. This council, it was suggested, should meet before the  
 yearly estimates were decided upon, and whenever there  
 were unsettled questions between the two departments, or  
 measures of joint naval and military policy, to be discussed. †

In the second place, the Hartington Report contemplated  
 a thorough administrative reform of the War Department,  
 by diminishing the excessive, and of late increasing, central-  
 isation of authority in the hands of the commander-in-chief,  
 by bringing into direct relations the Secretary of State and  
 the military officers at the heads of the great divisions of the  
 War Office, and making each of these officers responsible to  
 the Secretary of State for his own department and advice.  
 It further proposed the establishment of a permanent war  
 office council, similar in its general features to the Board  
 of Admiralty, ‘ for the purpose of securing unity of adminis-  
 ‘ tration, and strengthening the consultative element in the  
 ‘ War Office.’‡ The military officers (including the com-

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\* Hartington Commission Report, paragraph 57.

† ‘ It should be borne in mind, that the constitution of the Admiralty  
 now possesses more the character of a council with a supreme and  
 responsible head than of an administrative board, and this fact ought  
 to be distinctly recognised. The minister is the sole person who should  
 be held responsible by Parliament and the public, and the respon-  
 sibility of his council for administration and advice should be directly  
 to him.’ *Ibid.* par. 31.

‡ *Ibid.* par. 100.



mander-in-chief, if that title were reserved), who advise the Secretary of State, would be appointed for five years, and similarly the naval lords would in future be appointed for fixed periods.

It is possible that differences may arise as to the best means of carrying into effect some of these recommendations. The principle upon which they are founded appears to have the full support of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, no less than of Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Arthur Balfour. With the exception of Sir Charles Dilke,\* hardly any one has ventured to suggest a continuance of the office of commander-in-chief upon the old lines. Amongst the general public little interest is felt in mere names and phrases, but the belief is strongly held that the Hartington Report has pointed out real faults in our administrative system, which seriously impair its working. Great efforts and great sacrifices have been made in the last twenty-five years to put the defence of the empire upon a satisfactory footing. The vastness of our resources has been demonstrated. What is now needed is the perfecting of our organisation, especially of our central organisation, in order that these resources may be utilised to the utmost. When the definite proposals of the Government are brought before the country, they will be narrowly scrutinised. Real defects have been disclosed; real remedies must be found for them; and no little dissatisfaction will be caused if it appear that merely nominal changes are to take the place of the fundamental reforms approved by the Hartington Commission. As in 1870, a Government powerful in statesmanship is rendered trebly powerful by the great majority which supports it in the House of Commons. It is in administration not less than in legislation that we expect the country to benefit by the change brought about by the general election. And it is perhaps in its treatment of the great subject of Imperial defence in all its branches that the administrative quality of the Unionist Government will first be tested.

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\* House of Commons Debates, August 31, 1895.

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